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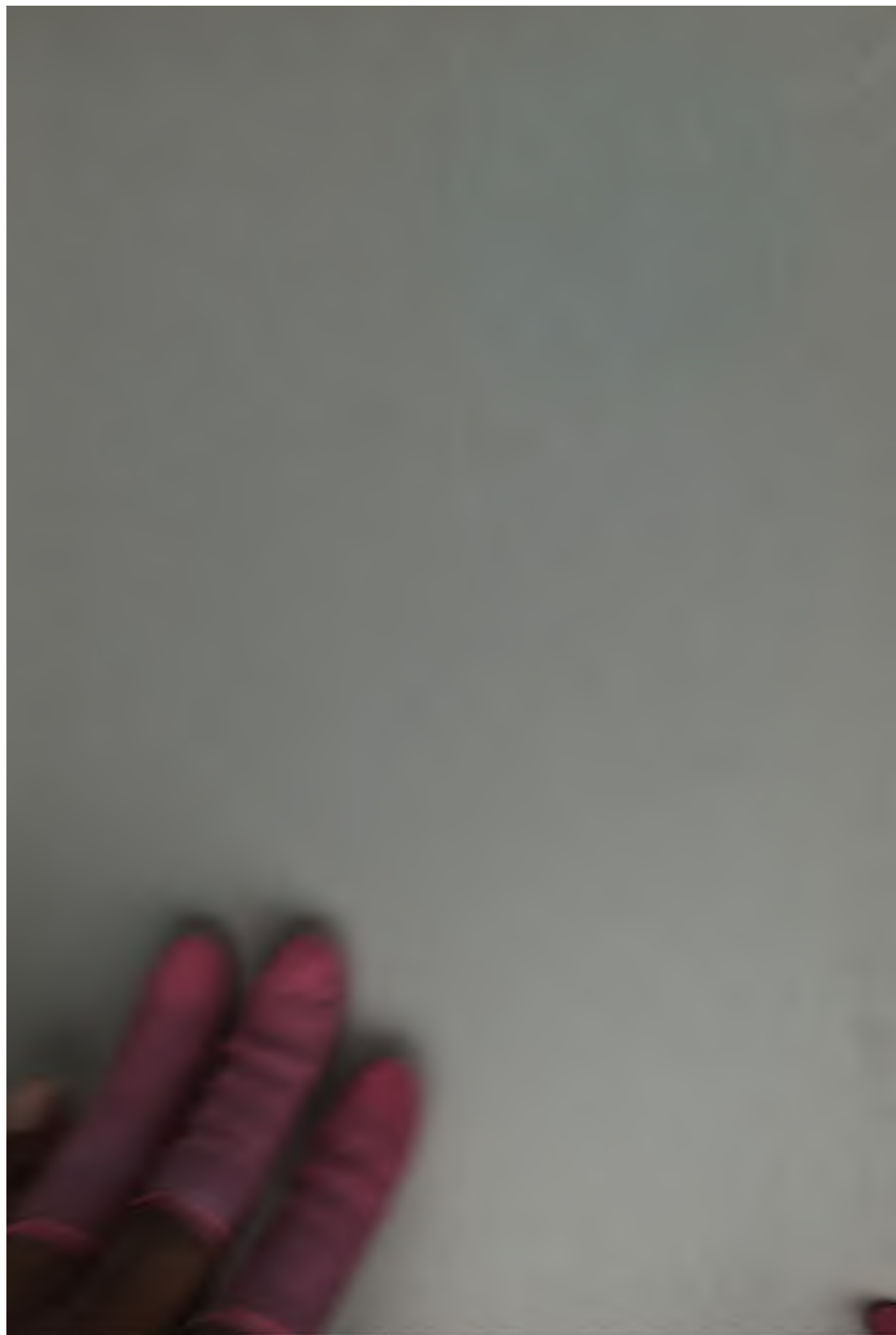
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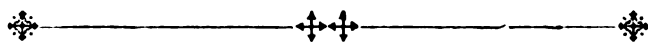
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THE NON-DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

THOMAS DEKKER.

VOL. V.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

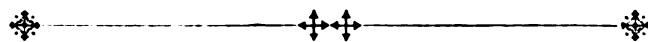
FOURE BIRDES OF NOAH'S ARKE.

PATIENT GRISSILL.

1603—1613.

APPENDIX.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.



Happy is that state of his
Takes the world as it is,
Lose he honours, friendship, wealth,
Lose he liberty or health,
Lose he all that earth can give,
Having nought whereon to live ;
So prepared, a mind's in him,
He's resolved to sink or swim.

RICHARD BRATHWAITE.

The Duth Library.

THE NON-DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

THOMAS DEKKER.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED,
WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.,

BY THE REV.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART, D.D., LL.D. (EDIN.), F.S.A. (SCOT.),
St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire.

VOL. V.

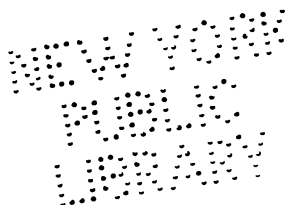
MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

FOURE BIRDES OF NOAH'S ARKE. 1613.

PATIENT GRISSILL. 1603.

APPENDIX.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.



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CLERK
VIA RAIL

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NEW YORK
PUBLISHED
1884

Expect no strange or puzzling meat, nor pie
Built by confusion or adultery
Of forcèd nature ; no mysterious dish
Requiring an interpreter, no fish
Found out by modern luxury : Our coarse board
Press'd with no spoils of elements, doth afford
Meat, like our hunger, without art, each mess
Thus differing from it only, that 'tis less.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

WILLIAM
CARTWRIGHT
1841

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

MORE than ordinarily tantalizing and disappointing has been the outcome of prolonged and earnest search in all likely sources and by all likely helpers for light on the long-dimmed story of THOMAS DEKKER. It is no new experience to such a Worker as myself in Elizabethan-Jacobean literary-biographical fields. None the less is it trying to find one who demonstrably was in many men's mouths, and was noticeably and continuously a popular Writer, so utterly overlooked by those from whom loving memories might have been counted on: *e.g.*, associated intimately as he was with the Playwrights of his period, from BEN JONSON to MASSINGER and FORD, and GEORGE WILKINS, it seems inexplicable that not one of all their superabundant productions yields a single distinct personal reference.

I have used the word 'tantalizing,' and I justify it thus. In the HUMPHREY DYSON collection of Lord Mayor and similar 'Entertainments' (in the British Museum: C. 33, e. 7, 17), a fine exemplar of Dekker's "Troia-Noua-Triumphans, or London Triumphant," is preserved, and nearly opposite 'Thomas Dekker' in the title-page is written by a contemporary who must have known him—

'marchant tailor.'

This sent me—full of “Pleasures of Hope”—first of all to the Rev. C. J. Robinson’s big and matterful tomes, yclept “A Register of the Scholars admitted into the Merchant Taylors’ School from A.D. 1562 to 1876. Compiled from Authentic Sources and Edited with Biographical Notices” (2 vols. 8vo, 1882-83). Alas, alas! in none of its many forms does the name of ‘Dekker’ generally, or of ‘Thomas Dekker’ specifically, occur from beginning to ending. So with (so-called) ‘Histories’ of the once-famous Guild or Livery. Nowhere does ‘Dekker’ emerge in them. Then, when my good friend the Rev. C. J. Robinson, M.A., of West Hackney (*ut supra*), with his usual kindness proceeded to the offices of the “Merchant Taylors,” all that he elicited was that an apprentice of what may have been intended for the name ‘Dekker,’ had been enrolled as from some Northamptonshire village. This again sent me off to every probable or possible Parish-register representative of the ill-spelled village meant; and, as has invariably been my experience, prompt and pleasant answers were returned. But in none—though the Registers went back beyond the dates involved—did the name of ‘Dekker’ in any form appear. Those who have had anything to do with such investigations will not deem ‘tantalizing’ too strong a word to express my sense of failure. I shall indulge the “Pleasures of Imagination” that some day the *bit* of new revealed fact that he was a ‘marchant tailor’ will lead to further information. I fear the Muni-ments and Registers of “Merchant Taylors” have not been well cared for; for it is notorious that it was from outside sources, not their own, that they

were (recently) enabled to enrol the proud name of EDMUND SPENSER as one of their School 'boys.' As entry into the Livery was then not honorary, as now, I cannot help thinking that our Thomas Dekker must have inherited his right of being a 'marchant tailor,' and so that the Records ought to have shown Dekker's as belonging to it.

THOMAS DEKKER himself invariably spelled his name as 'Dekker,' *e.g.*, in the Dulwich (genuine) letters and his own title-pages, etc.; but it is met with contemporaneously in almost as many forms as Shakespeare's own. Thus, I have come upon 'Decker,' 'Deckers' (Vol. IV. p. 177), 'Dickers,' 'Dicker,' 'Dycker,' 'Dycar,' 'Deker,' 'Dekkers,' 'Deckar' (title of 'Gul's Horne-Booke'), 'Dekkar,' and the like. His birth-place was certainly London. Hitherto this has rested alone on an incidental reference in his 'Seuen Deadly Sinnes of London'—"O thou beawtifullest daughter of two vnited Monarchies! from thy womb receaued I my being, frō thy breasts my nourishment" (Vol. II. p. 13). I am glad to be able to confirm this with a second overlooked reference in his 'Rod for Runawayes'—"O London! (thou Mother of my Life, Nurse of my being) a hard-hearted sonne might I be counted, if here I should not dissolue all into teares, to heare thee powring forth thy passionate condolences" (Vol. IV. p. 285). His birth-date remains unknown, and can only be approximately arrived at. In the epistle-dedictory of his 'English Villainies Seuen Severall Times Prest to Death' of 1637—being the altered form of his 'Belman' books—he thus addresses the Middlesex Justices of the Peace: "I preach without a Pulpit :

this is no Sermon, but an Epistle Dedicatory, which dedicates these discourses, and my *three score yeares* devotedly yours in my best service." 'Three score yeares,' and fewer, were then reckoned 'old age.' So that it is not in disagreement therewith to find him in his (now lost) 'Warres, Warres, Warres,' of 1628, describing himself, even nine years earlier, as 'an old man':—

" . . . my heart danceth sprightly when I see
(*Old as I am*) our English gallantry."

Following up these, in his Dedication of his Tragicomedy 'Match Me in London' (1631) to Lodowick Carlell, he with touch of pathos says: "I haue beene a Priest in Apollo's Temple, many yeares, my voyce is decaying with my Age, yet yours being cleare and aboue mine, shall much honour mee, if you but listen to my old Tunes" (Pearson's 'Dramatic Works,' iv. 133). Going back sixty years (literally) from 1637 (as above) gives us 1577 as his birth-year. But in my judgment his "three score yeares" were intended to designate the period during which he had been "devotedly" in the "service" of his native city London. Hence, as he was married before 1594, and was a well-known dramatist in 1597, I feel disposed to assign his birth-year to not later than 1565, and more probably considerably earlier. All this is necessarily conjectural. As with Spenser's way of putting his London birth and education, I am disposed to understand by the words "my breasts of nourishment" and "nurse of my being" that young Dekker went to school in the Metropolis, and there grew up into his teens. That School may or may not have

been "Merchant Taylor's." As his name does not occur in either Wood's or Cooper's 'Athenæ,' it would appear that he had not the advantage of a University training either at Oxford or Cambridge. It may be assumed that if he had done so there would have been some allusion in some golden phrase to his Alma Mater. There are traces of scholarly culture in his most hasty productions, wherever and however he obtained it.

I have noticed that Dekker was married before 1594. This we gather from Mr. J. Payne Collier's register-entries in his 'Memoirs of Actors' (xvi-xvii).

He assigns 'Southwark' as his birth-place because his father died in that great parish in 1594, "leaving a widow of whom we hear in 1596." He himself "lived in St. Giles', Cripplegate, where some of his children were baptized." These entries occur in the St. Giles' register:—

"Christened. Dorcas, daughter of Thomas Dycker, gent., 27 Oct.,
1594.
,, Anne, daughter of Thomas Decker, yeoman, 24 Oct.,
1602."

Further, a daughter 'Elizabeth' was buried on 29th November, 1598, and on 19th April preceding he buried a son Thomas at St. Botolph's Bishopsgate. The additions 'gent' and 'yeoman' are somewhat suspicious as to this having been our Dekker; yet it is possible, and even probable, that the two were identical. 'Gent' especially, was pathetically claimed to the end by many extremely needy literary men of the time—*e.g.*, Nicholas Breton.

I have similarly incidentally stated that Dekker was known as a Dramatist in 1597. This is found

from one of various entries in the Diary of Philip Henslowe, which is preserved among the Dulwich MSS., and published by the old Shakespeare Society (1845), under the editorship of Mr. J. Payne Collier. As this is really our first notice of our Worthy, it falls to be here presented, thus: "Sent unto Thomas Dowton, the 8 of Janewary 1597, twenty shillings to by [buy] a booke of Mr. Dickers. xx^s." What this 'booke' was it is now impossible to say. The remainder of the Henslowe 'Diary' payments may as well find their place collectively and summarily here. He records 'payments' to Dekker and Chettle on 7th and 16th April, 1599, "in earneste of their boocke called Troyelles and cressida." On 2nd May, 1599, five shillings were paid to Dekker alone "in earneste of a Boocke called orestes fures." In the same month there are two payments to Dekker and Chettle for "the tragedie of Agamemnone." In July and August of same year he is named in connection with a play called the "stepmothers tragedy." On 1st August [1599] he received forty shillings "for a booke called beare a braine." In September of same year various payments are made to Dekker, Jonson, Chettle, and "another gentleman," to account of a play entitled "Robert the second, Kinge of Scottes tragedie." In January 1599-1600, Dekker alone receives a payment for a play called "Truth's Supplication to Candlelight," and in the immediately succeeding month [February] payments are made to Dekker, Haughton, and Daye for "The Spanish Moor's Tragedy"; and again in the next month [March] Chettle, Dekker, Haughton, and Daye received payment for a play entered as "The Seven

Wise Masters." The whole of these 'Plays' have disappeared. One, by Dekker, is mentioned in Lansdowne MS. 807, as having perished in the lamentable Warburton catastrophe. Besides these entries there are others concerning two of his still extant Plays, viz., "Patient Grissil" and the "Shoemaker's Holiday." These run as follows :—

1. Lent unto Robert Shaw the 18 of Marche 1599, to geve unto the printer, to staye the printing of patient gresell the some of xxx^s.
By me, Rob^t. Shaa. (p. 167).
2. Receivd in earnest of patient Grissell, by us, Tho. Dekker, Hen. Chettle, and Willm. Hawton, the summe of 3^{li} of good and lawfull money, by a note sent from Mr. Robt. Shaa, the 19 of december 1599.
By me Henry Chettle
W. Haughton
Thomas Dekker. (p. 96).
3. received by me Samuell Rowlye, of Phylep Henchloe for Harrye chettell, in earneste of the playe of patient Grysell, for the use of the companye xx^s.
(p. 162).
4. Lent unto Thomas Dickkers, hary chettell, W^m. harton, in earnest of a Boocke called patient Grissell, at the appointment of Robart shawe, by his letter, the some of three pounds, the 19 of december 1599 iij^{li}.
(p. 162).
5. Receaved of Mr. Henslowe the 26^o of January 1599 xx^s. to geve unto the tayler to by [buy] a grey gowne for grysell, I say Receaved by me . . . Rob^t. Shaa . . . xx^s.
(p. 163).
6. Lent unto Samuell Rowley and Thomas Downton the 15 of Julye 1599 to bye a Boocke of Thomas Dickers called the gentle Craft the some of iii^{li}. iii^{li}.

I place below other notices of Dekker in this 'Diary.* These petty and paltry doles, albeit to

* See pp. 55, 117, 147, 151, 153, 155, 156, 159, 160, 161, 163, 164, 165, 169, 170, 173, 214.

be quadrupled at least in our present money, are declarative of the miserable pecuniary return to the Elizabethan Dramatists. There are other two sadder entries still, revealing that he was in prison for debt over the years of these 'payments,' thus :—

- a. Lent unto the companey the 4 of febreary 1598 to discharge Mr. Dicker out of the cownter in the poultre, the some of fortie shillings. I saye dd to Thomas Dowton xxx^{xx}.
(p. 118).
- b. Lent unto Thomas Downton the 30 of Jeneuary 1598 to desc[h]arge Thomas Dickers frome the areste of my lord Chamberlens men. I saye lent iijⁱⁱ.

The last entry brings in Shakespeare's company as intending to 'areste' him. As Dekker was always needy, he had probably got mixed (if the colloquialism be allowable) between the rival theatres. We have no light on the not very pleasant incident.

In the "Catalogue of the Manuscripts of Alleyn's College of God's Gift of Dulwich, by G. F. Warner, M.A." (1881, 8vo), the following account is given of two letters from our Author therein preserved, showing him as earlier a 'prisoner':—

- 108. "Thomas Dekker to his 'worthy and worshipfull frend Edw. Allin' enclosing some verses (now lost) as 'poore testimonies of a more rich affection,' adding 'and it best becomes mee to sing any thing in praise of charity, because albeit I haue felt few handes warme through that complexion, yett imprisonment may make mee long for them.' King's Bench 12^o Sept'. 1616."
- 109. "Thomas Dekker to [Edw. Alleyn] thanking him for 'the last remembrance' of his loue, and saying that he writes now 'not poetically but as an orator,' to beg him to take as a servant a yong man of his own name of Alleyn 'sonn to a worthye yeoman of Kent here prisoner' [1616]."

I do not reproduce these Letters, as they have already been printed by Collier (in 'Memoirs of Edward Alleyn'), and in the Memoir in Pearson's 'Dramatic Works' of Dekker (vol. I, pp. xxxi-ii, and xxxiii). But I must furnish Mr. Warner's exposure of another of the late Mr. J. Payne Collier's many forged insertions in the Dulwich MSS. (as at Bridgewater House, Stationers' Hall, etc., etc.):—

"P 159, f 19 b. P^d vnto Thomas Dickers the 20^o of december 1597 for adcyons to ffothus twentie shellings and fyve shellinges more for a prolog to Marloes tambelan, so in all I saye payde twentye fyve shellinges.

"Mr. Collier prints this entry ('Diary,' p. 71) without comment; but in his 'History of Dramatic Poetry' (ed. 1831, vol. iii., p. 113, and ed. 1879, vol. ii., p. 491) he refers to it in the following terms:—

"'There are three pieces of evidence to show that Marlow was the author of *Tamburlane the Great*, two of which have never yet been noticed. The most conclusive is the subsequent entry in Henslowe's MS. Diary preserved at Dulwich College, which escaped the notice of Malone Here we see Marlow's *Tamburlane* mentioned in connection with his *Faustus*, to the latter of which Dekker had made some additions, and written a new prologue for the former This testimony may be considered decisive.'

"So far from being 'decisive,' the testimony is worthless, since the whole entry is evidently a forgery, written in clumsy imitation of Henslowe's hand. The forger, however, has shown some skill in his treatment of a narrow blot or smudge which intersects the upper part of the 'll' in the second 'shellinges'; for in order that the writing may appear to be *under* and not *over* the old blot, he has at first carried up the ll (as if writing u) only as far as the lower

edge of the blot, and has then started again from the upper edge to make the loops." (pp. 159-60.)

'12 Nov. [1619] I went to see pore Tom Dekker.'

"This entry is a forgery, the imitative character of the hand being strongly marked, and an attempt having been made at erasure. It is meant, doubtless, to be read in connection with Dekker's letter to Alleyn in MS. 1, art. 108 (p. 183)."

Such is the poor little all of fact that has come down to us about Thomas Dekker. His imprisonment early and later—Oldys tells us he was in prison from 1613 to 1616, "and how much longer he could not tell"—gives new poignancy to his numerous descriptions of 'prisons' and prison-life. A phrase in his epistle to Endymion Porter before his 'Dreame' thus—"the Bed in which seuen years I lay Dreaming"—possibly indicates a seven-years' continuous imprisonment, *i.e.* prior to 1620. It shocks us to-day, though so far off, to think of 1598 to 1616 onward covering so sorrowful and humiliating trials for so finely-touched a spirit as was Dekker's. He is so cheery and elastic, so bright and pleasant in his style, that one gladly persuades oneself that there must have been long spaces of release and something of sunshine. We are to remember also that he was a 'marchant tailor' as well as a literary hack. He was employed, too, as 'City Poet' in preparation of Lord Mayors' Entertainments—some published and some not—albeit such would be scantily paid for.

The Bibliographers record the original and early editions of the 'Plays' of Dekker; but production often long preceded publication. As I have only to do with the non-dramatic Works (except 'Patient

Grissil'), this is hardly the place to deal with his Plays. Doubtless my admirable friend Mr. A. H. Bullen, in his announced new edition of his Dramatic Works, will give us a critical examination of the chronology and distribution of composition, and the like, of the great quarrel with Ben Jonson. The non-dramatic Works, as now for the first time collected in the Huth Library, were all self-evidently flung off at the dates of publication. Some of the books, as his 'Canaan's Calamitie' and 'Foure Birdes of Noah's Arke,' almost startle us from their theological and devotional character, much as Thomas Nashe does with his 'Teares.' I fear they were produced for a 'piece of bread.' The main *quick* element to-day of them all is their substantively racy English, graphic character and manners painting, capital stories, gleams of swift wit and drollery, and now and again sage and serious apothegms and felicitous phrasings, and in his rugged verse memorable and Milton-like lines in most unlikely places (see Vol. III., pp. 22-3, 41-2, 55-7, *et alibi*). Occasionally there are bits of nature-painting which suggest that the Author made escapes to the country, perhaps with "strolling companies." Occasionally, too, there are proofs of his heart being in the right place—*e.g.*, his pleading against the cruelty of baiting a blind bear, his pitifulness for widows, orphans, debtors, and his passion of compassion for the neglected or oppressed poor. His indignation against usurers pulsates with a noble wrath. He was a whole-brained, whole-hearted Englishman. I know not that it is necessary to say more, and therefore I resist the temptation to enlarge on these thoroughly English books now made acces-

sible to the increasing band of students of our elder literature. Dekker was living in 1637, but disappears in 1638. The date of his death, as the place of burial, is unknown.

Two non-dramatic books have been mis-assigned to Dekker—viz. (1) "Greevous Grones for the Poore. Done by a Well-willer, who wisheth that the poore of England might be so provided for, as none should neede to go a begging within this Realme. Printed for M. Sparke. London, 1621 (4°)." (2) "The Owles Almanacke. Prognosticating many strange accidents which shall happen to this Kingdome of Great Britaine this yeare 1618 4°." Seeing that the publisher (Sparke) expressly states that the writer of 'Greevous Grones' was deceased in 1621, it seems a pity that it should have been entered in the British Museum Catalogue as by Dekker (vol. i., p. 554, and *s.n.*). Seeing, too, that the 'Owles Almanacke' ridicules Dekker's 'Raven's Almanacke' as a mere "hotch-potch of calculations," it could not have been his production.

I for one am willing to believe that the woodcut on title-page of Dekker's 'Dreame' may be accepted as a rude but genuine portrait of him: In an Appendix following 'Patient Grissill' will be found quotations from the after enlarged edition of 'Newes from Hell,' entitled 'English Villainies' and account of a (I trust only) temporarily missing book, 'Warres, Warres, Warres.' From the close of the former I give here two *bits*, being the descriptions of Spenser and of Nashe in the added 'vision' of the unseen world :—

"Graue Spenser was no sooner enterd into this chapell

of Apollo, but these elder fathers of the diuine furie gaue him a lawrer, and sung his welcome : Chaucer call'de him his sonne, and plac'de him at his right hand. All of them (at a signe giuen by the whole of the muses that brought him thither) closing vp their lippes in silence, and turning all their eares for attention, to heare him sing out the rest of his fayrie quenes praises. . . .

" Marlow, Greene, and Peele had got vnder the shades of a large vyne, laughing to see Nash (that was but newly come to their colledge) still haunted with the sharpe and satyricall spirit that followed him heere vpon earthe: for Nash inueyed bitterly (as he had wont to do) against dry-fisted patrons, accusing them of his vntimely death, because if they had giuen his muse that cherishment which she most worthily deserued, hee had fed to his dying day on fat capons, burnt sack and sugar, and not so desperately haue venturde his life, and shortned his dayes by keeping company with pickle herrings."

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

POSTSCRIPT.—I gather up here certain notes promised in the places :—(1) Vol. I., p. 2. Hazlitt, *s.n.*, records editions of 'Canaan's Calamitie' of 1604-17-18-25-77, adding, "there were others." These multiplied and long-continued editions testify to the undying interest of its subject. Intrinsically it is mere pious commonplace. But for the 'Foure Birdes of Noah's Arke' I should have doubted of its belonging to Dekker. (2) *Ibid.*, p. 72. I would advise the student reader to compare the 'Wonderful Yeare' and 'A Rod for Runawayes' with John Davies of Hereford's verse-tractates on practically the same themes. A better idea of contemporary panic-stricken

life will be found in Dekker and Davies than in your stately historians. (3) *Ibid.*, p. 150. The Stories of the 'Batchelar's Banquet' are o' times coarse and low, but scarcely ever prurient. It is 'clean dirt' as against putrescent mire. The representations of English family-life of the period suggest abounding fornication and adultery of a terrible sort. (4) Vol. II., p. 1. I had fully intended—space permitting, which it doesn't—to have called attention to the many realistic word-portraits of this set of books. As with the 'Wonderful Yeare,' they are a mine of unworked materials for the inner life of the people, gentle and simple, of Elizabethan-Jacobean times. Some of the sketches of character are very powerful. (5) *Ibid.*, p. 83. See Appendix in this vol. (6) *Ibid.*, p. 155. A presentation-copy, with Dekker's autograph inscription, is in existence as proving his authorship. So Collier and others. But I am not aware where it is now placed. For the last line on page 160—filled in by me because the exemplar in the British Museum had it cut off—substitute the following from a complete copy in the Bodleian—

"And lye more low than this our *Pedestall*."

(7) *Ibid.*, p. 194. I regret that our pre-occupied space prevents my intended culling of tid-bits from the 'Gul's Horne-Booke.' But our Glossarial Index will readily guide the reader to these. It must be noted that, as Dekker avowedly translated or paraphrased Dedekind, some of the grosser pictures of manners belong to Holland rather than England. (8) *Ibid.*, p. 268. See Appendix on 'English Villanies.' George Wilkins' 'Miserics of Inforst Marriage' (1607) has a small salt of wit. I am not able to distinguish

between a so-called 'Elder' and 'Younger' George Wilkins. Very touching are the prison-references in these 'Jests,' gleaming out like dewdrops or tears (Vol. II., pp. 338, 340, etc.). Seeing that "T. D." is signed first, and that he writes as 'I,' not 'We,' probably Wilkins had little to do with the book (Vol. II., pp. 271-2). (9) Vol. III., p. 62. I must refer here also to the Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for quotable *bits* of these graphic books; also to Appendix.

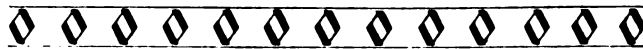
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XVII.

FOURE
BIRDES OF NOAH'S ARKE.

1613.



D. V.

I



XVII.

FOURE
BIRDES OF NOAH'S ARKE.

1613.



D. V.

I

NOTE.

The *unique* exemplar of 'Foure Birdes' is in my own Library. Unfortunately it is to a slight extent imperfect, and as no one knows of another copy, I have been compelled to leave it as it is. The lacking pages are : title-page—pp. 23--28, 44--48, 57--64 of 'The Doue' ; pp. 6--7, 28--31, 52--57 of 'The Eagle' ; pp. 14--17, 42--66 (misprinted 23) of 'The Pellican' ; a leaf unpagcd, 25-30 of 'The Phoenix,' and closing pages of 'Short and Pithie Sentences.' Our title-page I take from various bibliographical entries compared with the separate title-pages for each part. The blanks are indicated by * * * * in the places. G.

Foure
Birdes
of
Noahs Arke

viz :

- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| 1. The Doue. | 2. The Eagle. |
| 3. The Pellican. | 4. The Phœnix. |

The	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Doue} \\ \text{Eagle} \\ \text{Pellican} \\ \text{Phœnix} \end{array} \right\}$	bringeth	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Comfort.} \\ \text{Courage.} \\ \text{Health.} \\ \text{Life.} \end{array} \right\}$
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Printed at London, by
H. B. for *Nathaniel*
Butter. 1609 (12°).



*To the Religious, Vertuous, and noble
Gentleman, Sir Thomas Smith, Knight; the
happines of both worlds, this present,
and that to come.*

S*IR, I present vnto your view, a book of
prayers; not that you neede my weake
instructions: for you are knowne to be a
good proficient in Gods Schoole, and haue
more of this heauenly language in you by heart, then
I can teach you by precept. The tree of sound
Religion flourisheth in | * * * good fruit. You
thereby proue your selfe a confirmed Christian: and
shall giue further testimonie of your being so, if you
incourage others (that are weake) to feed vpon this
milke for babes, by tasting of it your selfe. They
(by you) shall be led into the path of goodnes, if you
but vouchsafe to walk out before them, and commend
the way. Foure Birds (of Noahs Arke) haue taken
foure seuerall flights. The Dove (which is the first)
flies to your hand; not by chance, but | vpon good*

choice, as knowing you to be a Dove your selfe. The badge which a Dove weares, is innocence: and by wearing that Christian Armor, you defended your selfe, and returned safe out of the Lions denne with Daniel, whē it was thought you should haue bin deuoured. God hath since heaped Graces on your head, and by the hands of his Anointed hath rewarded you with deserued honours, in the selfe same place, into which you were throwne to be swallowed up by destruētiō. Receiue therfore (I beseech you) a Dove, sithence her harmeles & spotles wings haue caried you ouer such great danger to so great happines.

In her bill she brings a branch, vpon which growes seuerall sorts of fruit, & al of thē wholesome for the soule. You are the first to whose hād they are offred: if any others gather thē after you, & find in them the sweetnes of the food of life, they shall (as I) pray to God, that his blessings may stil more & more be multiplied so long vpon you, til the last garlad which he keepes in store for those that run their race (here) wel, may be to you a crown of heauenly blessednes.

Euer bounden to your worship,

Tho. Dekker.

the spiced nest of the Phoenix (in which Bird likewise is figured Christ risen againe) shalt thou find a book written full of Thanks & Wishes: of thanks, for those benefits which grow vnto vs by Christs death and resurrection: of Wishes, that hee would in diuers gifts bestow those blessings vpon vs. Nothing that is set downe is tedious, because I had a care of / thy memorie. Nothing is done twice, because thou mayst take delight in them. If thou art yong, here is pleasure for thee: if old, here is cōfort: if thou art poore, here is riches: if thou hast enough, here is more: vse this physicke wel, and liue well: runne this circle truely, and die wel: that is the goale: winne that, winne Heauen.

Fare-well.



 A / Table shewing the contents
of all the foure Bookes.*

The Doue.

1. **A** Prayer for a child before hee goeth to
his studie, or to schoole. Fol. 17.
2. A Prayer for a pren / tise going to his labour.
fol. 19.
3. A Prayer for him that buies and felles.
fol. 20.
4. A Prayer for a mayd-seruant. fol. 23.
5. A Prayer for a Seruing-man. fol. 24.
6. A Prayer for a Husbandman. fol. 25.
7. A Prayer for a marriner going to Sea.
fol. 25.
8. A Prayer for a marriner at Sea in a storme.
fol. 25.
9. A Thankesgiuing for a mariner being safelie
landed. fol. 27.

* The folios are made to agree with our present edition, except in the two or three cases where they indicated pages missing in our exemplar—*i.e.*, 17 and 18 of 'The Doue,' 11 of 'The Eagle,' etc.—G.

- 10. A P[r]ayer for a Soldier going to a battell. fol. 28.
- 11. A Thankesgiuing for a Soldier after victorie. fol. 29.
- 12. A Prayer for a womā great with child. fol. 30.
- 13. A Prayer for a midwife. fol. 31.
- 14. A Thankesgiuing after a womans deliuerie. fol. 32.
- 15. A Prayer for a ficke man, to be said by himselfe. fol. 33.
- 16. A Prayer to bee said by them that visit the / ficke. fol. 33.
- 17. A Prayer for a prifoner. fol. 35.
- 18. A Prayer for a Gally-flaue. fol. 57.
- 19. A Prayer for men that worke in dangerous works, as Coale-pits, &c. fol. 60.
- 20. A Prayer for a poore man. fol. 36.

FINIS.



The / Eagle.

1. **A** Prayer made by the late Queene *Elizabeth.* fol. 39.
2. A Prayer for the King. fol. 40.
3. A Prayer for Qu. *Anne.* fol. 41.
4. A Prayer for Prince *Henry*, Prince of Wales. fol. 43.
5. A Prayer for the Counsell. fol. 45.
6. A Prayer for the Nobili / tie. fol. 46.
7. A Prayer for the Church. fol. 47.
8. A Prayer for the Clergie. fol. 48.
9. A Prayer for the Iudges of the land. fol. 49.
10. A Prayer for the Court. fol. 50.
11. A Prayer for the Citie. fol. 29.
12. A Prayer for the Countrie. fol. 50.
13. A Prayer for a Magistrate. fol. 51.
14. A Prayer for a Lawyer. fol. 53.
15. A Prayer for the 2. Vniuersities. fol. 54.

- 16. A / Prayer for confufion of traitors. fol. 55.
- 17. A Prayer in time of ciuill warre. fol. 56.
- 18. A Prayer to ftay the peftilence. fol. 57.
- 19. A Prayer in time of Famine. fol. 59.
- 20. A Prayer in the time of perfecution. fol. 59.

FINIS.



The / Pellican.

T He Pellican a figure of Christ upon the Crosse.	fol. 63.
Christ the Pellican dies to kill sinne.	fol. 65.
1. A Prayer for the morning.	fol. 68.
2. A Prayer against pride.	fol. 69.
3. A Prayer against enuie.	fol. 70.
4. A Prayer against wrath. /	fol. 72.
5. A Prayer against sloth.	fol. 73.
6. A Prayer against couetousnes.	fol. 75.
7. A Prayer against gluttony.	fol. 77.
8. A Prayer against lust.	fol. 78.
9. A Prayer against the temptation of the Diuel.	fol. 79.
10. A Prayer for the euening.	fol. 80.

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The / Phœnix.

THe Phoenix a figure of Christ. fol. 90.

1. A Thankesgiuing for all those benefits which wee reape by the death of Christ. fol. 91.

2. A Thankesgiuing for all those benefits which wee reape by the buriall of Christ. fol. 94.

3. A Thankesgiuing for all the benefits which wee reape by the resur/rection of Christ. fol. 97.

4. A Thankesgiuing for all those benefits which wee reape by the ascension of Christ. fol. 99.

5. A Thankesgiuing for all those benefits which we are to receiue by Christs comming in glorie.

fol. 101.

Also, other short and pithie sentences, fit to be applied to those purposes for which the former Prayers are made. fol. 103.

FINIS.



The / Doue, compared
to Prayer.

THe Doue was the first Bird that being sent out of Noah his Arke, brought comfort to Noah : So Prayer being sent out of the Arke of our bodyes, is the onely and first bringer of comfort to vs from Heauen. The Doue went out twice ere it could finde an Oliue Branch, (which was the ensigne of peace :) | So our Prayers must flie vp againe and againe, and neuer leaue beating at the doores of Heauen, till they fetch from thence the Oliue-Branch of Gods mercie, in signe that wee are at peace with him, and that he hath pardoned our sins. The Doue no sooner broght that bough of good tidings into the Arke, but the vniuersall floud fell, and sunck into the bowels of the deepe : So no sooner doe our hearty Prayers pierce the bosome of the Lord Almighty, but the waters

of his indignation shrinke away, melting to nothing like hilles of Snowe, | and the vniuersall deluge of sinne that floweth 40. dayes and nightes together, (that is to say, euery houre, or all our life time) to drowne both soule and body, is driuen backe, & ebs into the bottomlesse gulfe of hell. The Doue is said to be without gall: Our Prayer must be without bitternesse, and not to the hurt of our neighbour (for such Prayers are curses) lest we pull down vengeance on our heads. Such was the Doue that Noah sent out of the Ark: with such wings let our Prayers carry vp our messages to Heauen.



1. A / Prayer for a childe before he
goeth to his study, or to schoole.



GOD, that art the fountaine of all
wisedome, & founder of all learning :
breathe into my soule the spirit of
vnderstanding, that in my childhood
I may learne, and (as I grow farther into yeres)
may practise, the study only of thee and of thy lawes.
Feed me (O Lord) as babes are / fed, with the
milke of thy holy word, that I may grow strōg in
setting forth thy praises. Make me (O Iesus thou
Son of God) one of those of whom thou speakest
thus, *Suffer little children to come vnto mee, and
forbid them not.* And as thou hast promised that
thy wonders shold be fōūded foorth by the tongues
of infants & sucking babes ; so powre into my
lips the waters of the well of life, that whatfoeuer
I learne may bee to proclaime thy glorie. Polish

D. V.

thou my mind (O God) that it may shine bright in goodnesse: and that I may not defile or deface this weake temple of my body by corrupted / manners or leaud speeches; but so season my tongue that all the lessons which I take forth, may seeme to be read to mee in thine owne schoole. Bee thou my Schoole-master to instruct mee, so shall I repeate the rules of true wisedome: keepe thou mee in feare of the rod of thy displeasure, so shall I bee sure to haue my name set in the booke of life. Make mee obedient to my Parents: dutiful to my Teachers: louing to my Schoole-fellowes: humble to my superiours: full of reuerence to old men: proud towards no man; & that I may win the loue of all men. Blesse mee, O Lord, this day: guide / my feete, direct my mind, sanctifie my studies, gouerne al my actions, preferue my body in health, my soule from vn-cleannesse. Graunt this, O my God, for thy Sonnes sake (Iesus Christ :) or if it bee thy pleasure to cut me off before night, and that this flower of my youth shall fade in all the beauty of it, yet make me (O my gracious Sheeheard) for one of thy Lambs, to whom thou wilt say, *Come you blessed*, & clothe mee in a white robe (of righteousness) that I may be one of those singers, who shall cry to thee *Alleluia*. Amen.

2. A / Prayer for a prentice going
to his labour.

O The builder of this world ! (whose workmanship is to bee seene excellent euen in the frames of the least and basest creatures which thou hast set together :) Cast a gracious eye vpon mee, and lend me thy directing hand that the labours which this day I am to vndertake may prosper. Let me not (O God) goe about my busines with eye-seruice ; but sithence thou hast ordained that (like poore *Ioseph*) I must enter into the state of a seruant, so humble my mind, that / I may perform with a cheereful willingnes whatsoever my master commands mee, and that all his commandements may be agreeable to the seruing of thee. Bestow vpon me thy grace that I may deale vprightly with all men, and that I may shew my selfe to him, who is set ouer mee (a Ruler) as I another day would desire to haue others behaue themselues to mee. Take away from him (that is my master) all thoughts of crueltie, that like the children of *Israel* vnder the subiection of *Pharaohs* seruants, I may not be set to a taske aboue my strength : or if I be ; stretch thou out my sinewes (O God) that I may / with vn-wearied limbs accomplish it. Fill my veynes with blood, that I may goe thorow the hardest labours : sithence

it is a law set downe by thy selfe, that I must earne my bread with the sweat of my owne browes. Giue mee courage to beginne : patience to goe forward : and abilitie to finish them. Cleanse my heart (O thou that art the fountaine of purity) from all falsehood, from all swearing, from all abuse of thy sacred Name, from all foule, loose and vnreuerend languages. Let my thoughts when I am alone bee of thee : let my mirth in company bee to sing Psalmes, and the arguments / of my talke onely touching the works of thy hand. Take sloth from my fingers, and drowinesse from the lids of mine eye ; whether I rise early, or lie downe late, so gladly let me doe it, as if my prentiship were to bee consumed in thy seruice. The glasse of my yeares shal thereby run out in pleasure, & I in the end shal be made free of that citie of thine, *The heauenly Ierusalem* ; into whose fellowship, I beseech thee, to enfranchise & enrol me, and that after I haue faithfully laboured six dayes of my life here vpon earth, I may vpon the seuenth rest in thy euerlasting Sabbath. Amen.

3. A / Prayer for him that buyes and sels.

O Good God, what is our life but a common Mart, wherein we sel away our bodies to shame for the price of momentarie pleasure, &

barter away our foules to finne, which were bought at the dearest rate (euen thy Sonnes blood)? What are all our labours, but desperate voiajes, made to purchase wealth? And what are the riches of a worldly man when they are gotten, but (as thy Prophet fingeth) *Essay 59.*

The weauing of a spiders webbe? The spider makes fine nets to catch flyes ; / and the worldling wasteth his nights, & weareth out his dayes in tying his conscience full of knots to pull vp riches. Sithence then the heaping vp of wealth is for the most part, the heaping vp of wickednesse ; and that all the trauailes of our life, are but like buying and selling in a fayre, which wee beginne to day and end to morrow : so direct my steps (deare Lord) that I may neither wāder to get goods by vnlawfull courses, nor that I may fal in loue with riches, how well foeuer they bee gotten. Let me not be one of those buyers and sellers whom thy Sonne Iesus thrust out of the Temple : But / rather one of those Merchants that sell all to follow thee. And since to loue our neighbour is the fulfilling of the Law, giue mee grace that I may bee counted no breaker of that Law, but a keeper of it sound, dealing iustly with all men. And for that purpose, let not mine eye look vpon false waights, nor my hand be held out to take vp an vneuen ballance. Hee loseth a piece of his

foule, (euery time) that robbeth his chapmã of his meafure : & he that vniuftly gaineth but thirtie pence, felleth (like *Iudas*) euen his mafter Chrift. As thou (O Father of vs all) haft giuen mee two hands, fo appoint thofe / feruants of my bodie to execute none but good and holy offices : Let the one hand buy honeftly, and the other fell iuftly. Let the left bee to lay vp wealth to maintain my bodie, and the right to diftribute thy bleffings to thofe whose bodies are in miferie. Seale vp my lips from lying and forfwearing (the two poifons that ouerflow euery citie). Purge my bofome from corruption : pull out of my heart the ftings of enuy, and let me reioyce to fee others prosper in the world, & not to murmur if I my felfe wither like trees in Autumne, though I lofe the goldẽ leaues of wealth, and be left naked with pouertie. / Keep the Wolf from my doore, & the Fox out of my bed-chãber, that other men may neither lye in waite to robbe mee of my goods, nor I fit vp late in the counfell of the wicked, how to deceiue other men of theirs. Be thou (O Lord) at my elbow in all my proceedings, fo fhall I feare to doe amiſſe in any. And fo mortifie my affections, that euery day caſting behinde my backe the comfort, the cares, the vanities, the vileneſſe, the pleaſures and the ſorowes of this bewitching world, I may continually

haue this cry aloude in my mouth, *I desire to be dissolued and to be with thee.* Amen.

4. A / Prayer for a mayd-seruant.

STop not thine eares (O Lord) to the requests of thy poore and humble handmaid, but as thou hast laid vpon her the condition of a seruant, so let her mind be subiected to the state to which thou hast called her. And for that thou didst ordaine in that great worke of the Creation of mankinde, that woman should bee the weaker vessell, both in the labours of the body, and endeouours of mind: strengthen mee therefore (O God) with thy assistance, & enlighten my soule with thy diuine inspira / tion. Bestow vpon my youth a prosperous flourishing, but let it be in goodnes. As I grow vp in yeres, let me grow vp in grace: & write my name (O thou eternal Register) in that general pardon wherein thou forgiuest the follies of our youth. Crown my Virgin-state with chaste & religious thoughts: & so temper my desires, that the wanton pleasures of the flesh may not drown in mee the heauēly treasures of the Spirit. Take from me (O God) the health of my bodie, rather then by the possession of it, I shold grow proud of beautie. So thou accountest me faire, I care not how vgly I appeare to the world. And for / that I am but poore, so

blesse mee, that I may preferue my fame : for an honest reputatiō is to a maidē an ample dowry. Defēd me frō the poiſō of euil tōgues, which are more deadly thē the stings of scorpions. Defend me frō violating those lawes written downe by thine owne finger : defend me frō shame, whose spots disfigure the liuing, & disgrace the dead. Defend me from sinne, for the wages thereof are death and hell. Make mee a faithfull steward in ordering the goods of my M. & M^{rs}. so shall I be a more carefull dispoſer of my own. At my going to rest, take thou charge of my soule, for it is thy iewel ; at / my vprising guard thou my body, for thy Son hath bought it : so shall I at the Sunnes rising pray to thee ; when hee is at his height, I shall praise thee ; and at his going downe, shall I sing Hymnes of thanks to thy Name. To which bee all honour, for it is due ; all glorie, for it is proper ; all feare, reuerence and adoration, for they are onely thine.

5. A Prayer for a seruingman.

NO seruice (O God) is like vnto that of thine : It is the highway to the highest honour ; It is a preferment to / eternitie, a promotion beyond that which is bestowed by Kings. Admit me therfore into thy household of Faith : clothe me in the liuery of a true Christian, so shall

I euer waite vpon thee (O my Lord :) lead me out of the company of swearers, quarrellers, drunkards, boasters, adulterers, & all those that blaspheme thee. Arme mee with thy grace, assist mee with thy Spirit, blesse me with thy hand, fill me with thy blessings, looke downe vpon my weakenesse ; lift me vp in strength : beare with my frailtie : suffer not my heart to swell with pride, mine eye to burne in lust, my tongue to sting with slander, / my hand to be dipt in blood. But succour me (O my maker) and saue mee, (O saue me) now and euer, (O my Redeemer,) So bee it. Amen.

6. A Prayer for an husband man.

THE earth (O Lord) is thy garden in which thou hast appointed man to be a labourer. Of that stuffe in which hee daily diggeth and delueth was Man made ; so that in trimming the earth, Man doeth but dresse himselfe. But albeit *Paul* planteth and *Apollo* watereth, no herb or flowre can come vp or tree prosper vnlesse thy hand be at the grafting: send thou therefore forth a wholesome * * * * *

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the cries of thy seruants, and let them pierce into thine eare, thorow this battell of the clouds & the waters. Wee perish (O Sauour) we perish in this

prison of the deepe, vnlesse by thy miraculous power thou deliuer vs from death. Cast a bridle therefore about the stubburne neckes of the windes, for they are thy seruants: and beate backe this furious armie of the waters, for they are thy slaues. Send (O Lord) a *Moses* vnto vs, to cōduct vs thorow this Sea of death: fend but a warrant vnder thy dreadful & commaunding voyce, & the tempest shall obey thee. Thou holdest the windes in thy right / hand, & the waues in the left; the heauens are thy throne, and earth thy footstoole: All is thine, & thou art all; to thee therefore do we fly for succour, because there is no succour but vnder thy wings. The sorrowes of death doe round encompass vs, the paines of hell are felt in our bones; gather thou therefore the seas into an heape, and lay these stormes of wrath vp in thy treasure house of vengeance, to confound thy professed enemies. Wee (filly wretches) call vpon thy Name, O heare vs: we are the worke of thine own hands, O deface not thine owne buildings: it was a part of thy glorie to make vs, / let it be a greater part of thy glorie to saue vs, now that we are vpon the point to perish. Saue vs, O saue vs, for thine owne sake, for thy Sonnes sake, for thy glories sake, and wee shall sing Psalmes in thy praises vpon the lute, and vpon an instrument of ten strings.

9. A Thankesgiuing for a Mariner being
safely landed.

E Verlasting thanks doe we pay vnto thee
(O thou that art mercie it selfe) in that
when our feete were stepping into the graue, thou
diddest raise vs (with poore / *Lazarus*) from the
dead. Blessed bee the God of hostes, that thus
hath redeemed vs from dāger. Wee were in the
lions denne, and yet did he deliuer vs: Wee were
in the fornace, yet not a haire hath perished: Wee
were at the gates of hell, yet did hee fetch vs
backe; the bitter cup of death did hee remoue
from our lippes, and out of the pit of desperation
hath hee pulled vs vp aliue. He did but say
the word, and the winds stood still; hee did but
frowne, & the waters shrunke in their heads; hee
did but becon, and his Angel came and brought
vs comfort. Wee will sing therefore vnto our
good / God a song of thāks: Wee will found
foorth his Name euē amongst Turks and Saracens:
and send abroad the miracle of our deliuerance
to the furthest corners of the earth. All glorie,
honour and praise bee thine, O Lord: for thou
art iust without corruption, mercifull beyond our
deseruings, and mightie aboue our apprehension.
All glorie, honour and praise bee thine for euer
and euer. Amen.

10. A / Prayer for a Souldier
going to a Battell.

ARme mee (O thou God of Battels) with courage this day, that I may not fall before my enemies : The quarrell is thine, let the victorie bee thine ; tie to my sinewes the strength of *Dauid*, that I may with a peeble stone strike to the earth these Giants that fight against thy trueth. The weaker meanes I vse, the greater shall bee thy glory, if I come from the felde crowned with conquest. I put no confidence (O Lord) either / in the strong horse, or the iron-headed speare : the armor that must defend mee, is thy right arme. Bee thou therefore this day my Captaine to conduct mee : let thy word bee the trumpet to incourage mee ; the banner of the Church, the colours which I follow ; the weapōs which I fight with fayth and hope ; and the cause for which I fight, *The advancement of true Religion*. Keepe my handes (O my God) from playing the bloody executioners ; let pitie sit vpon mine ey-lids, euen in the heate of battell, and mercie on the point of my sword when it is most readie to kill. So let mee fight, that whether I / come off, lame or sound, dead or aliue, I may liue or dye thy Souldier. Amen. Bleffe me, strengthen mee, guide me, guard mee, saue me, O thou Lord of hostes. Amen.

11. A Prayer, or Thanksgiuing for a
Souldier after victorie.

Vengeance is thine, O Lord : and the fall of thy enemies is thy glorie. Immortal honour (like the beames of the sunne) shine about thy Temples, because thou hast this day stood by thy poore seruant. When death trampled vpon heapes of mangled carcases, thou (O Lord) plantedst / a guard of Angels about mine. Thou hast circled my browes with Bay-tree, in signe of conquest, and with the Palme-tree, in token of peace. All that I can giue to thee for these bleffings, is but a giuing Thanks. Accept it (O my God) accept this sacrifice of my heart : and so hold in the reines of my passions, that I bee not swolne vp with arrogance and pride, for that which is no worke of mine ; but that I may humbly acknowledge thee for the Author both of my owne safety, and my foes defeature. And so instruct me in the heauenly discipline of other wars which I am to fight in, in this world, / that I may defie sathan and his troupes, beate downe sin and his damned regiment, & triumph ouer the assaults of the world, that in the ende I may march vnder the banner which Christ shall spread in Heauen. Amen.

12. A Prayer for a woman great
with childe.

Looke downe from Heauen (O Lord) vpon me thy handmaid, look downe from thy throne of mercie. A curse haft thou laid vpon all women, (for their Grand-mother *Eues* sake) which is, that the fruites of their wombes shal fill them with paine and torments: Iust art / thou in thy sentence, for all women in that battel of life and death, doe feele the rigour of thy doome. The horrors of the graue doe in that houre stand before them, the terrors of hell do in that conflict houer roūd about them; yet (O God) one drop of thy mercy hath souereigne power to cure all the woūds of those sorrowes. Shed it therefore (O Father) shed that drop of grace vpon me (most miserable woman) in that minute when I am to encounter with so sterne an enemy. What weight of thy wrath foeuer thou layest vpon mee (for my sinnes,) strengthen mee with patience to beare it, that / I may not in that fearfull agony bee vnruely, or vnforgetfull of that modestie fitting a woman beset with such dangers; but rather, that in those throws of child-birth, (to which no pangs in the world are comparable) I may verily belieue I see thy blessed Sonne (my Redeemer) torn vpon the crosse: suffering paines insufferable, tortures

inexpresseable, and forrowes of soule in-vtterable, onely for me, onely to pay for my sins, & only to free mee from the shame of death and hell. Let his immensurable & incōprehensible agonies on the crosse, put me in mind how much he ventured for mee (a / wretch) and that hee can not plague mee with too many miseries, that haue (for all this loue bestowed) euery day, and euery houre in a day, and euery minute of an houre, playd the wāton with his fauour, and haue abused his mercies. Forget my sinnes notwithstanding (O my God) but forget not thy seruant. Forgiue me : and so forgiue me, that the childe in my bodie bee not punished for the mothers offences. Blesse this fruit of my wombe, which thou hast grafted with thine own hand : giue it growth, giue it flourishing, giue it forme. And when the time is come that thou wilt cal it out of this close house of / flesh, (wher now it inhabiteth) to dwell in the open world, sanctifie thy creature, and on the forehead of it, set that sacred seale of Baptisme, that it may be known to be a Lāb of thy own flocke. Graunt this, O maker of mankind, grant this (O Redeemer of mankind) at the request of thy seruant and handmaid. Amen.

13. A Praier for a midwife.

WItth handes lifted vppe to Heauen, knees prostrated on the earth, & with a soule

humbled at thy feete (O Lord) do I beg, that thou wouldst prosper this worke which I am to vndertake. Suffer mee not to bee feareful in / my office, fainting in my spirits, or too violent in my duetie : but that I may discharge it to thy honor, this thy handmaids comfort (who is full of paine) and to my owne credit. Blesse me (O God) with skil, sithence thou hast placed me as thy deputie in this great and wonderfull bufinesse : giue vnto thy seruant an easie & speedy deliuerance. Giue vnto me a quick, a constant & a gentle hand. Giue vnto this new vnborne creature (into whom thou hast breathed a soule) a faire and wel-shapē body ; that thou mayst haue glorie by thy works, & the mother gladnesse in beholding her infant, after all her sorrowes. Graunt / this, O Father, for thy Sons sake Iesus Christ. Amen.

14. A Prayer, or Thanksgiuing, after
a womans deliuerie.

GLorified bee thy Name (O God) for this mercy extended to thy seruant : It lay in thy power to strike death into her wombe, but thou hast giuen her a double life : and to heape sorrowes vpon her sorrowes, but her anguishes hast thou sweetened with gladnesse. Praised bee thy blessed Name : Praised be thy wōdrous workes.

Continue (O Lord) these thy fauours to / * *

* * * * *

may hold thy Name betweene my lippes, and die with that musicke onely sounding in my voyce. Grant this request O Lord to me thy seruant; that whensoever or howsoever the glasse of my mortalitie shall runne out, my soule at her departure may runne and be receiued into *Abrahams* bosome, which is the sanctuarie for all the faithfull: at which blessed haue that I may arriue, praier shal for euer be the failes that shall carrie vp my heart; and aboue all, that praier which the best preacher of the world hath taught me; saying, *Our father, &c.*

16. A / Prayer to be sayd by them that
visit the sicke.

O Thou (O Lord) that art the Physitian both of soule and bodie, stretch forth, wee beseech thee, thine arme toward this thy seruant: poure out the oile of thy mercy and compassion, and with it balme his temples, that his memorie may not be taken from him, but that hee may call vpon thy glorious Name. Speake vnto him, as thou didst speake to thy seruant, when thou saidst, *Arise, take vp thy bedde and walke:* for health is thy subiect and obeyes no command but

thine. Arme him (O father of vs all) arme this thy sonne with patience to indure this triall, and with constancy to wait thy pleasure : giue him the fortitude of *Iob*, to beare the burden of all tribulations, of all croffes, and of al calamities, fithence the waight of them is not to beare him downe, but to lift him vp to blessednes. Settle O Lord his spirits, that they may not wander and flie out into any vnruely motions. Lay thy finger vpon his lippes, that they may not fall into cursing or blaspheming thy deity, or into any vaine language. Take frō his eye al delight / of this fraile world, and let his soule make readie onely for a voyage to heauen : heare vs O Lord that beg this at thy hands : heare him O Lord, that listeth vp his hands vnto thee, and begges a pardon for his finnes : open the gates of mercy : open the doors of thy sauing health : open thine armes, to receiue him into thy fauour, or into the celestially freedom : adopt him for thine owne : adopt him in the blood of thy Sonne ; or if it be thy will, to adde more daies to his life, turne then speedily his weakenes into strength, and his sicknesse into health ; so shall he confesse that thou art mighty, that thou / art mercifull, and that thou alone art the God of saluation. To thee therefore that art One in Three, and Three in One, and in all things incomprehensible, bee all honour. Amen.

17. A Prayer for a Prisoner.

MY feete (O my Sauour) are in the snares of the hunter, and like a beaft in the Wilderneffe haue my enemies purfued mee: I am now entangled in the chaines of captiuitie; yet (O my God) beftow thou vpon mee the freedome of my foule: Soften thou the flintie hearts / of thofe men, that haue caft me into this houfe of mourning and heauineffe: and as thou didft to *Daniel* in the Lions denne, defend and keepe mee from the iawes of miferie, that are ftretched wide open to swallow mee vp alieue. It is for my finne that I am thus round befet with pouerty, fhame, and difhonour. Receiue thou therefore thefe facrifices of my contrition, and turne not away thine care, when my prayers are flying towards thee. The fignes of a finner repenting is a sweete breath in thy noftrils, his teares are pretious, and like thofe teares that washed the feet of / Chrift. Accept therefore this offering from the altar of an humble, contrite, and wounded heart.

Put into my bofome Good and Charitable thoughts, that I may pray for them that perfecute and trouble mee; and that I may vndergoe and paffe ouer all their oppreffions and bearings of mee downe, with a fetled, constant, and fuffering fpirit. Let this imprifonment (O LORD) bee

alwaies vnto mee a Booke wherein I may reade,
 first, the knowledge of thee (which hitherto I haue
 not studied) and secondly, the knowledge of my
 selfe. Let it be a glasse where/in I may see all
 the blemishes of my youth; as riots, whoredomes,
 drunkenness, pride, and such like foule and
 vlcrous spottes, that haue disfigured my foule.
 Change (O mercifull God) if it bee thy will, my
 wants into plentie, my thraldome into liberty,
 my mourning into gladness, for thy Sonne Iesus
 Christ his sake, who was a prisoner vpon the
 Crosse, onely to set all mankind free: Worke
 pitie O my Sauour, in the breasts of my aduer-
 saries, that I may sing with the Prophet: *Blessed*
is hee that considereth the poore and needy: the
Lord shall deliuer him in the time | * *

* * * * *

let me drinke of the benefit of my Redeemers
 blood: Clothe mee (O God) with righteousness:
 and albeit thou hast in thy iudgement and to ex-
 presse thy glorie, appointed mee to bee an outcast
 amongst men, and to be the scum of the world,
 yet, O Lord, cast mee not out of thy presence,
 but for thy deare Sons sake, whose blood bought
 the begger aswell as the Prince, make mee a
 free-denizen in the citie of Heauen.

So be it.

FINIS.



THE
EAGLE.

The EAGLE bring-
geth Courage.

Vigilate & Orate.



P[r]inted at London, by
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Butter. 1609.



I. A Prayer made by the vertuous
and renowned Queene ELIZABETH,
of most happie memorie.



GOD all-maker, keeper, & guider:
Inurement of thy rare-seen, vnused,
and feld-heard-of goodnesse, powred
in so plentifull fort vpon vs full oft,
breeds now this boldnesse, to craue with bowed
knees / & hearts of humility, thy large hand of
helping power, to assist with wonder our iust cause,
not fouled on Prides-motion, nor begū on Malice-
stock ; but as thou best knowest, to whom nought
is hid, groūded on iust defence from wrongs, hate,
and bloody desire of conquest. For since, meanes
thou hast imparted to faue that thou hast giuen,
by enioying such a people, as scornes their blood
shedde, where suretie ours is one : fortifie (deare
God) such hearts in such fort, as their best part

may bee worst, that to the truest part meant worst,
 with least losse to such a nation, as despise their
 liues for / their Countreys good. That all Forreine
 lands may laud and admire the Omnipotēcie of
 thy work: a fact alone for thee onely to performe.
 So shall thy Name bee spread for wonders wrought,
 & the faithfull encouraged, to repose in thy vn-
 f:llowed Grace: And wee that minded nought
 but right, inchained in thy bonds for perpetuall
 flauerie, and liue & die the sacrificers of
 our soules for such obtained fauour.

Warrant, deare Lord, all this
 with thy command.

AMEN.

2. A / Prayer for the King.

KINGS are gods vpō earth, yet (O Lord) they
 are but thy seruants; they rule kingdomes,
 yet the chariot of their Empire turnes ouer & ouer,
 vnlesse thou teach their hands how to holde the
 bridle. More then men they are amongst men,
 yet lesse they are then themselues, if they breake
 thy lawes: for sithence they are thy Stewards, and
 are trusted with much, it is a great reckoning to
 which they must answere.

Lay / therefore (O God) thy right hand vpon

the head of our soueraigne (King IAMES) fasten his Crown to his temples, that no treason may lift it off: bind it about with Oliue-branches, and let peace euer dwell in the circle of it. Plant a guard of Angels about his bed, and a troupe of Saints about his throne: that his sleepes may bee golden slumbers, and his watchings may bee Diuine Meditations. Powre into his bosome thy grace, that all his actions may aduance thy glorie. Be thou his armour in the day of battell, and (like the wings of an Eagle) let thine armes couer him in the sunne-shine of peace. / * * * *
the honour of this Kingdome, and the peace of thy people. Amen.

3. A Prayer for the Queene.

SHED (O Lord) thy graces in showers of abundance vpon thy royall hand-maid, *ANNE*, the wife of our Soueraigne, thy seruant, & the mother to so manie nations, besides the glorie of her own. Cōtinue that great and excellent worke in her which thou hast begunne; hidde from our eyes for a number of yeares together (now past) & to our Kingdome, / the best and onely comfort, which for the present, or for the hopes of future ages, wee doe now enioy: and

that is a long, a faire and a certaine line of succession, of which heretofore we stood doubtfull : albeit in the secrets of thy wisdom we were not deprived of it. As she is now a mother to a heap of Princes, that are borne to bee Kings and Queenes, so (O Lord) make her a grandmother to the sonnes of Kings and Queenes, that they may stand about her like so many crowned rulers of nations, and shee in the midst of them, as the onely tree, vpon which those nations haue beene grafted. / Let (O God) such an euen thred of loue bee spunne betweene the King & her, that all her thoughts may be confined to his bosome, & all his desires may sleep only vpon her pillow, and that both their hearts may burne in holy flames of affection towards thee. Sanctifie her wombe, that it may bring forth none but such fruite as may glorifie thy Name, may shine as sunne-beames to comfort this land, and to bee as rich iewels in the royal eyes of the parents. Keep treason (O Lord) from the throne vpon which shee sits, and parasites (who are as dangerous as traitours) from her princely eare, when / shee wanteth counsell. Support her by thy right hand when shee walketh forth, and let thy Angels goe before her, at her returning home. As thou hast crowned her with happinesse in this world, so when it is thy pleasure, that shee shall put off the

robe of mortalitie, grant (O FATHER) that thee may bee crowned with starres, and cloathed in a robe of righteousnesse and of heauenly eternitie. Amen.

4. A Prayer for the Prince of Wales.

What are KINGS (O Lord) vnlesse thou standest by the as their guard? And what are the sonnes of Kings, vnlesse thou vouchsafest to be their Father? Let the armes therefore of thy loue be throwen about that hope-full and royall heyre to our Countrey, Prince HENRY: adopt him into thy fauour: couer him with thy wings, let him bee tender to thee as the apple of thine eye. As yet he is but a greene plant; O drop the dew of thy graces vpon his head, that he may flourish till the shadow of his branches be a comfort to this whole Iland. Breath thou all wisedome into their soules that are set ouer him as tutors or guardiā, that knowledge may, as it were, from so manie pipes be conueied into his brest, and that from thence againe (as from a fountain) it may flow cleerely and abundantly into all the parts of this thy Church & kingdome. Let Religion be the columnne vpon which hee shall alwayes stand, zeale the pillow vpon which hee shall kneele, and the quarrel of the Gospel, for

which he shall goe to warre : knit therfore (O Lord) strength to his right arme, and when a / good cause calles him (at his manly state) into the field, gird thou about his loines the sword of victorie. No musick (O Lord) is more pleasing to thine eare (as thy kingly Prophet *Dauid* doth sing) then the vnitie of brethren: It is like the pretious ointment, that ran downe from the head to the beard, euen to the beard of *Aaron*, and so to the skirts of his clothing, yea, it is like the dewe of *Hermon*, which fel vpon the hill of Sion: tune therfore (O mercifull God) all the heart-strings of this our young Prince HENRY, & the rest of that royal blood (his Brethren and Sisters) that th[e]y may neuer found in / discord. Let no more the leaues of our two Roses be plucked by ciuill vprore from their stalkes: no more suffer thou ensignes to be spread by *Yorkists* and *Lancastrians* one against another: But (according to their names) grāt (O Lord) that they may bee good Stewards ouer this great household of the now-firmlie vnited Families, and co-vnited kingdomes. Subscribe to these requests of ours (O God) for thy mercies sake : Seale them vp, vnder the large patent of thy promise for thy Sons sake Iesus Christ: In whose Name whatsoeuer we aske thou hast vowed to grant : grant this, giue this, O God, / wee beseech thee. Amen : Amen.

5. A Prayer for the Counsell.

Counsell to a Kingdome is like the Compasse to a ship vnder saile ; without the one, a State is shaken by euery tempest, and without the other, men run vpon the rocks of ineuitable danger. Set therefore thy foote (O God) amongst the Lords of our Counsell : sit thou at their Table with them, & suffer no decrees to passe there, but those wherein thou hast a hand. Appoint Prouidence, to dwell vpon their browes, that they may fore see thine and our enemies : bid / watchfulnesse to sit on their eye-lids, to meete the stroake when it is coming, and courage to buckle armour to their brests, that they may valiantly beare it off without shrinking : let zeale & integritie go on either side of the, to make the walk vpright, whilest concord holdes them hand in hand to preferue them from factions. Giue them long life with much honour : heape vpon the wisdom, with much loue. As they are one body in Counsell, so let all their counsels bee to the safety of one head. Graunt this, O thou that weyghst all the actions of Rulers and Princes vpon earth. Amen.

6. A / Prayer for the Nobilitie.

Looke down (O Lord) from heauen vpō this land, and amongst all those in the same, whom, we beseech thee to blesse: powre vpon our Nobilitie the riches of all thy graces: as euery good man (O Lord) in thy sight is noble, so make thou euerie man that is noble amongst vs to bee good. Teach them to know, that greatnesse of blood is giuen them to the intent they should build vpō the same the greatnes of thy glory. And sithence they are the fairest streames that beautifie / this kingdome, preserue them (O Lord) from the poison of ambition, of enuie one against another, and from deffension, lest the common people tasting likewise of the same after them the whole Common-wealth be swallowed vp in confusion. Stand thou before the gates of their houses, that no foule thoughts or acts may enter to stain their Families with the spots of treason; but bee thou the pillar to vpholde them, sithence if thou forsake them, the foundation of their houses must fal, and their posteritie bee rooted frō the earth. Guide them therefore with thy grace, arme them with thy feare, assist / them with thy loue. So be it. Amen.

7. A Praier for the Church.

THE Church (O God) is the Schoole, where thine owne lawes (written by thine owne hand) are taught : It is the Temple where thou thy selfe vtterest thy diuine oracles. It is the house where thou dwellest : It is the palace where (with spiritual eyes) we behold the brightnesse of thy Maiest'e : Giue it therefore illumination by the beames of thy glorie : and since it is thy Spouse, let her stand before thee as a virgine (chaste and vndefiled.) Drive all foxes, and rauening wolues out of this thy Temple, and admit none / but Lambes (clothed in puritie & innocencie of life) and thy chosen flocke to feede there. Suffer it not to bee (as it was when thy blessed Sonne went vpon earth) a denne of theeues, but (as hee did, so do thou) drive from thence all those that sell thine honour and the soules of thy people. O Lord, weed this great and vniuerfall garden of thine from al thornes and briers, that seeke to choake the good seed : plant in it none but grafts of thine owne nurserie, so shalt thou bee sure they will bring foorth fruite, faire for shew, sweet for taste, wholesome for vse, and such as shall bud out in due season : so shall thy / Name bee truely honoured, thy praises duely sung, thy workes (with reuerence) wondred at, and thy

wonders magnified from one end of the world to another. Graunt that it may bee so, for the fulnesse of thy Sonnes merits, and for the setting forth of thine owne mercies. Amen.

8. A Prayer for the Clergie.

O Euerlasting King of glorie, that sendest the Ministers of thy word as thine Embassadors, to treat with men about the peace of their soules, giue them (O Lord) such instructions that / they may deliuer their messages boldly, vprightlie, & to the good both of thy kingdome, & of those to whom they are sent. They are those heauenly purfeuāts that run vpō the errāds of our sauing health: They are Angels that goe and come betweene thee and vs: guide therefore their feete, that sinne may lay no stumbling blockes before them to make them fall; nor that forgetting the high honour in which thou hast placed them, they bee cast downe for their pride, into the pit of darkenesse. And sithence (O God) thou hast placed thē on thy holy hil (the Church) as beacons, giue them grace that / (with the 7. wise virgins) their lights may neuer goe foorth, but still burne brightly to arme thy people against the inuasion of that enemie of mankind the diuel and his army, that day & night seeketh to deuoure him. Wipe

away al mists of errors frō their eies, that seing thee cleerely, they may teach others how to behold thee truly. They are Pastors ouer thy flocks : as they haue the names of Shepheards, so let them haue the natures to feede the sheepe cōmitted to their charge, & not to fliece them. And as they breake vnto vs the bread of life (which thou sendest, imploying them but as the stewards, or almoners of thy housholds) so / graunt (O Lord) that we may not suffer them to starue for earthly bread, but that like brothers wee may relieue them, like children wee may reuerence them, like Lambes of thy fold we may loue the shepheards of thy fields, and like sworne souldiers to the crosse of Christ, wee may liue and die with them vnder his glorious banner. Amen.

9. A Prayer for the Iudges of the land.

IVDGEMENT, O Lord, is thine : yet to keep man in awe hast thou appointed Iudges (as thy deputies on earth) to punish / him when hee goeth beyond his bounds. Vnto those therefore that holde the sword of Iustice, giue thou steddy hands, that they may not strike innocence, and that when they are to punish, they may imitate thee, who smitest not to kill, but to beget amendment. Suffer not the left hand of our Iudges to

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know what the right hand doeth : nor that the eare neere vnto which the rich man stands bee open, till the poore mans wrongs be both heard and redressed. Whip, O Lord, briberie from their gates, and partialitie out of their priuate chambers ; let thy lawes ly before thē when they read the / statutes of mens making, that reading what thou hast writ, they may not open their lippes to pronounce false iudgement : but sit, O Lord, so close by them vpon their seates of Iustice, that by thinking they themselues must one day be called to a bar, they may doe nothing here but what (with a good conscience) they may answere there. Amen.

10. A Praier for the Court.

O Lord, bee thou a husband to that great household of our King, bee thou a father vnto that familie, and keepe them (as children) both in thy feare and loue. And because the Courts of Princes are the very lights of kingdomes, * *

* * * * *

12. A Prayer for the Countrey.

O Thou that art the Creator of all things that are good for man, giue vnto our corne-fields fatnes and increase, and vpon our medows raine downe the waters of plentie : let our lād be like vnto that which thou saidst should flowe with

milke and hony: for as the heauens are thine, so is the earth thine: Thou hast made also the North and the South: the winds are in thy hand; bridle them therefore, and binde them in the prisons of the earth, that they may not come forth to destroy the labours of the ploughman, nor / to defeat the husbandman of his hopes. Set, O gracious Father, faithfull and learned and watchfull shepherds ouer the poore flock of vs thy people, that the blindness of ignorance may not cause our soules to wander in the shades of euerlasting death. Guide vs, O Lord, neither in the pathes of our forefathers (if they went astray) nor after the common steppes of the present time, vnles it be according to those wayes which are trode out before vs, by thy Sonne Iesus Christ. Teach vs to loue thee, to know thee, to liue after thy lawes, and to die after thy commandements; so shall we be sure to chage this / countrey of frailtie, of sinne and of miserie, for the land of promise, and the kingdome of all fulnesse & felicitie. Grant this O Father of vs all, grant this O Redeemer of vs all. Amen.

13. A Prayer for a Magistrate.

THou hast called mee (O Lord) being but a worme of the earth, and raised to riches, as it were, euen out of dust, to be a Ruler ouer

others : bestow on mee therefore the spirit of Wisedome, that I may first learne how to gouerne my selfe : for the perfect knowledge of a mans self, brings him / (O God) to the true knowledge of thee. Humble mee (O my Maker) in this toppe of my height: that my head being lifted vp to honor, my heart may not swell vp with pride : giue mee a mind not to execute my owne will but thine: giue me an eye that may not lust after my owne profit, but the aduancement of thy glorie, and the good of the Common-wealth. As thou hast placed mee, to bee a Pillar to vphold others, so grant that I may not prooue a weake Pillar, to throw my selfe downe ; and with my fall to bruiſe others that stand vnder me. In all my waies (O Lord) goe thou before / me, as a Lanthorne to my feet : In all my actions stand thou by me, as my Schoolemaster to direct mee : In all my prosperity let mee looke onely vpon thee : In all my troubles of bodie or mind, turne not thou thine eyes from mee: suffer mee not (O Sauour) by abundance of wealth to forget thee, nor by feeling want, to fall into despaire, and so forsake thee. Grant this, and whatsoever else O Lord, I stand in neede of to guide me in this dangerous Sea, wherein thou hast appointed me to faile. Grant it O God, for thy Sonnes sake, in whose Name I beg thy mercies. Amen.

14. A / Prayer for a Lawyer.

O THOV that art the trueſt Law-giuer, ſo inſtruēt mee in the holy decrees of thy word, that I may practiſe nothing but the fulfilling of thy Ordinances: let not my tōgue plead and bee imployed about purchaſing earthly goods for other men, and be forgetfull how to prouide for the ſaluation of my owne ſoule. As my profeſſion is the law of man, ſo let my profeſſion bee to doe right to all men: for equitie is the ground vpor which law is builded. Take from my boſome, / O Lord, all moderate and vnmeaſurable deſires of heaping the riches of this world together by meanes vnlawfull. Suffer mee not by oppreſſion to ioyn e house to houſe, land to land, and lord-ſhippe to lordſhip; but that I may euer remember that I am but as a pilgrim vpō earth, and that at my departure from thence I muſt goe either to glorie eternall or torments to endure without end: grant therefore (O my God) that I may deliuer to euery man his true Epha, & his true Hin, that is to ſay, Juſt meaſure, of that which of right belongs vnto him. O Lord, giue mee (as thy kingly Pro / phet beggeth at thy hands) neither pouerty nor abundance of wealth; onely grant vnto me ſo much as may maintaine my life. For thy Sonnes ſake my redeemer, hearken, O Lord, to theſe requeſts of thy ſeruant. So be it. Amen.

15. A Prayer for the two Vniuersities.

O THOV insearchable depth of all wisdome, open thou the fountaines of knowledge, and let the streames of it equally run to the two famous Nurseries of learning (the two Vniuersities / of this land) Oxford and Cambridge, that from the breasts of those two (as it were from the tender nipples of mothers) the youth and Gentry of this land may sucke the milke both of Diuine and Humane Science. Graft thou, O LORD, vpon those two great Trees infinite numbers of Plants, that in good time may yeelde much fruite to thy Church, and profit to the weale publicke. And seeing that these two Starres of Learning are to giue Comfort, or to fill with darkenesse this our whole Kingdome, bestow vpon them (O Lord) such / beames of Heauenly light, that euen forraine countreyes, aswell as our owne, may be glorified in their splendor. Direct all the studies of those that liue vpon the foode of the soule there, (which is wisedome) to a holy end. Make them to loue as brethren, & to liue as Christians: suffer not vaine glorie to ingender pride amongst them, nor phantasticknesse of wit, to drowne them in ridiculous and apish folly. But so mould both their minds & bodies, that they may enter into those sanctified temples as thy children, & come from thence as seruants of thy ministerie. Amen.

16. A / Prayer for the confusion of traytors.

O Father of nations, O king of kings, & Lord of Lords, fend from thy throne an hoste of Angels to guard our Prince, his Realme & his people from the deuouring iawes of traitours that are stretched wide open to swallow vp this land where thy Gospel is taught & practised. Arm vs with safety & with boldnesse that we without feare or perill may walke vpon the lyon & the adder, that lye in dennes waiting to sucke our blood : yea couer vs (O God) with thy wings, that wee may tread vpon / the yong lyon and the dragon, that spit fire to destroy this noble kingdom, & to drinke the blood of thine anointed. The death of *Saul* fall vpon thē that persecute thy seruant *Dauid* : let *Dauid* (O Lord) escape, but let these *Sauls* perish by the sword. The miserie that struck the house of *Ieroboam*, because hee made Israel to sinne, round begirt these enemies of thy Church and of our countrey. Smite (O God) in thy iust wrath the rocks, & fend the whirlwinds forth to blow the dust of their wicked counsels into their owne eyes : giue to these *Achitophels*, the shame and confusion that *Achitophel* met / with in his cursed treasons to *Abolon* against his father *Dauid* ; yea, O Lord, let the proudest of the faction die vpon a tree as proud *Abolō* did. Vp, Lord arise,

and with the breath of thy nostrils, disperse into aire, all these conspiracies : scatter the traytors and their treasons, as chaffe tossed before the wind. Bring to light whatsoeuer they plot in darkenesse, and let their owne counsels bee their owne confusions. Amen.

17. A / Prayer in time of ciuill warre.

H Eaue are our sinnes, and many in number, yet doe wee run out still in the fumme of them, not thinking vpon the last, deere and most dreadfull accompt, to which one day we must be called : our sins are great in quantitie, yet haue they a quicke pace, & are euer at our heeles, flie we neuer so fast from them : so that if thy iustice (O God) pursue vs, we are but as sheepe running to the slaughter, or as soldiers felled to the earth in the day of battell. Haue mercie therefore (O thou God of all / mercie), pull in the rod of thy anger, and take pitie of vs thy children. Smite vs not in thy rage, for then wee perish, but beate vs in thy loue, and then we shall amend. But aboue all the punishments which thou hast layd vp in store for vs, and which wee all deserue, deferre, O God, defer, yea, sweare thou wilt no more mowe downe this land (as the haruesters fickle doeth the Corne) with the iron sword of ciuill

warre. Beat backe those furies that would drowne their owne shores to whom they owe obedience, and let them serue to quench any fires that by rebellious hands shall bee kindled to burne in / the bosome of our kingdome. We haue beene (O Lord) a long time lookers on vpon our neighbour-contreyes, and haue seene their cities turned to cinders, yet haue not beene scorched with the flames. *France* doeth yet mourne in the ashes of those fires, and *Germany* is euē now stifled with the smoaks. O fend not thy Angel with a fierie sword from them to vs, to make them spectators of our miseries, nor to shake it ouer our cities, as thou didst whē thou threatnedst destruction to that thine owne citie *Ierusalem*. Spare vs, O Lord, and looke not vpō vs in the day of indignation, saue vs from the arrowes / of strange nations, and suffer not the hands of our owne to bee our own murderers : for thy Sonnes sake Iesus Christ, who lost his blood that ours might not bee cast away, doe we beg this. Grant this, O Lord. Amen : Now, and for euer. Amen.

18. A Prayer to stay the pestilence.

C All home, O Lord, thy messengers whō thou hast sent forth with full vials of thy wrath to powre vpon thy people : O stay the Inuaders

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arme, who shooteth darts of pestilence so thickly amongst vs, that in heapes we descend into the mercileſſe graue. Death is but thy ſeruant, / and can execute none but thoſe whom thou condemneſt, yet hee hath (and ſtill doeth) plaid the cruell tyrant : for the liuing whom he ſpareth, are not able to bury carcaſes ſo faſt as hee deſtroyeth them. Checke him therefore, O God, and charge him no more to ſpoile theſe temples made by thine owne hands. O God of heauen, wee haue broken thy lawes : we confeſſe ſo much : wee repent that wee haue angered ſo good & gracious a Father. O Sonne of God, wee haue crucified thee againe and againe in our finnes, wee confeſſe ſo much, wee repent that wee haue abuſed ſo excellent an Author of our / Redemption ; yet haue mercie vpon vs : O Father ſpeake in our behalfe, O thou bleſſed Sonne, plead for our pardon : bee thou our mediator, reconcile vs to the king of heauen and earth, againſt whom wee haue committed treaſon. And whatſoeuer becomes of our bodies, or how ſoon ſoeuer they muſt turne into earth, yet haue mercy on our ſoules : ſaue them (O Sauour) challenge them for thine owne, and lay them vp in the treaſure-houſe of Heauen, becauſe they are the iewels bought with the price of thy precious blood. Amen.

19. A / Prayer in time of Famine.

THree whips (O Lord) thou holdest in thy
 hād, when thou art displeased with any
 kingdome, each of thē with one blow being
 able to destroy the mightiest nation : & those are,
 Warre, Pestilence, and Famine ; the last of them
 being the worst, the sharpest & most terrible :
 wind vp therefore (O mercifull God) the cords of
 this thy dreadfulest executioner : bind vp the
 iawes of this insatiable vulture, that she breath
 not vpon thy people : but open the entrals of the
 earth, that shee may giue * * * *

* * * *

tour : let thy booke be my studie, and let all my
 study bee to get aduancement with those that are
 preferred to euerlasting life ; to which (O
 Lord) bring me, I most hūbly beseech
 thee, for thine owne glories sake,
 and for thy Sonnes sake
 Iesus Christ.
 Amen.

FINIS.



THE
Pellican.

The PELLICAN brin-
geth Health.

Vigilate & Orate.



Printed at London, by
H. B. for N. B. 1609.



The Pellican.

THe third Bird that I call out of *Noahs* Ark, is the Pellican. The nature of the Pellican is to peck her owne bosom, & with the drops of her blood to feede her yong-ones : so in our Prayers wee must (in the loue that wee beare to God) beate at our breasts till (with the bleeding drops / of a contrite and repentant heart) we haue fedde our Soules with the nourishment of euerlasting life. The Pellican is content to yeeld vp her owne life to saue others : so in our Prayers, wee must bee willing to yeeld vp all the pleasures of the world, and to kill all the desires of the body for the preferuation of the soule. As Christ therefore suffered abuses before his death, and agonies at the time of his death (both of them being to the number principally of ten) so (because / our *Pellican* is a figure of him in his passion) doth this third Bird take tenne flights ;

at euery flight her wings bearing vp a praier, to defend vs frō those sins for which Christ died. The abuses & agonies which Christ put vp & suffred (being in number x.) are these: First, the betraying of him by one of his owne seruants: Secondly, the buffeting of him, and scourging him in the open Hall by his owne nation: Thirdly, his arraignment and condemnation, when nothing could be prooued against him: Fourthly, the compelling of him to carrie his owne crosse, when already he had vndertaken to cary on his backe all our sinnes: Fifthly, the nailing of him to the tree of shame: Sixtly, the crowning of him in scorne, with a crowne of thornes: Seuenthy, the hanging of two common theeues in his company: Eightly, the giuing of Vineger and Gall to him when he was thirfty: Ninthly, the sorrows of hel, which he felt when in the vnspeakable anguish of his foule hee was / forced to cry, *Eli, Eli, Lama sabathani*. And lastly, the piercing of his glorious side with a speare. These are the ten wings with which Christ (our Pellican) flew to his death. Now cast vp your eyes and behold, and listen with your eares and heare what ten notes our Pellican maketh comming out of Noahs Ark.



CHRIST, / the Pellican.

Christ bringeth into the field seven liuely
vertues, to fight against, and confound
seven deadly finnes.

CHRIST the Sonne of GOD, is the Pellican,
whose blood was shed out to feed vs:
the Physition made of his owne bodie a
medicine to cure vs; looke / vpon him
well, and behold his bodie hanging on a crosse, his
wounds bleeding, his blood trickling on the earth,
his head bowed downe (as it were to kisse vs) his
verie sides opened, (as it were to shew how in his
heart he loued vs) his armes stretched out to their
length, (as it were to embrace vs.) And iudge
by all these, if Christ be not our truest Pellican.
He that was the Son of God, became the mockerie
of men: He that was King of heauen and earth,
suffered his browes to weare a crowne of thornes:
He endured hunger that is our food: he drunk gal

*that is our fountaine / of life: He receiued wounds,
that is our health: He tasted the bitterneſſe of death,
that is mans only ſaluatiō: & what Pellican can do
more for her yong ones?*

*Our bodies were ful of corruptiō; our ſoules were
ſpotted: our ſoules & bodies were forfeited to hell:
finne had pawnd them, finne had loſt them, finne had
made them foule. All the phyſicke in the world
could not purge our corruption: all the fountains
in the world could not waſh out our ſpots: al the
gold & ſiluer on earth could not redeeme our
forfeitures: al the Kings vnder heauen could not
pay our rāſoms: nothing could / free vs frō captiuitie,
but to make Chriſt a priſoner. Nothing could giue
vs life, but the heauenly Pellicanes death: hell was
the goale into which we were to be throwē, diuels
the keepers, that ſhold haue fettered vs for euer:
our euill aſſions, the Iudges that ſhould haue called
vs to a bar: Conſcience the euidence that ſhould haue
caſt vs away; and finnes, the executioners that were
to bee our tormentors. But note the mercie of our
Maker, note the courage of our Redeemer. Againſt
ſeuē deadly and deteſtable finnes, that came into the
field (to ſet / vpon all the children of Adam) in
that great battell and worke of our Saluation, came
Chriſt, armed with ſeuē liuely vertues. This was
his combat, and thus was his victorie. Hee ſuffered
himſelfe to bee betrayed by a Iudas; there fought*

his humilitie, and ouercame pride. Hee left not our safetie, till hee had lost his owne life; there fought his loue, and ouercame enuy. Hee tooke buffets on the face, scourges on the backe, pricking briars on the forehead; there fought his patience, and triumphed ouer wrath. He was ready in all tempests to / throw himself ouer-borde to saue vs from shipwrack; there fought his watchfulnesse, and slew the sinne of sloth. He gaue away himself and the world, that the world to come might by his Father be giuen to vs; there fought his liberalitie, and ouercame couetousnes. He drunke of the sowrest and bitterest grape, that we might taste of the sweetest; there fought his temperance, and ouer gluttony got the conquest. He could not be tempted with al the kingdomes vpon earth, nor all the pleasures in those kingdomes: there fought his conti / nence, and ouercame lust. Thus with seuen blows strooke hee off the heads of seuen dragons that stood gaping to deuoure vs. We are still in danger of them: let vs therefore arme our selues with those weapons, which Christ hath taught vs to handle in our owne defence and those are these which follow.



1. A / Prayer for the Morning.



When I rise from my bed (O my Redeemer) it puts mee in mind of my rising from the graue, when the last trumpet shall sound, & summon vs to the generall resurrection: and as then I hope to behold thee comming in thy fulnesse of glorie, and thy Father sitting in the brightnes of * *

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broken all into pieces? Thy Prophet *Amos* told the people, that thou didst hate the pride euen of *Iacob*, and didst abhorre his palaces: And can I haue any hope (being nothing so deere vnto thee as *Iacob*) that thou canst loue to behold that Serpent (of pride) with seuen heads, sleeping in my bosome? Now thy hand is armed against the hand of the proud man, and he cannot escape confusion. Pride was the first sin that crept into the world; but so vgly a sinne it was, that it could

not be suffered to stay in heauen: for *Lucifer* (the father of it) from the glory of an Angel, was throwne headlong (for his insolence) / into the pitte of hell. *Pharaoh* was proud, but *Pharaoh* and his host fell in their pride. *Senacherib* was proud, but *Senacherib* was trod vpon by the feete of his owne children. *Hammon* was proud, but his end was the gallow-tree, which hee set vp for another. Yea so odious a monster in thine eye (O God) is a proud man: that proud *Nabuchodonozzer* being a king, was by thee turned into a beast and [did] eat the grasse, till hee confessed himselfe to be but a man; and that thou onely (O God) wert the God of heauen and earth. And on the contrary side, so pretious a iewell is humilitie / in thy sight, that none could bee Christs disciples, but such as wore the Garment of Lowlineffe. Pull therefore downe (O LORD) nay pull vp by the very roote, this tree of Pride, if thou perceiue it growing within me. Suffer (O GOD) none of the branches of this finne to spread in the world, but lop them off euen in their budding forth: and for that purpose let not vaine glory (one of the pages of Pride) follow learning: let not disdaine sit in the eye of Greatnes, to cast terrifying looks vpo the distressed: let not presũptiõ of thy mercies make vs tempt thee to destroy vs in our secu / rity; nor let thy long suffering and winking at our

finnes, stirre our foules vp to difobedience and rebellion. But turne thou all our affections in fuch concord, that we may count our glories but shadowes, our ftrengh weakenesse, our riches but temptations & snars to catch our fouls, our wisdom but folly, our life but a bubble in water, and our death our euerlasting iourney to the land of forrow, vnles at our setting forth thou vnder-takeft to be the Pilot. Be therefore fo our merciful God, & in despite of all the rockes which finne and her dreadfull Sea-monsters fet in the way for our deftruccion, fafely / fet vs, we befeech thee, vpon the fhore of eternall felicity. Amen, O Lord, Amen, So be it, now, and for euer. Amen.

3. A Prayer againft Enuie.

IT is a branch in thy heauenly statute (O King of heauen) that wee fhould loue our enemies, and bleffe them that curfe vs, and doe good to them that hate vs, and to pray for them that lay plots for our liues: thefe are the strings (O God) whose muficke is pleafing to thine eare; thefe are the ftaires by which we climbe vp to charity, and holding her by the hand, we / are led vp into heauen. Purge thou therefore (O Lord) our veines, and fuffer not the ftincking poifon of enuy to infect our blood. But following the fteps of

Samuel, let vs euen pray for king *Saul*, albeit king *Saul* be an enemy to thy seruants: and with *Moses*, let vs not repine at the stubborne Iewes, though they rebell and threaten to kill vs with death. Enuy (O God) is the destroier of him that nourisheth it in his bosome: it is the tormentor of a mans owne selfe: thou hast commanded vs to loue our neighbours as our selues. But how can wee shew loue to them, when if enuy lie sucking of our owne / blood, wee sucke euen the ruine of our owne bodies? As the rust eateth the iron, so doeth the vulture gnawe the foule.

Enuie turnes man into a Diuell; yea into the worser shape of a Diuell, doeth it turne him. The Iewes perished, because they chose rather to enuie Christ and his miracles, then to beleue him.

Other finnes haue their limits, but the streame of enuie keepeth within no bounds. If pride were barren, enuie would neuer haue bene borne: but that sinne is the mother to this, and this sin the fountaine of tenne thou / sand more. By meanes of this sinne the world was drowned, and by meanes of this sinne was thy Sonne betraid to death: cut it therefore off (O Lord) and suffer not the seede of it to grow in mens hearts. How dare we, O God, aske forgiuenes at thy hands, when we are out of charity, and wish the downfall of our neighbour? Poure therefore into our

soules thy diuine grace, that wee may striue to be like thee ; that is, to be al loue, and all mercy : so shall we liue with thee for euer ; so shall wee die thy seruants, and being raised vp againe, shall be thy children. Amen.

4. A / Prayer against Wrath.

WRath is a short madnesse : madnesse is the murderer of reason ; so that anger transformes a man into a brute beast. Giue vs therefore courage (O Lord) to fight against this strong enemy, and not to fight onely, but to ouercome him : sithence the conquest is harder, to triumph ouer our raging affections, then to subdue a Citie. All vengeance is thine (O God) and if wee offer to take it out of thy hand, it is high treason, for we doe as much as if wee went about to pull thee from / thy throne : Inspire vs therefore with patience, that we may beare iniuries as thy Son did vpon earth, and may endure afflictions (as thy seruant *Iob* did) when it shall please thee to send them on thy message ; and that we may not at any time either murmure against thy providence, or bee angry with thee for whatsoeuer thou sendest, be it health or sicknes, life or death ; nor in the bitternes of our soules, powre downe curses (which are some of the droppes of wrath) vpon whatsoeuer

Rulers or Teachers thou fettest ouer vs ; left thy heauenly vengeance smite vs, (with *Mirian*, who murmured / against *Moses*.) But cast (O Lord) such a bridle vpon our stiffe-necked affections, that all contention, quarrels, blood-shed, war, and murder (who are the sonnes of wrath) may bee curbed, and not suffered to doe violence to thy Church, to offer dishonour to thy Saints, or disturbance to the Common-wealth. Sign (O Lord) to this humble petition of thy seruants, that they may liue here like Doues one to another, without gall ; and at their departure hence, they may mutually embrace and hold hands together, to meete thee in glory.

5. A / Prayer against Sloth.

HOW hatefull the sinne of Sloth is in thine eyes (O Lord) we may gather by the life of our first father *Adam* ; who albeit he had a whole world to himself, and al things made ready to his hand ; yet to shew that he was not borne to liue idly, thou placedst him in the garden of *Eden*, and there appointedst him to labour. And euen from the beginning hast thou enacted, that man should liue by the sweate of his brow ; that he should earne his bread, ere hee tasted bread ; / and that hee who would not worke

should not feede ; for as a bird is created to flie in the ayre, as fishes are to swim in the waters, so is man made to take paines vpon earth. What were the sinnes of *Sodom* but pride, fulnesse of meate, wealth and idlenesse ? Keepe these sinnes therefore O Lord, from the gates of our cities, lest they bring vpon vs the like confusion. Haue wee not examples (euen of those that were tender to thy loue) that wee should not nourish this diseafe in our blood, but that wee should spend our liues as the clouds execute their offices to be still in motion ? were not / *Abraham*, *Lot*, *Isac*, and *Jacob* ploughmen and shepheards ? Did not thy seruant *Moses* keepe the sheepe of *Iethro* his father in law, the priest of *Midia* ? Was not *Dauid*, before he was an anointed king, a shepheard likewise ? Yea, did not thine owne Sonne take paines continually, whilest hee liued amon[g]st men ? Were not his Apostles fishermen, and did not *Luke* (thy blessed Euangelist, and one of thy Sonnes Chroniclers) practise physicke & painting ? In these men (O LORD) and in their liues hast thou set downe rules for vs to follow. Put therefore strength into our armes, that we may endure / labour : kindle our mindes with courage, and liuely-hood, that in winter wee may not bee loath to take holde of the plough for feare of the colde, lest when summer commeth, we fall into beggerie.

And aboue all things, so encourage vs with thy grace, and so quicken our vnderstandings with thy spirit, that we may not be dulled and so neglect the knowledge of thy lawes, nor by laines be besotted with ignorāce, and so lose the remembrance of our duties. Suffer not (O Lord) this vnprofitable weede (of sloth) to grow vp amongst the Ministers of thy word : let no standing waters be in thy Church, / but giue swiftnesse to them, that they may all bee running streames, so shall thy pastures bee watered and bring forth encrease : so shall thy flockes bee well tended, when the shepheards bee watchfull ; so shall we all set our hands to the raising vp of thy heauenly tabernacle, & so in the end shall we be lifted vp to sit with thee, and thy Sonne in Heauen. Amen.

6. A Prayer against couetousnesse.

O Father of heauen, and giuer of all blessings, open thy hand, but so open it, that the powring downe of thy benefits, may not make / vs swell into a desire to hoord vp more then is fit for vs to receiue. The loue of worldly honours, maketh vs onely in loue with the world, and to forget thee ; the loue of gold & siluer, maketh vs to forsake heauen, and to lose thee. O let not therefore the griping talants of couetousnesse seize vpon our soules. It is a golden diuell that tempteth

vs into hell. It is a Mar-maid, whose songs are sweet, but full of forcerie. It is a sinne that turneth courtiers into beggers, and yet maketh them weare monopolies on their backes, when the common-wealth shiuereth through cold. It is a sinne, that / fels thy Church (by simonie) and sends soules away at an easie rate. It is a sinne, that blindeth the eye of iustice; It is a bell, whose sound so deafes the poore mans voice, that his wrongs cannot bee heard. Driue therefore this plague out of our land (O Lord) and make vs couetous of nothing but of thy glorie, & of the riches of thy Gospel: let vs bee couetous of doing well one to another, so shall we be sure to stand in fauour with thee. A couetous man is like hell, euer deuouring, neuer satisfied; hee is an insatiable drunkard of gold. Quench, O Lord, this thirst of money in vs: keepe our hands cleane / from touching riches vnlawfully, lest with *Achab* and *Iezabel* wee commit murder, and shed *Naboths* blood, to wring from him his vineyard: or with *Achan* bee stoned to death for taking goods that are to vs forbidden. Grant these blessings (O FATHER Almighty) and with them, giue vs grace to bee content with such estate (how meane foeuer) as thou shalt lay vpon vs: let the wealth we desire be thy kingdome, and the gold we thirst after, be our Saluation. Amen.

7. A / Prayer againſt gluttonie.

HOW manie woes (O Lord) are thundred out by thy Prophets againſt this beſtiall and deuouring finne of gluttony? Where is woe (crieth out that proclamer of all wiſedome king *Salomon*) where is wailing? Where is ſtrife? Where are ſnares laid? Where are wounds taken? Where are bloody eyes? but where the drunkard filleth out his wine, and the epicure feeds on his varietie of diſhes. Preſerue vs therefore, O God, from falling into this bottomles gulfe. All creatures haſt thou / giuen to man, to ſerue his uſe, but let not man turne that to his deſtruction, which was ordained for his comfort. This finne of intemperance, was the ſin of our firſt parents: it was a lickoriſh ſin, but it was ſowerly & ſeuerely puniſhed: the eating of one apple loſt *Paradiſe* frō thē, & brought thy heauie curſe vpon vs. This finne of inordinate eating and drinking, kindled vnnaturall luſt in the *Sodomites*, which afterwards in flakes of burning brimſtone fell from heauen, and deſtroyed their cities. This finne in *Lot*, made him fall into inceſt: and this in the people of *Iſrael*, turned thē into idolatrie. Strengthen therefore / our hearts (O God) with thy grace, and not with the fulneſſe of meates: giue vs the waters of life to taſte, & not ſtrong

wines to ouercome vs : fithence drunkards shall not inherite the kingdome of heauen : and lastly, fet still before our eyes the pictures of the rich glutton, and of poore *Lazarus*; the one fared deliciously euery day, and drunke of the purest grape, but afterwards hee lay howling in hel, & could not get a drop of cold water to quench his burning thirst. The other fed vpon crummes, and he was caried into *Abrahams* bosome. To vs [grant] that place, O Lord, send & grant that we may sit at that / table of thy Saints, where neither hunger nor thirst shal afflict, but where is all fulnesse, all gladnesse, all riches, all rest, all happinesse. Amen.

8. A Prayer against lust.

MY bodie (O Lord) is a temple consecrated to thee, keep it then, I beseech thee, cleane and free from the pollution of sinne, and amongst all that lay siege to destroy it, defend it from vnbrideled flames of lust : with which poison, who so are infected, haue their part in the lake that burneth / with fire and brimstone, which is the second death. Close vp my lippes (O God) from speaking vnchast language; sanctifie my thoughts, that no wanton desires may burne in my bosome: be thou present in all my actions, that no temptations of the flesh may lead my

loule into wickednesse. The finne of lust (O Lord) is a couetous finne, and not content with the spoile of one bodie, but worketh the euerlasting perdition of two at once. It is a finne so foule, that by a strait law thou hast forbidden it in thy tables: yea, and hast vowed that the offender therein shall goe downe into hell, whereas hee * *

* * * * *

that victory, is an euerlasting crowne of starres: for there can be no conquest without a combat; & there can be no combat without an enemy to encounter with; and no enemy is more ready to set vpon vs, and more subtil in his fight, nor more cruell where he subdues, then that arch-traytor to thy kingdome, and old enemy to mankind, the Diuell. Giue him therefore (O Lord) no power ouer me: or if it be thy pleasure that I must enter into the lists with him, let my trials bee like those of *Iob*, to exercise my faith, and not to confound my soule: to which battel when I must be summoned, stand thou (O my Saui/our) in my fight to inspire mee with courage, and plant a guard of Angels on either side of mee, to take my part if I shrink; that in the end I may bee ledde away in triumph. Breake (O my God) all the snares which daily and howerly this politick hunter pitcheth to intrap me, in the lustines of my health and youth. But aboue all, suffer mee not

to fall into those, which he spreadeth at the houre of my death, to catch my soule at her departure. O Lord driue away despaire, that it may not enter at that time (nor any other) into my bosome; neither let mee be afraid that I knock at the gates of thy mercy / too late, or distrust thy grace, because so many thousands of sins do muster themselves before me: but comfort me with the sweet phyficke of thy promises, and with the examples of thy holiest seruants, who all sinned grievously; yet didst thou seale them a pardon. In my meditations stand, O Lord, at my elbow, that my soule may not wander and so bee lost. Defend mee from the arrow of death eternall: saue mee from the iawes of the redde Dragon: keepe me from entring into the gates of hell. Amen.

10. A / Prayer for the Euening.

THUS (O God) am I neerer to old age then I was in the morning, but (I feare) not neerer to goodnes: for he that striues to do best, comes short of his duty. The night now stealeth vpon me (like a thiefe). O defend me from the horrors of it. When I am to lie downe in my bedde, let me imagine I am to lie in my winding sheete: and suffer me not to close mine eyes, til my soule & I haue reckoned and made euen, for

all the offences which not only this day, but all the former minuts of my life, I / haue committed against thy diuine Maieftie. Pardon them, O LORD, forgiue mee my finnes, which are more infinite then the ftarres, and more heauie then if mountaines lay vpon my bofome; but thy mercy, and the merits of my Redeemer do I trust in. In his Name doe I fue for a pardon. Suffer, O LORD, no vncleane thoughts this night to pollute my body and foule: but keep my cogitations chaffe, and let my dreames be like thofe of innocēts & fucking babes. Grāt, O Lord, that the Sun may not go down vpō my wrath. But if any man this day hath done me wrong, that / I may freely and heartily forgiue him, as I defire at thy hands to bee forgiuen. Whether I fleepe or wake, giue thy Angels charge ouer mee, that at what houre foeuer thou calleft mee, I may like a faithfull souldier be found ready to encounter death, and to follow the Lambe wherefoeuer he goeth.
Amen.

FINIS.





THE
Phoenix.

The PHOENIX brin-
geth life.

Vigilate & Orate.



Printed at London by
H. B. for N. B. 1609.



To the two worthie and worthily
admired Ladies, Sarah, wife to the right
Worshipful, Sir *Thomas Smith*, Knight,
and Catharine, wife to the right
Worshipfull Sir *John Scot*, Knight.

Vertuous Ladies :

NO tunes (*I know*) can be more welcome
to ears so chaste and undefiled as yours
are, then the Diuine Musicke of Prayers /
and Meditations. And therefore am I
bold to bestow vpon you both a Bird, whose voice
yeeldeth none but heauenly sounds. There is but one
Phoenix (at one time) in the world: It is rare in
shape, and rare in quality; for which cause, I send
it flying to your bosoms; sithence you both are like
the Phoenix (*Rare*) as well in the perfection of
bodie, as the excellency of minde. It is a Bird to
which Christ suffereth himselfe to bee compared.
And it may aptly bee a figure of his resurrection:
so that my hopes are, you / will gladly receiue it,

because Christ his death and rising again, are two strong, stedfast, and maine anchors to which (as appeareth by your liues) your faith is fastned, thereby to lay hold on saluation. You are sisters in loue, as you are sisters by the lawes of marriage: Indifferently therefore to you both doeth this our Phœnix offer vp his heauenly songs. Heare them, I beseech you, if not for any worth that is in them, yet for the loue you zealously beare to him, of whose glorious resurrection, ascension, &c. they make onely mention. And thus crauing / pardon of both your Ladyships, for this my boldnesse, which groweth out of my loue and respect to your Names & Families; I wish you all the happinesse that this earthly paradise can yeeld, and pray, that at your going from thence, you may enter into the euerlasting Paradise of Heauen.

*Humbly
deuoted to your Ladyships,
Tho. Dekker.*



To the Reader.

Christian Reader :

THou hast by these three former birds of *Noahs* Arke, gotten three blessings. The *Doue* hath ministred comfort to thine afflicted mind, in a number of those stormes of tribulation which shal fall vpon man in this life. The *Eagle* hath armed thy Soule with courage, and taught it to soare high with the wings of Prayer, till they beat / at the very gates of heauen, & from thence receiue mercie. The *Pellican* hath playd the true Physition, and (where thou art full and foule with diseases bred by sinne) that teacheth the way to cure thee, and to attaine to the health of saluation. The fourth & last bird is now flying out towards thee ; spred therefore thine armes wide open to welcome it : and this *Phænix* will carie thee vp to a second life, that shall be euer, euerlasting.



The / Phœnix.

THE fourth and last Bird which you are to behold, flying out of Noahs Arke, is the Phœnix. The Phœnix of all other birds liueth to the longest age: so must our Prayers fly vp in bright flames all the dayes of our life: wee must be petitioners euen to the houre and last minute of our breath. The Phœnix / hath the goodliest feathers in the world: and Prayers are the most beautifull wings by which we may mount into heauen. There is but one Phœnix vpon earth, as there is but one tune, in which God delighteth, and that is the Prayer of a sinner. When the Phœnix knoweth shee must die, shee buildeth a nest of al the sweetest spices, and there looking stedfastly on the Sunne, shee beateth her wings in his hottest beames, and between thē kindleth a fire amongst those sweet spices, & so burneth her selfe to death. So when we desire to die to the vanities / of the world, wee must build vp a nest, and fill it with faithfull sighes, grones, teares, fasting,

and prayer, sackcloth & ashes, (all which in the nostrils of the Lord are sweete spices) and then fixing our eyes upon the crosse where the glorious Sonne of God payed the ransome of our sinnes, we must not cease till with the wings of faith and repentance, wee haue kindled his mercie, and in that sweete flame haue all our fleshly corruptions consumed & purified. Out of those dead ashes of the Phœnix, doeth a new Phœnix arise. And | euen so out of the ashes of that one repentance, shall we bee regenerate and borne anew.



CHRIST *is the true Phœnix.*



Christ (out of the purest flames of loue) kindled a fire which drunk vp the wrath of his father, wherein all men should haue beene drowned for sinne, and in that fire did hee die to redeeme vs that were lost. Yet left hee not there. To haue died for vs had beene nothing, vnlesse like a true *Phœnix* he had beene raised / vp againe : as therefore a graine of wheat is cast into the earth, and there first rots and then quickens againe, & after yeeldeth it selfe in a ten-fold measure : so was our Sauour cast into his sepulcher, there lay his dead body for a time, & then was quickened, and then raised vp : and in that rising did hee multiply those benefits which before hee sowed amongst vs, when he was torne in pieces and scattered on the crosse. Whē he died, he died alone; but when

he did rise, he did not rise alone, / * * *

I. SACRIFICE.

A Thankesgiuing for all those benefits which wee
reape by the death of Christ.

What thanks (O Lord) can wee powre
foorth? What Hymnes shall we sing?
What praises haue wee to crowne thee with, or
what giftes can we bestow worthy enough vpon
thee, that didst not spare thine owne and only
deereſt Sonnes blood, to ſaue vs? (that were
miferable and condemned caſtaways) But, O Lord,
thou in thy prouidence didſt foreſee, that all thy
glorie, and / in thy wiſedome and compaſſion didſt
conſent that all the health of mankind ſhould
conſiſt in the death of thy bleſſed Sonne. Wee
were the arch-traytors, but hee answered all our
treafons at a moſt dreadfull barre. Wee had
transgreſſed, but hee was the Lamb that was to
bee ſacrificed. Glorified bee thy Name for being
ſo full of pitie: Glorified be thy Sonnes death,
for being ſo full of charitable pietie. For let vs
reckon before thee (O Father) and betweene vs
& our ſoules, how much we are indebted for this
thy Sonnes ſuretie-ſhip. Wee owed all, and hee
payed the vtmoſt farthing. Let vs ſumme vp the
foote of this accompt, and take a note of our

gaines, and his losses in this voyage. Hee ventured his life, and lost it : wee ventured nothing, but were vpon point of shipwrecke, and yet came home saues. By his death wee are ingrafted into the Tree of life, his blood doeth giue it nourishment. His nailing on the crosse cleft the dores of hell in sunder, and set wide open the gates of heauen : Christ by this meanes is become our way, our guide, our haue. Would we walke safely? Christ is our path : would we not stumble? Christ is our leader : would wee not be cast away? Christ is our Pilot.

What / need wee now to feare? whom should we fly from now, for fathans head is broken in sunder : sinne is vanquished : death is ouercome : hell is swallowed vp : the diuel that had power ouer death, is put to flight. Before wee liued in slauerie, but now we dwell within the liberties of the holy citie. Before we were spotted, & foule as leapers, but the precious drops that fell from Christs side, haue clenfed our foules, & now they look as white as snow. In a most desperate state liued we before, but now in the most happie : for wee are bought, and payd for, and none can lay claime to vs now, but Iesus Christ. To / quit which loue of his (albeit there is nothing in vs of value that can giue him satisfaction) yet rather then to pay no part of the debt, let vs tender

downe so much as wee can make. And that is, not to forget his kindnesse: which that wee may neuer doe, let vs print him in our hearts, ingraue him on our hands, write him on our brefts, yea, weare him in our garments. Set the sorowes of his suffering for euer before our eyes.

When wee sit to meate, let vs thinke vpon the traitour that dipt his finger with him in the dish: when the night approcheth, let it bee a memoriall of / his apprehension with bils and staues: It was a deed of darkenesse, and therfore done in the night. When wee doe but stretch foorth our armes, let vs call to mind how hee was racked vpon the crosse. The branches of these meditations shall beare this fruit; by turning ouer the leaues of his death and passion, we shall still read the storie of our owne end: and nothing can more fright a man out of the companie of sinne, then when hee looketh vpon that which he is sure to goe to, and that is his graue: so to meditate, is to liue well: so to liue, is to die well; for no pil remaines to make death taste / bitter afterward, vnlesse it were taken downe before. He that thus fights is sure to conquer: he that thus conquers is sure to be crowned; he that is ambitious of that crowne, will desire to bee dissolued and to be with Christ: hee that so desires, doeth not die patiently, but hee liues patiently, and dieth ioy-

fully. Such a death, O Lord, let me die, for in the triumph of thy Sonne, death (that once was terrible) is swallowed vp: so that now we may triumphantly sing, Where is thy sting, O death? Where is thy victorie, O hell?

The sting of death is sinne, but that is taken out: the power of sinne is the Law, but that is finished. Thanks therefore, and immortall honour be given to our glorious GOD, who hath given vs to nobie a victorie, through the death onely of his Sonne Iesus Christ. Amen.

2. SACRIFICE.

A Thanksgiving for all those benefits which we
reape by the buriall of Christ.

THE grave is full of horror, the house of the dead is the habitation of sadnesse, for the body receiveth no comfort, when it cometh to lodge in this last & furthest house. When our feete step vpon that shore, wee are robd of all our honours, dripte out of all our gay attires, spoiled of all our gold and silver, forsaken by our friends, despit by our kinsfolkes, yea, abhorred to be looked vpon by our owne children: nothing is left vs but a poore mantle of linnen to hide our nakednesse; that is the last apparell wee must

weare, and when that is worne out, wee must bee turned out of all.

A dreadfull thing therefore would it bee to dwell in this land of euerlasting silence and darke-nesse, but that / Christ himselfe hath gone thither before vs. How infinitelie are wee bound to him, that (in this battell of death) wee are not thrust vpon any danger, but what he hath gone thorow. How aboue measure doeth hee loue vs, to trie the ice first, before he suffer vs to venture ouer? Hee went into the graue before vs, to shew that we all must follow him. But what riches may we gather out of this his sepulcher? What treasure lieth hid in these coffins of the dead? This cleere gaines we gather; this profitable knowledge wee gaine, that as *Adam* was made of a piece of / clay, so all the sonnes of *Adam* must crumble into dust. The wombes of our mothers are the first lodgings that wee lie in, and the womb of the earth is appointed to be the last. The graue is a But at which all the arrowes of our life are shot; and the last arrowe of all hits the marke.

Yet suffer vs, O Lord, not to repine, whether in the morning, at noone, or at mid-night, that is to say, in our cradle, in our youth, or old age, wee go to take our long sleepe, but let vs make this reckoning of our yeres, that if we can liue / no longer, that is vnto vs our old age; for hee that

liueth so long as thou appointest him (though hee die in the pride of his beautie) dieth an olde man. Sithence then that wormes must bee our last companions, & that the pillowes vpon which wee are to rest for euer, are within but dead mens sculles, whereof should wee bee proud? Why should wee disdaine the poorest begger? when the hand that swayes a Scepter, and the hand that holdes a sheepe-hooke, being found together in the earth are both alike. What madnesse is it so to pamper the flesh with curious meates, / and costly wines, when (doe what we can) we do but fatten it for crawling vermine? What folly is it, to cloth our bodie in sumptuous attires, when (let them be neuer so gorgeous) we shall carry with vs but a winding-sheete? Why doe we bathe our limmes in sweete waters, and embalme our bodies with rich perfumes, when no carion in the world can smel more noisome, then must our carcases? Blessed therefore bee the sepulcher that held our Sauours bodie, sithence it is a booke wherein wee may learne how to contemne this foolish loue of our felues. Happy / was thy buriall (O IESVS) that prepared our way to our last habitation. Thanks bee rendred vnto thee for thy loue; glorie to GOD thy FATHER, for his compaffion towards mankind. So be it. Amen.

3. SACRIFICE.

A Thankesgiuing for all the benefits which wee
reape by the resurrection of Christ.

CHRIST is risen againe. O happie tidings!
 O blessed message! He is risen from an
 igno / minious death, to a life full of glorie. Hee
 is risen now, to fall no more: the Iewes haue
 done their crueltie: death hath done his worst:
 hell hath spitte forth her venome: for in spite of
 all their malice, Christ is risen in triumph. Receiue
 your lights againe you lamps of heauen: darknes
 flie from the world: you graues that yawned and
 cast out your dead, close vp your deuouring iawes.
 Sithence Christ is risen, let all the world reioyce;
 as at his crucifying all the whole world felt paines
 in his suffering. How happy is miserable man
 made by this resurrection of his glorious Re-
 deemer? / For now is he sure, that his body
 fals not like the body of a beast (for then his
 estate were more then most wretched) but that
 the Lord killeth, and maketh aliue againe, and
 that he bringeth downe to the graue, and fetcheth
 vp againe. My Redeemer now liueth, and by his
 life, doe I know that I shall rise out of the earth
 at the latter day; and that I shall bee clothed
 againe in my frailtie, as my Sauour was at his

refurrection in his owne flesh. What a blessing therefore is by this meanes powred vpon vs? For albeit our bodies are laid downe (to rest) in deformity, in vglines, in contempt, / in basenes, in pouerty, and in dishonour; yet shall they be raised in beauty, in brightnesse, in fulnes of riches, and in glory. We were afflicted in Christ when we saw him hanging on the crosse in torments: But we are made ioyfull in Christ, seeing him raised from the dead in triumph. The cogitation of this his refurrection, and so consequently of our owne calling vp from death to life, is a spurre vnto vs whilst we are vpon earth, to runne the race of blessednes. We are not to awaken out of our dead sleepest, and to be apparelled with the selfe same flesh, skinne and bone for nothing: but there is a goale, / proposed, and a garland propounded; and to winne that must we begin to runne in this life. Giue therefore (O God) alacrity to our hearts, that we with cheerefulnes may set forward. Giue wings to our souls, that with swiftnes we may make our flight: giue strength to vs in our race, that wee faint not till wee come to the end; and giue vs grace to run wel without stumbling, that we may win the prize with honour. Grat (O Lord) that we may goe into our graues in peace; so shall we be sure to come from our graues in gladnes. Glorified for euer be thy

Name, that workeſt theſe wonders of ſaluation for vs : / With all admiration let vs adore thee, that holdeſt out ſuch bright crownes of immortality for vs. Suffer vs, O Lord, to deferue them on earth, to be promiſed them at our departure from earth, and to weare them with thee in heauen. Amen.

4. SACRIFICE.

A Thankſgiuing for all thoſe benefits which we
reape by the aſcenſion of Chriſt.

Lift vp your eies (O you ſonnes of *Adam*) and beholde your Sauour aſcending vp into the clouds : bitter was his death, his reſurrection victorious, / but his aſcenſion glorious. He died like a Lamb, he roſe againe like a Lion, but hee aſcended like an Egle. By his death did he quicken vs to life : By his reſurrection did he raiſe vs to faith : By his aſcenſion did he lift vs vp to glorie. The reſurrection of Chriſt is our hope, but the aſcenſion of Chriſt is our glorification. He aſcended into heauen ; but how ? he ſhut not the gates of heauen vpon vs, but of purpoſe went thither to make the way plaine before vs. His bodie is in heauen, but his maieſty abides vpon earth. Here hee was once according to the fleſh, and here he is ſtill according to his diuini / tie. Abſent is Chriſt from vs, yet is he ſtill preſent with vs. Wouldſt

thou see him? Wouldst thou touch him? Wouldst thou embrace him? Thine eies haue sight too weake to pierce thorow the clouds; his brightnes is too great, and would strik thee blind with dazeling: thy hands are too short to reach vp to the seat where he sits; and thine armes not of compasse bigge enough to bee throwne about his bodie. But let thy faith open her eyes, for shee can behold him: let thy faith put out her hand, and with the least finger she can touch him. As our forefathers held him in the flesh, so we must hold / him in our hearts. By his ascending vp into heauen are we sure that he is the very Son of God: for none can ascend thither, but hee that comes from thence. Celebrate therefore this his ascension with faith, and with deuotion, and thou shalt presently be in heauen with him. There he sitteth at the right hand of his father, like an Attorney in our behalf, pleading for mercy; and like a petitioner, stil preferring vp our prayers and complaints to his heauenly father. How happy is man to haue such a speaker for him? How miserable were man, if Christ were not his Intercessiour? Sithence then that our / Redeemer hath begunne so happie and glorious a voyage, onely to kindle in vs an ambition to follow him; let vs therefore hoist vp all the sailes of duetie and obedience, of zeale and holinesse, to arriue in that

same hauen. The ladder which must reach vp to heauen, and by which wee must climb, hath many steps of righteousnes; the burdens which keepe vs from getting vp, are infinite in number, and they are our sinnes. Giue vs strength, O Lord, to throw them down. Giue vs grace to lay hold on the other. The reward of this conquest shal be ours; the glory shal be thine: the path / which we must tread to the land of happines is beaten out by thy Sonne, but our welcome must be from thy lippes. Say therefore vnto vs, come you blessed: enter the citie of the Lord; fall downe before his Throne, and cry, Glory, glory, glory, now and to the worlds end. Amen.

5. SACRIFICE.

A Thankgiuing for all those benefits which we are to receiue by Christs comming in glory.

BEhold the gates of heauen stand wide open:
Armies * * * *

* * * *



*Short and pithie Sentences, fit to be
applied to those purposes, for which the
former Prayers are made.*

God is to thee all things : if thou art
hūgry, he is thy bread ; if thou art
thirsty, he is thy drinke ; if thou art
in darkenes, he is thy light ; if in
nakednes, he puts vpon thee the garment of
immortality. *Aug.*

2. God the true and only life : in whom and
from / whom, and by whom all good things are,
that are good indeede. God ; from whom to be
turned, is to fal ; to whom to turne, is to rise
again ; in whom to abide, is to dwell for euer.
God ; from whom to depart, is to die : to whom
to come againe, is to reuiue : and in whom to
lodge, is to liue. *Idem.*

3. Whatfoeuer is not of God, hath no sweete-

neffe : Whatfoeuer he wil giue me, let him take all away, fo he giues mee onely himfelfe. *Aug.*

4. God in himfelfe is *Alpha & Omega*, (beginning & ending) In the world, he is the Ruler : In Angels hee is their Glorie : In the Church, hee is as a Father in/his Family : in the foule as a Bridegroom in his bed chamber : in the good, hee is as a helper and protector : in the wicked as feare and horroure. *Idem.*

5. If God heare our prayers, he is merciful : if he will not heare them, yet is he iuft.

6. God is length, bredth, heigth, and depth. Hee is length in his Eternity : bredth in Charity : heigth in Maieftie : depth in Wifdome. *Bernard.*

7. Haft thou a defire to walke ? I am the way (faith Chrift :) Wouldft thou not be deceiued ? I am the truth : Wouldft thou not die ? I am the life. *Aug.*

8. No man can take Chrift / from thee, vnleffe thou takeft thy felfe from him. *Ambrofe.*

9. Chrift (our Redeemer) in his birth was a man : in his death a lamb : in his refurrection a Lion : in his afcenfion vp to heauen an Eagle. *Greg.*

10. Chrift is honny in the mouth, muficke in the eare, and gladneffe in the heart. *Bernard.*

11. In Chriffs doctrine is found true wifedome : in Chriffs mercie is found iuftice : in his life is

found temperance: in his death is found courage.
Bernard.

12. Christ is so much the more worthie of honour amongst men, by how much he suffred the more dishonor / in the behalfe of men. *Gregorie.*

[13.] O man, see what I suffer for thee. There is no griefe comparable to this of mine on the crosse: I that die for thee, cry vnto thee: see what punishments I endure, see how I am nailed, and how I am pierced. If my outward sorowes be so great, the grief that is within me must needs bee greater, because I find thee vnthankfull. *Bernard.*

14. In vaine doeth hee weare the name of a Christian who is not a follower of Christ. What good is it for thee to bee taken for that which thou art not? and to vsurpe a title which is not thine owne? if needs thou / wilt bee a Christian, doe those things that belong to Christianity, and then challenge the name. *Augustine.*

15. Hee is a Christian, that euen in his owne house acknowledgeth himselfe to be a stranger. Our countrie is aboue: in that Inne we shal not be guests. *Idem.*

16. A Christian can take no hurt by beeing throwne into [Turkish] captiuitie; for euen in those his fetters, wil his God come to him. *Idem.*

17. A Christian is not so much to stand vpon beginning, as vpon the end. *Gregory.*

18. Thou art a fresh-water fooldier (O thou that art / a Chrifian) if thou hopeft to ouercome without a battell, or to triumph without a victorie. *Chryfoftome.*

19. It is not fuch an honour to bee good amongft thofe that are good, but to bee good amongft them that are euill. *Gregorie.*

20. A godly conuerfation ouercommeth thine enemie, edifieth thy neighbour, and glorifieth thy maker. *Ifidore.*

21. Hee that waiteth on Chrift, muft bee of fuch a conuerfation, that his outward manners may bee but the glaffe to fhew the inward mind. *Bernard.*

22. Such as wee are our felues, / in fuch companie wee delight. *Hierom.*

23. Our lookes and our eyes cannot put on maskes clofe enough to hide a bad confcience : for the wantonneffe of the mind is drawen in the face, and the aétions of the bodie, betray the conditions of the foule. *Idem.*

24. Woe to the heart that is double, it giueth one halfe to God, and another to the diuell. God (being angry that the diuell hath a fhare in it) giueth away his part too, and fo the diuell hath all to himfelfe. *Auguftine.*

25. The heart of the gluttō is in his belly : of the adulterer in his luft : of the couetous man, in his vfurie. *Idem.*

26. Amongst men, the heart is weighed by the words; but with God, our words are weighed by the heart. *Bernard.*

27. Let not thy face and thy heart be of two colors : thy face lookes vpward, let not thy heart looke downward. *Idem.*

28. The heart hath foure offices to look to, viz. What to loue, what to feare, what to reioyce in, and for what to bee sad. *Idem.*

29. Amongst all the creatures that liue vnder the Sunne, there is none hath a heart more excellent then that of man, nor more noble, nor more like to God : and that is the reason that God asketh nothing at thy hands, but thy heart. *Hugo.*

30. The heart of man is of it selfe but little, yet great things cannot fill it : it is not big enough at one meale to satisfie a bird, and yet the whole world cannot satisfie that. *Idem.*

31. The diuell hath a will to hurt, but not power, because a greater controles this ; for if hee should doe asmuch hurt as hee desireth to doe, there would not be left / one righteous man liuing. *Augustine.*

32. The diuels seruice is the worst of all others, because he is neuer pleased with any duetie so done to him. *Gregory.*

33. Where discord dwels, God neuer commeth neere the dore. *Aug.*

34. As God taketh delight in nothing so much as in loue : so the diuell taketh pleasure in nothing more then in the death of charitie. *Gregory.*

35. No miserie is greater then to leaue God for the loue of gold. *Hierom.*

36. What good can a cheft full of riches do thee, if thou cariest about thee an emptie conscience? Thy desire / is to haue goods, but not to bee good. Blush therefore at thy wealth, for if thy house be ful of goods it hath a master to it that is naught. What profit doth a rich man get by that which he hath, if hee [haue] not God too, who is the giuer? *Idem.*

37. The [daughter of] riches is pride. *Idem.*

38. Riches are * * it is sin, not to let the poore haue a part in them. *August.*

39. So liue, that whatsoever thou doest, may bee as if it were done in presence of thine enemy.

40. There is nothing more high then humilitie, which (as if it were alwaies in the superior) knoweth not how to

* * * * *

FINIS.



xviii.

PATIENT GRISSILL.

1603.



NOTE.

For my exemplar of the original edition of 'Patient Grissill' (1603) I am indebted to the British Museum (161 a 39).

In 1841 the late Mr. J. Payne Collier reprinted 'Patient Grissill' for the "Shakspeare Society." Besides modernisation, a recurrence to the original has enabled me to correct not a few of his miscopyings and tinkering, albeit in this instance the text is less slipshod and inaccurate than usually with him. On the combined authorship, etc., of this somewhat noticeable Play, see our Memorial-Introduction. As Dekker admittedly had a foremost part in its composition and preparation, and as it was left out of Mr. A. H. Shepherd's collection in the Pearson reprints, and otherwise is not readily accessible, it seemed inevitable to give it here.

G.

THE
PLEASANT
COMODIE OF

Patient Griffill.

As it hath beene fundrie times lately plaid
by the right honorable the Earle of Not-
tingham (Lord high Admirall) his
servants.



LONDON.

Imprinted for HENRY ROCKET, and are to
be folde at the long Shop vnder S. Mildreds
Church in the Poultry.

1603.



[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

—◆—
GWALTER, *Marquess of Saluzzo.*

MARQUESS OF PAVIA, *his brother.*

ONOPHRIO, }
FARNEZE, } *Suitors to Julia.*
URCENZE, }

MARIO, }
LEPIDO, } *Courtiers.*

EMULO, *a fantastic gallant.*

FURIO, *attendant on Gwalter.*

SIR OWEN AP MEREDITH, *a Welsh knight.*

RICE, *servant to Sir Owen.*

IANICULO, *a basket-maker, father to Grissil.*

LAUREO, *a poor scholar, his son.*

BABULO, *the Clown, servant to Ianiculo.*

GRISSIL, *daughter to Ianiculo.*

IULIA, *sister to Gwalter.*

GWENTHYAN, *a Welsh widow.*

Two Ladies.

Huntsmen, Attendants, &c.

The scene lies in and near Saluzzo.]

¹ This list of characters is not in the old copy. It is accepted from Mr. J. P. Collier, as are his arrangements (but within []) into Act- and Scenes. In the original 'Ianiculo' is named throughout 'Janicola.'
G.



THE PLEASANT COMCÆDYE
OF
PATIENT GRISSILL.

[ACT I.

SCENE I. The country near Saluzzo.]

Enter the *Marquesse*, *Paia*, *Mario*, *Lepido*, and
huntsmen ; all like hunters. A noyse of hornes
within.

Marquesse.



OOKE you so strang, my hearts, to 10
see our limbes
Thus suited in a Hunters liuery ?
Oh tis a louely habite, when greene
youth, [Spring
Like to the flowry blossome of the
Conformes his outward habite to his minde,

D. V.

15

Look how yon one-ey'd waggoner of heauen,
 Hath, by his hors'es fiery-winged hoofes,
 Burst ope the melancholy Jayle of Night ;
 And with his gilt beames cunning Alchimy
 Turn'd all these cloudes to gold, who (with the
 winds)

Vpon their misty shoulders, bring in day : 20
 Then fully¹ not this morning with foule lookes,
 But teach your Jocond spirits to ply the Chase,
 For hunting is a sport for Emperors.

Pau. We know it is; and therefore, do not throw
 On these, your pastimes, a contracted brow.
 How swift youths Bias runs to catch delights,
 To me is not vnknowne : no, brother Gualter,
 When / you were woo'd by vs to choose a wife,
 This day you vowed to wed ; but now I see
 Your promises turne all to mockerie. [answere 30

Lepi. This day yourself appointed to giue
 To all those neighbour-Princes, who in loue
 Offer their Daughters, Sisters, and Allies,
 In marriage to your hand : yet, for all this,
 The houre being come that calles you to your
 choyce,

You stand prepar'd for sport, and start aside
 To hunt poore deere, when you should seeke a Bride.

Marq. Nay, come Mario, your opinion too :
 H'ad neede of ten men's wit that goes to woe.

¹ Misprinted 'fally.'

Ma. First fatisfie theſe Princes, who expect 40
Your gracious anſwere to their embaffies ;
Then may you freely reuell : now you flie
Both from your owne vowes, & their amitie.

Marq. How much your iudgmen[t]s erre : who
gets a wife
Muſt, like a huntsman, beate vntrodden pathes,
To gaine the flying preſence of his loue.
Looke how the yelping beagles ſpend their mouthes,
So Louers doe their fighes ; and as the deare
Outſtrips the actiue hound, & oft turnes backe
To note the angrie viſage of her foe, 50
Who, greedy to poſſeſſe ſo ſweet a pray,
Neuer giues ouer till he ceaze on her,
So fares it with coy dames, who, great with ſcorne,
Fly¹ the care-pined hearts that ſue to them ;
Yet on that feined flight (Loue conquering them),
They caſt an eye of longing backe againe,
As who would ſay, be not diſmaid with frownes,
For though our tongues ſpeake no, our hearts
found yea ;
Or, if not ſo, before theile miſſe their louers, [ayre,
Their ſweet breathes ſhall perfume the Amorous 60
And braue them ſtill to run in beauties Chafe :
Then can you blame me to be hunter like,
When I muſt get a wife ? but be content :

¹ The original misprints 'Shew.' The next line suggests 'Fly,' as printed by Mr. Collier.

So / you'le ingage your faith by othe to vs,
 Your willes shall answer mine, my liking yours,
 And, that no wrinkle on your cheekes shall ride .
 This day the Marquesse vowes to choofe a bride.

Pa. Euen by my honor——

Marq. Brother, be aduif'd
 The importunitie of you and these,
 Thrusts my free thoughts into the yoake of loue, 70
 To grone vnder the loade of marriage.
 Since then, you throwe this burthen on my youth,
 Sweare to me, whomefoeuer my fancie choofe,
 Of what discent, beautie, or birth she be,
 Her you shall like and loue, as you loue me.

Pa. Now, by my birth I sweare, wed whome
 you please,

And Ile imbrace her with a brothers arme.

Lepi. Mario and myselfe to your faire choice
 Shall yeeld all duties and true reuerence.

Marq. Your protestations please me Jollilie. 80
 Lets ring a hunters peale, and in the eares
 Of our swift forrest Citizens proclaime
 Defiance to their lightnes : our sports done,
 The Venison that we kill shall feast our bride.
 If she proue bad, Ile cast all blame on you ;
 But if sweet peace succede this amorous strife,
 Ile say my wit was best to choofe a wife. Exeunt.

As they goe in, hornes sound, & hollowing within :

that done, Enter *Ianicolo*, *Griffill*, and *Babulo*,
with two baskets begun to be wrought. 90

Bab. Olde mafter, heeres a morning able to
make vs worke tooth and naile (marrie, then, we
muft haue victualls): the Sun hath plaid boe
peep in the element anie time thefe two houres,
as I doe fome mornings whē you cal: What
Babulo, fay you: Heere, mafter, fay I; and then
this eye opens, yet do[w]n[e]¹ is the moufe,
lie ftill: What, / Babulo! faves Griffill: Anone
fay I; and then this eye lookes vp, yet downe
I fnug againe: What, Babulo, fay you againe; 100
and then I ftart vp, and fee the Sunne, and then
fneeze, and then fhake mine eares, and then
rife, and then get my breakfast, and then fal
to worke, and then wafh my hands, and by this
time I am ready: Heer's your basket; and,
Griffill, heer's yours.

Ian. Fetch thine own, Babulo: lets ply our
bufines.

Bab. God fend me good lucke, Mafter.

Gri. Why Babulo, what's the matter? 110

Bab. God forgiue me, I thinke I fhall not eate

¹ Mr. J. P. Collier annotates—"Don is the moufe. We say 'Still as a moufe,' and Babulo's expression seems equivalent to it: probably it is a corruption of 'dumb is the moufe,' occasioned by its *dun* colour." It is clearly a proverbial phrase, but 'dumb' could have no connection with 'dun,' nor does context admit of 'dumb.'

a pecke of falt : I shall not liue long fure. I should be a rich man by right, for they neuer doe good deedes but when they see they must dye ; and I haue now a monstrous stomache to worke, because I thinke I shall not liue long.

Ian. Goe foole, cease this vaine talke, and fall to worke.

Bab. Ile hamper somebody if I dye, because I am a basket-maker. Exit.

Ian. Come Griffill, worke sweet girle : heere 120
the warme funne

Will shine on vs ; and, when his fires begin,
Weele coole our sweating browes in yonder shade.

Gri. Father, methinkes it doth not fit a maide,
By fitting thus in view, to draw mens eyes
To stare vpon her : might it please your age,
I could be more content to worke within.

Ian. Indeed, my childe, mens eyes do nowadaies
Quickly take fire at the least sparke of beauty ;
And if those flames be quencht by chaste disdaine,
Then their inuenom'd tongues, (alacke) doe strike, 130
To wound her fame whose beauty they did like.

Gri. I will auoide their darts, and worke within.

Ian. Thou needst not : in a painted coate goes
fin, [thee,
And / loues those that loue pride : none lookes on
Then keepe me companie : how much vnlike

Are thy desires to manie of thy fex !
 How manie wantons in Salucia¹
 Frowne like the fullen night, when their faire faces
 Are hid within doores ; but got once abroad,
 Like the proud Sun they spread their staring 140
 beames :

They shine out to be seene, their loose eyes tell,
 That in their bosomes wantonnes doth dwell :
 Thou canst not doe so, Griffill ; for thy Sun
 Is but a Starre, thy Starre, a sparke of fire,
 Which hath no power t'inflame doting desire.
 Thy filkes are thridbare ruffets ; all thy portion
 Is but an honest name ; that gon, thou art dead ;
 Though dead thou liu'ft, that being vnblemished.

Gri. If to die free from shame be nere to die,
 Then Ile be crownd with immortalitie. 150

Ian. Pray God thou maist : yet, childe my
 iealous soule

Trembles through feares, so often as mine eyes
 Sees our Duke court thee ; and when to thine eares
 He tunes sweet loue-songs : oh, beware, my
 Griffill ;

He can prepare his way with gifts of golde ;
 Vpon his breath winged Promotion flies.
 Oh, my deare Girle, trust not his forceries.
 Did he not seeke the shipwracke of thy fame,
 Why should he send his tailors to take measure

¹ Misprinted 'Saliuia.'

Of Griffill's bodie ; but as one should fay, 160
 If thou wilt be the Marqueſs concubine,
 Thou ſhalt weare rich attires ? but they that thinke
 With coſtly garments fins blacke face to hide,
 Weare naked brauerie and ragged pride. [feares.

Gri. Good father, doe not ſhake your age with
 Although the Marqueſſe ſometimes viſit vs,
 Yet all his words and deedes are like his birth,
 Steept in true honor ; but admit they were not,
 Before my ſoule look black with ſpeckled finne,
 My / hands ſhal make me pale deathes vnderling. 170

Ian. The muſick of thoſe words ſweetē mine
 cares :

Come girle, lets faſter worke ; time apace weares.

[Re]Enter *Babulo* with his worke.

Grif. Come, *Babulo*, why haſt thou ſtaid ſo long ?

Ba. Nay, why are you ſo ſhort ? Maſter,
 heeres monie I tooke (ſince I went), for a cradle :
 this yeare I thinke be leape yeare, for womē doe
 nothing but buy cradles. By my troth, I thinke
 the world is at an end, for as ſoone as we be
 borne we marrie ; as ſoone as we marrie we get 180
 children, (by hooke or by crooke gotten they
 are) ; children muſt haue cradles, and as ſoone
 as they are in them they hop out of thē ; for I
 haue ſeene little girls, that yeſterday had ſcarce
 a hand to make them ready, the next day had

worne wedding-rings on their fingers, so that if the world doe not ende, we shall not liue one by another. Basket-making, as all other trades, runs to decay, and shortly we shall not be worth a button ; for non in this cutting age fowe true 190 fitches but taylers and shoemakers, & yet now and then they tread their shooes awrie too.

Ia. Let not thy tongue goe so : sit downe to worke,
And, that our labour may not feeme to long,
Weele cunningly beguile it with a song.

Bab. Doe master, for thats honest coufonage.

The Song.

Art thou poore, yet hast thou golden Slumbers :

Oh sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy minde perplexed ? 200

Oh, punishment !

*Dost thou laugh to see how fooles are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?*

O, sweet content, o sweet, &c.

*Foot.*¹ *Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;*

Honest labour beares a louely face ;

Then hey noney, noney ; hey noney, noney.

¹ Mr. J. P. Collier annotates—"The meaning of this word seems to be that the lines which immediately follow it are the 'foot,' close, or burden of the song. Many old ballads terminate with 'Hey, nony, nony' ; among them Shakespeare's 'Sigh no more, Ladies,' in *Much Ado*, &c."

Canst drinke the waters of the Crisped Spring?

O sweet content!

Swimst thou in wealth, yet finck'st in thine own 210

O punishment! [teares?

Then hee that patiently wants burden beares,

No burden bears, but is a King, a King:

O sweet content! &c.

Foot. Worke apace, apace, &c.

Enter Laureo.

Ba. Weep maffer; yonder comes your Sonne.

*Ian. Laureo, my Sonne? oh heauen, let thy
rich hand*

Poure plenteous shewers of blessing on his head.

Lau. Treble the number fall vppon your age. 220
Sifter?

Gri. Deare brother Laureo, welcome home.

*Ba. Maffer Laureo, Ianiculo's sonne, welcome
home: how doe the nine mufes—Pride, couetous-
nes, enuie, sloth, wrath, gluttonie, and letcherie?
You, that are Schollers, read how they doe.*

*Lau. Mufes: thefe (foole) are the feuen deadly
fins.*

*Ba. Are they? Mas, methinkes its better feruing
thē then your nine mufes, for they are ftarke
beggars.*

Ian. Often I haue wifht to fee you heere. 230

Lau. It grieues me that you see me heere so
foone.

Ian. Why, Laureo, dost thou grieve to see thy
father,

Or dost thou scorne me for my pouertie ?

Ba. He needes not, for he lookes like poor
John himselfe: eight to a necke of Mutton, is
not that your commons ? & a Cue of breade ?

Lau. Father, I grieve my young yeares to your
age

Should adde more forrowe.

Ian. Why / sonne, whats the matter.

Lau. That which to thinke on makes me des- 240
perate.

I, that haue chargd my friends, and from my father
Puld more then he could spare ; I, that haue liud
These nine years at the Uniuersity,
Must now, for this worlds deuill, this angell of golde
Haue all those daies and nights to beggerie folde :
Through want of money what I want I misse.
Who is more scorn'd then a poore scholler is ?

Bab. Yes, three things, Age, Wisdome, &
basket-makers.

Gri. Brother, what meanes these words ? 250

Lau. Oh I am mad

To thinke how much a Scholler vndergoes,
And in th'ende reapes nought but pennurie.
Father, I am inforced to leaue my booke,

Because the studie of my booke doth leaue me
 In the leane armes of lancke necessitie.
 Hauing no shelter (ah me), but to flie
 Into the sanctuarie of your aged armes.

Bab. A trade, a trade: follow basket-making :
 leaue bookes, and turne block-head.

Ian. Peace foole : welcome, my sonne : thogh 260
 I am poore,

My loue shall not be so : goe, daughter Griffill,
 Fetch water from the spring to seeth our fish,
 Which yesterday I caught ; the cheare is meane,
 But be content : when I haue solde these Baskets
 The monie shall be spent to bid thee welcome.
 Griffill, make haft, run and kindle fire. *Exit Griffil.*

Ba. Goe, Griffill ; Ile make fire, and scoure the
 kettle : its a hard world when schollers eate fish
 vpon flesh daies. *Exit Ba[bulo].*

Lau. Ist not a shame for me, that am a man, 270
 Nay more, a scholler, to endure such neede,
 That I must pray on him whome I should feede?

Ian. Nay, grieue not Sonne ; better haue felt
 worfe woe.

Come, sit by me : while I worke to get bread,
 And Griffill spin vs yearne to cloath our backs,
 Thou / shalt reade doctrine to vs for the soule,
 Then, what shall we three want ? nothing, my sonne ;
 For when we cease from worke, euen in that while,
 My song shall charme griefes eares, and care beguile.

As worthie as her forme, she might be held
A fit companion for the greatestt state.

Lau. Oh blindnes ! so that men may beautie finde,
They nere respect the beauties of the minde.

Marq. Father / Janiculo, whats hee that speakes?

Ian. A poore despised scholler, and my sonne.

Mar. This is no time to holde dispute with
schollers.

Tell me, in faith, olde man, what dost thou thinke, 310
Because the Marqueesse visits thee so oft?

Ian. The will of Princes subiects must not ferch;
Let it suffice, your grace is welcome hither.

Marq. And Ile requite that welcome, if I liue.
Griffill, suppose a man should loue you dearely,
As I know some that doe, would you agree
To quittance true affection with the like?

Gri. None is so fond to fancie pouertie.

Mar. I say there is : Come Lords, stand by my
side :

Nay, brother, you are sped, and haue a wife ; 320
Then giue vs leaue, that are all Batchelers.

Now, Griffill, eye vs well, and giue your verdicte,
Which of vs three you holde the propreft man?

Gri. I haue no skill to iudge proportions.

Marq. Nay, then you iest : women haue eagles
eyes

To prie euen to the heart ; and why not you?
Come, we stand fairely ; freely speake your minde,

For, by my birth, he whome thy choice shall bleffe,
Shall be thy husband.

Mar. What intends your grace ?

Lepi. My Lord, I haue vowed to lead a fingle 330
life.

Marq. A fingle life? this cunning cannot serue.
Doe not I know you loue her ? I haue heard
Your paffions fpent for her, your fighes for her ;
Mario to the wonder of her beautie
Compiled a Sonnet.

Mar. I, my Lord, write fonnets ?

Marq. You did intreate me to intreate her father,
That you might haue his daughter to your¹ wife.

Lep. To anie one I willingly refigne
All intereft in her which doth looke like mine. 340

Mar. My Lorde, I fweare she nere shall be my
bride.

I / hope shee'le fweare fo too, being thus denide.

Marq. Both of you turn'd Apoftataes in loue :
Nay then, Ile play the cryer : once, twice, thrice,
Speake, or shee's gone els : no, fince twill not be,
Since you are not for her, yet shee's for me.

Pau. What meane you, Brother ?

Marq. Faith, no more but this ;
By loue's moft wondrous Metamorphofis,
To turne this Maide into your Brothers wife.
Nay, fweet heart, looke not strang, I doe not ieft, 350

¹ Misprinted 'his.'

But to thine eares mine Amorous thoughts impart;
 Greater protests he lones you with his heart.

Lex. The admiration of such happines
 Makes me astonisht.

Grij. Oh, my gracious Lord,
 Humble not your high state to my lowe birth,
 Who¹ am not worthy to be held your slave,
 Much lesse your wife.

Marq. Grijell, that shall suffice,
 I count thee worthie. Old Janiculo,
 Art thou content that I shall be thy Sonne ?

Ian. I am vnworthy of so great a good.

Marq. Tush tush, talk not of worth ; in honest
 termes, 360

Tell me if I shall haue her? for, by heauen,
 Vnlesse your free consent alowe my choice,
 To win ten kingdomes Ile not call her mine.
 Whats thy Sonnes name?

Ian. Laureo, My gracious Lord.

Marq. Ile haue both your consents. I tell ye
 Lords,

I haue wooed the virgin long : oh, manie an houre
 Haue I bin glad to steale from all your eyes
 To come disguis'd to her : I sweare to you,
 Beautie first made me loue, and vertue woe. 370
 I lou'd her lowlynes, but when I tride
 What vertues were intempled in her brest,

¹ Printed 'Whome.'

My chaste heart swore that she should be my bride.
 Say, / Father, must I be forsworne or noe?

Ian. What to my Lord seemes best, to me seemes

Marq. Laureo, whats your opinion? [fo.

Lau. Thus, my Lorde :

If equall thoughts durst both your states conferre,
 Her's is to lowe, and you to high for her.

Marq. What saies faire Griffill now?

Gri. This doth she say :

As her olde Father yeeldes to your dread will, 380
 So she her fathers pleasure must fulfill.

If olde Ianiculo make Griffill yours,
 Griffill must not deny; yet had she rather
 Be the poore Daughter still of her poore Father.

Marq. Ile gild that pouertie, and make it shine
 With beames of dignitie : this base attire
 These Ladies shall teare of, and decke thy beautie
 In robes of honour, that the world may say
 Vertue and beautie was my bride to-day.

Mar. This meane choice will distaine your
 noblenes. 390

Marq. No more, Mario, then it doth disgrace
 The Sunne to shine on me.

Lep. Shee's poore, and base.

Marq. Shee's rich; for vertue beautifies her face.

Pa. What will y world say, when the trump of
 fame

Shall found your high birth with a begger's name?

Marq. The world still lookes asquint, & I deride
His purblind iudgement ; Griffill is my Bride.
Janiculo, and Laureo, father, brother,
You and your Son, grac'd with our royall fauour,
Shall liue to outweare time in happines. 400

Enter *Babulo*.

Ba. Master, I haue made a good fire : firha
Griffill the fishe . . .

Ian. Fall on thy knees, thou foole : see, heere's
our duke.

Ba. I haue not offended him ; therefore Ile not
ducke and ¹/ he were ten Dukes. Ile kneele to
none but God and my Prince.

Lau. This is thy Prince : be silent, Babulo.

Bab. Silence is a vertue, marrie, tis a dumbe
vertue : I loue vertue that speakes, and has a long 410
tongue, like a belweather, to leade other vertues
after it : if he be a Prince, I hope hee is not
Prince ouer my tongue : snailles, wherefore come
all these ? Master, heeres not fish enough for vs.
Sirha Griffill, the fire burnes out.

Marq. Tell me, my loue, what pleafant fellow
is this? [Lorde.

Grif. My aged Fathers seruant, my gracious

Bab. How? my loue? master, a worde to f
wife, *scillicet* me, my loue.

¹ Throughout Mr. J. P. Collier prints 'an,' — no doubt common form, but never in 'Patient Griffill.'

Marq. Whats his name? 420

Bab. Babulo, Sir, is my name.

Marq. Why dost thou tremble so? we are al
thy friends.

Bab. Its hard, fir, for this motley Jerkin to
find friendship with this fine doublet.

Marq. Janiculo, bring him to Court with thee.

Bab. You may be asham'd to lay such knauish
burden vppon old ages shoulders: but I see they
are stooping a little; all crie downe with him.
He shall not bring me fir; Ile carrie my selfe.

Marq. I pray thee doe: Ile haue thee liue at
court.

Ba. I haue a better trade, fir: basketmaking. 430

Marq. Griffill, I like thy mans simplicitie:

Still shall he be thy seruant. Babulo,
Griffill thy mistresse, now shall be my wife.

Bab. I thinke fir, I am a fitter husband for her.

Marq. Why shouldst thou think [so]? I wil
make her rich.

Bab. Thats al one, fir: beggers are fit for
beggers, gētlefolkes for gētlefolkes: I am afraid ŷ
this wōder of ŷ rich louing ŷ poor, wil last but
nine daies: old M[after], bid this merrie gentlemā
home to dinner: you shal haue a good dish of 440
fish, fir: & thank him for his good will to your
daughter Gris[fill]; for Ile be hägd if he do not
(as many rich cogging marchants nowadaies doe

when they haue got what they would) giue / her
the belles, let her flye.

Gri. Oh, beare, my Lord, with his intemperate
tongue.

Marq. Griffill, I take delight to heare him talke.

Bab. I, I; yo' are best take mee vp for your
foole: are not you he that came speaking so to
Griffill heere? doe you remember how I knockt 450
you once, for offering to haue a licke at her lips?

Marq. I doe remember it, and for thy paines
A golden recompense Ile giue to thee.

Bab. Why doe, and Ile knock you as often as
you list.

Marq. Griffill, this merrie fellow shall be mine.
But we forget our felues, the daie growes olde.
Come Lords, cheare vp your lookes, & with faire
smiles

Grace our intended nuptials: time may come,
When all-commaunding loue your hearts subdue, 460
The Marqueffe may perform as much for you.

Exeunt.

[ACT II.

SCENE I. An open place in the City of Saluzzo.]

Enter *Farneze*, *Vrcenze*, and *Rice* meeting them,
running.

Far. Rice, how now, man? whether art y^e
gallopping.

Ric. Faith, euen to finde a full manger; my teeth water till I be mounching. I haue bin at 470 the Cutlers to bid him bring away Sir Owens rapier, and I am ambling home thus fast, for feare I am driuen to fast.

Vrc. But, Sirha Rice, when's the day? will not thy mafter Sir Owen, and Signior Emulo fight?

Ric. No; for Signior Emulo has warn'd my Master to the court of Conscience, and theres an order fet downe that the coward shall pay my Master good words weekelie, till the debt of his choller be runne out. 480

Far. Excellent: but did not Emulo write a challenge to Sir Owen?

Rice. No, he sent a terrible one; but hee gaue a sexton of a Church a groate to write it, and hee fet his mark to it, / for the gull can neither write nor reade.

*Vrc.*¹ Ha, ha, not write and reade? why, I haue seene him pull out a bundle of sonnets, written, & read them to Ladies.

Far. He got thē by heart Vrcenze, & so 490 deceiu'd the poor soules, as a gallant whome I know cozens others; for my briske spagled babie will come into a Stationers shop, call for a stoole and a cushion, and then asking for some greeke Poet, to him he falles, and there he grumbles

¹ Misgiven to Rice in original.

God knowes what, but Ile be fworne he knowes
not so much as one Character of the tongue.

Ric. Why, then it's greeke to him.

Far. Ha, ha Emulo, not write and read ?

Ric. Not a letter, and you would hang him. 500

Vrc. Then heele neuer be faued by his book.

Ric. No, nor by his good workes, for heele doe
none. Signiors both, I commend you to the skies;
I commit you to God, adeu.

Far. Nay, sweet Rice, a little more.

Ric. A little more will make me a great deale
lesse: housekeeping, you know, is out of fashon ;
vnles I ride post, I kisse the post : in a worde Ile
tell you all, challenge was sent, answered no fight,
no kill, all friends, all fooles, Emulo coward, Sir 510
Owen braue man, farewel : dinner, hungrie, little
cheare, great, great stomache, meate, meat, meate,
mouth, mouth, mouth ! adue, adue, adue. Exit.

Vrc. Ha, ha, adue Rice, Sir Owen belike, keepes
a leane Kitchin.

Far. What els man ? thats one of the miserable
vowes he makes when hee's dubd ; yet he doth
but as manie of his brother knights doe, keepe an
ordinarie table for him and his long coate follower.

Vrc. That long coate makes the master a little 520
king ; for wherefoeuer his piece of a follower
comes hopping after him, hees sure of a double
garde.

Far. Ile fet some of the Pages upon thy skirts for this.

Vrc. I shall feele them no more then so many fleas ; therefore / I care not : but, Farneze, youle proue a most accomplisht coxcombe.

Far. Oh olde touch lad, this yonker is right Trinidado, pure leafe Tobacco, for indeed hee's 530 nothing : puffe, reeke ; and would be tried (not by God and his countrie), but by fire, the verie soule of his substance, and needes would conuert into smoke.

Vrc. Hee's Steele to the backe you see, for he writes Challenges.

Far. True, and Iron to the head : oh, theres a rich leaden minerall amongst his braines, if his skull were well digd. Sirha Vrcence, this is one of those changeable Silke gallants, who, in a verie 540 scuruie prid[e], scorne al schollers and reade no bookes but a looking-glasse, and speake no language but sweet Lady, and sweet Signior, and chew between their teeth terrible words, as though they would coniure, as complement, and proiects, and Fastidious, & Caprichious, and Misprizian, and the Sintheresis of the soule, and such like raise-veluet tearmes.

Vrc. What be the accoutremēts now of these gallāts ?

550

Far. Indeed, thats one of their fustiā, out-

lādish phraſes to : marrie, fir, their accoutremēts
are al ſ fantaſticke faſhions ſ can be taken vp,
either vpō truſt or at ſecond hand.

Vrc. Whats their quallities?

Far. None good : theſe are the beſt : to make
good faces, to take Tobacco well, to ſpit well,
to laugh like a waiting Gentlewoman, to lie well,
to bluſh for nothing, to looke big vpon little
fellowes, to ſcoffe with a grace, though they haue 560
a very filthie grace in ſcoffing, and, for a neede,
to ride prettie and well.

Vrc. They cannot chooſe but ride well, becauſe
euerie good wit rides them.

Far. Heere's the difference, that they ride vpon
horſes, and when they are ridden, they are ſpur'd
for aſſes; ſo they can crie wighee and hollow,
kicking iade, they care not if they haue no more
learning then a Jade.

Enter / *Emuloes, Sir Owen* talking, *Rice* after them 570
eating ſecretly.

Vrc. No more of theſe Jadiſh tricks : heere
comes the hobbie-horſe.

Far. Oh he would daunce a morrice rarely, if
he were hung with belles.

Vrc. He would iangle vilanouſly.

Far. Peace, let's incounter them.

Sir Ow. By Cod, Sir Emuloes, fir Owen is clad out a¹ crie, becaus is friends with her, for Sir Owen sweare : did her² not sweare, Rice? 580

Ric. Yes, forfooth. *Spit out his meate.*

Sir Ow. By Cod is sweare terrible to knog her pade, and fling her spingle legs at plum trees, when her come to fall to her tagger and fencing trigs : yes, faith, and to breag her shins : did her not, Rice ?

Ric. Yes, by my troth, Sir.

Sir Ow. By Cods vdge me, is all true ; and to giue her a great teale of bloudie nose, because Sir Emuloes, you shallenge the pritish Knight. Rice, 590 you knowe, Sir Owen, shentleman first, and fecondly knight : what a pox ale you, Rice ? is shoke now ?

Ric. No, fir, I haue my fue fences, and am as wel as any man.

Sir Ow. [*To Emulo.*] Well, here is hand : now is mighty friends.

Emu. Sir Owen.

Far. [*Aside to Urcenze.*] Now the gallimaufrie of language comes in.

Emu. I protest to you, the magnitude of my 600

¹ *Sic* throughout—changed by Mr. J. P. Collier to 'out o' cry' and explained = beyond measure. "It is to be recollected that Sir Owen is a Welsh knight, and talks in the dialect of his country." So Collier. I add the 'dialect' of Wales is as the Playwrights understood or misunderstood it.

² Mr. Collier alters to 'hur' throughout.

condolement hath been eleuated the higher to see you and myselfe, two gentlemen.

Sir Ow. Nay, 'tis well knowne Sir Owen is good fhentleman, is not, Rice ?

Ric. He that shall deny it, Sir, Ile make him eate his words.

Emu. Good friend, I am not in the Negatiue: bee not fo Caprichious, you misprize me, my collocation tedeth to S[ir] Owen's dignifying.

Far. [*Afide to Urcenze.*] Lets step in. [*To 610 them.*] God faue you, Signior Emulo.

Vrc. Well encounter'd, S[ir] Owen.

Sir Ow. Owe, how do you ? S[ir] Em[ulo] is frends out a cry now ; but / Emuloes, take heede you match no more loue trigs to widdow Gwenthians : by Cod udge¹ me, that do fo muft knoge her, see you nowe ?

Em. Not fo tempestious, sweet knight : though to my disconsolation, I will obliuionize my loue to the Welch widdowe, and doe heere proclaime 620 my delinquishment ; but sweet Signior, be not too Diogenicall to me.

Sir Ow. Ha, ha, is knowe not what genicalls meane ; but Sir Owen will genicall her, and her tag her genicalling Gwenthian.

Far. Nay faith, wee le haue you found friends indeede ; otherwise, you know, Signior Emulo, if

¹ Misprinted here 'vrde.'

you should beare all the wrongs, you would be out-Athlaffed.

Emu. Most true.

630

Sir Ow. By God, is out a crie friends : but harg, Farneze, Vrcenze, tawg,¹ a great teale to Emuloes. Ow[en] is great teale of frends. [*To Farneze*]. Ha, ha, is tell fine admirable sheft : by Cod, Emuloes, for feare S[ir] Owen knog her shines, is tell Sir Owen by tozen shentlemen, her pooets is put about with lathes : ha, ha, ferge her, ferge her.

Fa. No more ; tell Vrcenze of it : why should you two fall out for the loue of a woman, con- 640 sidering what store we haue of them ? Sir Emulo, I gratulate your peace : your company you know is precious to vs, and weelee bee merrie, and ride abroad : before God, now I talke of riding, Sir Owen, methinkes, has an excellent boote.

Vrc. His leg graces the boote.

Sir Ow. By God, is fine leg, and fine poote to ; but Emulos leg is petter, and finer, and shenglier skin to weare.

Emu. I bought them of a pennurious Cord- 650 wainer, & they are the most incongruent that ere I ware.

Sir Ow. Congruent ? sploud, what leather is congruent ? Spanish leather.

¹ Misprinted here 'twag.'

Emu. Ha ha, well, Gentlemen, I haue other proiects becken for me : I must disgresse from this bias, and leaue you : accept, I beseech you, of this vulgar and domestick complement. /

Whilst they are saluting, *Sir Owen* gets to
Emuloes leg, and puls downe his Boote. 660

Sir Ow. Pray, Emuloes, let her see her congruente leather : ha, ha, owe what a pox is heere : ha, ha, is mag a wall to her shins for keeb her warme.

Fa. Whats heer, lathes ? Where's the lime & hair, Emulo ?

Ric. Oh rare, is this to saue his shins ?

Sir Ow. Ha, ha, Rice, goe call Gwenthyan.

Ric. I will, mafter: dahoma, Gwenthyan dahoma ?

Sir Ow. A pogs on her, goe fedge¹ her, and 670
call her within.

Ric. I am gone, fir. Exit *Rice*.

Fa. Nay, Sir Owen, what meane you ?

Sir Ow. By Cod, is meane ta let Gwenthyan see what bobie foole loue her, a pogs on you.

Emu. Sir Owen, and signiors both, doe not expatiate my obloquie ; my loue shall bee so fast conglutinated to you.

Sir Ow. Cods plud ! you call her gluttons, Gwenthyan, so ho, Gwenthyan ! 680

¹ Misprinted 'fedge.'

Emu. Ile not disgest this pill. Signiors, adieu !
You are Fastidious, and I banish you. Exit *Emulo*.

Enter *Gwenethyan*.

Fa. Gods so, heere comes the widdow ; but
in faith, Sir Owen, fay nothing of this.

Sir Ow. No goe to thē: by Cod, Sir Owen
beare as praue minde as emprour.

Gwe. Who calles Gwenethyan so great teale of
time.

Vrc. Sweet widdow, euen your countrieman heere. 690

Sir Ow. Belly the ruddo whee: wrage witho
mandag eny Mou du ac whellock en wea awh.

Gwe. Sir Owen, gramarcye whee : Gwenethyan
Mandage eny, / ac wellock en Thawen en ryn
mogh.

Far. Mundage Thlawen, oh my good widdow,
gabble that we vnderstand you, and haue at you.

Sir Ow. Haue at her : nay, by Cod, is no
haue at her to. Is tawge in her pritish tongue ; for
tis fine delicates tongue, I can tell her. Welsh 700
tongue is finer as greeke tongue.

Far. A bakte Neates tongue is finer then both.

Sir Ow. But what faies Gwenethyans now ? will
haue Sir Owen ? Sir Owen is knowne for a wifelie
man, as any since Adam and Eue's time ; and that
is, by Cods .vdge me, a great teale agoe.

Vrc. I thinke Salomon was wiser than Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Salomons had prettie wit ; but what fay you to king Tauie ? King Tauie, is well knowne, was as good musitions as the pest fidler ⁷¹⁰ in aul Italie, and King Tauie was Sir Owens countriman : yes, truely, a prettish shentleman porne, and did twinckle, twinckle, twinckle out a crie vpon welsh harpe ; and tis knowne Tauie loue Mistres Perfabie, as Sir Owen loues Gwenthyan : will her haue Sir Owen now ?

Far. Faith, widdow, take him. Sir Owen is a tall man, I can tell you.

Sir Ow. Tall man, as Cod vdge¹ me : her thinke the prittish shentleman is faliant as Mars, ⁷²⁰ that is, the fine knaues, the poets, say, the Cod of pribles and prables. I hope, widdowe, you see little more in Sir Owen then in Sir Emuloes. Say, shall her haue her now ? tis faliant as can desire, I warrant her.

Gwe. Sir Owen, Sir Owen, tis not for faliant Gwenthyan care so much, but for honest and fertuous, and louing, and pundall to leade her haue her will.

Sir Ow. Cod vdge mee, tage her away to her ⁷³⁰ husband, and is led her haue her will owd a crie, yet, by Cod, is pridle her well enoughe.

Gw. Well, S[ir] Owen, Gwenthyan is going to her cozen Gualther, / the Duke ; for you knowe,

¹ Misprinted 'vnde' here.

is her neere cozen by marriage, by tother husband
that pring her from Wales.

Sir Ow. By Cod, Wales is better countrie than
Italies, a great teale so better.

Gw. Now, if her cozen Gwalther say, Gwenthy-
thyan, tage this pritish knight, shall loue her 740
diggon ; but must haue her good will : marg
your thad, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Owe whats else ? Sir Owen marg y
ferrewel. Yet shall tage her downe quiglie in-
ough : come, widdowe will wag to the coward,
now to her cozen, and bid her cozen tell her
mind of Sir Owen.

Gwe. Youle man Gwenthyan, Sir Owen ?

Sir Ow. Yes, by Cod, and prauely too : come,
shentlemans, you'le tag paines to goe with her. 750

Far. Weele follow you presently, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Come, widdow. Vn loddiss Glane
Gwēthyan ā mondu.

Gw. Gramercie wheeh, Am a Mock honnoh.

Exeunt.

Far. So, this will be rare : Sirrah Vrcenze, at
the marriage night of these two, insteede of Io
Hymen, we shall heere hey ho, Hiemen ; their
loue will bee like a great fire made of bay leaues,
that yeeldes nothing but cracking noife, noife. 760

Vrc. If she misse his crowne, tis no matter
for cracking.

Far. So she foader it againe, it will passe currant.

Enter *Onophrio* and *Iulia*, walking ouer the Stage.

Vrc. Peace, heere comes our faire mistress.

Far. Lets haue a fling at her.

Vrc. So you may, but the hardnes is to hit her.

Ono. Farewel. Farneze, you attēd wel vp
your mistress.

Iul. Nay, nay, their wages shall be of the fame 770
colour that their seruice is of.

Far. Faith, mistress, would you had trauelled a
litle sooner this way, you should haue seen a rare
comedy acted by Emulo.

Vrc. Euerie / courteous mouth will be a stage
for that : rather tell her of the welch tragedie
that's towards.

Iul. What Tragedie ?

Far. Sir Owen shall marrie your cozen Gwen-
thyan. 780

Iul. Ift possible : oh, they two will beget braue
warriours ; for if she scolde heele fight, and if he
quarrell, sheele take vp the bucklers : shee's fire,
and hee's brimstone : must there not be hot doeings,
then, thinke you ?

On. Theyle prooue Turtles ; for their hearts
being so like they cannot choose but bee louing.

Iul. Turtles : Turkie-cocks : for Gods loue,
lets intreate the Duke, my brother, to make a

lawe, that wheresoeuer Sir Owen and his Ladie dwell, the next neighbour may alwaies be Con- 790
stable, leaft the peace bee broken; for they'le doe nothing but crye arme, arme.

Far. I thinke Sir Owen would die rather then loofe her loue.

Iul. So thinke not I.

Ono. I should for Iulia, if I were Iulie's husband.

Iul. Therefore Iulia shall not be Onophrie's wife, for I'le haue none die for me. I like not that coloure.

Far. Yes, for your loue you would, Iulia.

Iul. No, nor yet for my hate, Farneze. 800

Vrc. Would you not haue men loue you, sweet mistress?

Iul. No, not I; fye vpon it, sweet seruant.

On. Would you wish men to hate you?

Iul. Yes, rather then loue me: of al saints I loue not to serue Mistress Venus.

Far. Then, I perceiue you meane to leade apes in hell.

Iul. That spitefull prouerbe was proclaim'd against them that are marryed vpon earth; for 810
to be married is to liue in a kind of hell.

Far. I, as they doe at barlibreake.

Iul. Your wife is your ape, and that heauie burthen wedlocke, your Jacke an Apes clog; therefore, Ile not bee tyed toe't: Master Farneze, sweet virginie is that inuisible / Godhead, that

turns [vs] into Angells, that makes vs faints on earth, and starres in heauen : heere Virgins seem goodly, but there glorious : in heauen is no wooing, yet all there are louely ; in heauen are 82 < no weddings, yet al there are louers.

On. Let vs, sweet Madame, turn earth into heauen by being all louers heere to.

Iul. So we doe, to an earthly heauen we turne it.

On. Nay, but deare Iulia, tel vs why so much you hate to enter into the lifts of this same combat Matrimonie ?

Iul. You may well call that a combat ; for indeede marriage is nothing else but a battaile of loue, a friendly fighting, a kinde of fauourable, 830 terrible warre : but you erre, Onophrio, in thinking I hate it : I deale by marriage as some Indians doe [by] the Sunne, adore it, and reuerence it, but dare not stare on it, for feare I be starke blinde : you three are batchellers, and, being sicke of this maidenhead, count al thinges bitter which the phisicke of a single life ministers vnto you : you imagine, if you could mak the armes of faire Ladies the sphares of your hearts, good hearts, then you were in heauen : oh, but, Batchilers, 840 take heede : you are no sooner in that heauen, but you strai[g]hte slip into hell.

Far. As long as I haue a beautifull Ladie to torment me, I care not.

Vrc. Nor I ; the sweetnes of her lookes shall make me relish any punishment.

On. Except the punnishment of the horne, Vrcenze, put that in.

Iul. Nay, he were best put that by : Lord, Lord, see what vnthrifths this loue makes vs ! if 850 he once but get into our mouthes, he labours to turne our tongues to clappers, and to ring all in at Cupids Church, when we were better to bite off our tōgues, so we may thrust him out. Cupid is sworne enemie to time ; & he that loofeth time, I can tell you, loofeth a friend.

Far. I, / a bald friend.

Iu. Therefore, my good seruants, if you weare my liuerie, cast of this loose vpper coate of loue : bee ashamde to waite vppon a boy, a wag, a 860 blinde boy, a wanton : My brother, the Duke, wants our companies ; tis Idlenes and loue make you captiues¹ to this solitarines : followe me, & loue not, & Ile teach you how to find libertie.

All. We obey, to follow you, but not to loue you : we² renounce that obedience. Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—The Palace of Saluzzo.]

Enter the *Marqueffe* and *Furio*.

Mar. Furio.

Fu. My Lorde.

870

¹ Misprinted 'captaines.'

² Misprinted 'no.'

Marq. Thy faith I oft haue tride, thy faith I
credite,

For I haue found it follid as the rocke :
No babbling eccho fits vpon thy lips,
For silence, euen in speech, doth seale them vp :
Wilt thou be truſtie, Furio, to thy Lorde ?

Fu. I will.

Marq. It is enough : thoſe words, I will,
Yeelds ſweeter muſicke then the gilded ſounds,
Which chatting parrats, long tounge'd ſicophants,
Send from the organs of their firen voice.
Griffill, my wife, thou ſeeſt beare in her wombe, 880
The ioy of marriage : Furio, I proteſt,
My loue to her is as the heate to fire,
Her loue to me as beautie to the Sunne,
(Inſeperable adiuncts) : in one word,
So dearely loue I Griffill, that my life
Shall end, when ſhe doth ende to be my wife.

Fu. Tis well done.

Mar. Yet is my boſome burnt vp with deſires
To trie my Griffills patience : Ile put on
A wrinckled forehead, and turne both mine eyes 890
Into two balles of fire, and claſpe my hand,
Like / to a mace of Iron, to threaten death ;
But Furio, when that hand lifts vp to ſtrike,
It ſhall flie open to embrace my loue.
Yet Griffill muſt not knowe this : all my words
Shall ſmack of wormewood, all my deeds of gall ;

My tongue shall iarre, my hart be muscical :
Yet Griffill must not knowe this.

Enter *Griffill*.

Fu. Not for me. 900

Marq. Furio, My triall is thy secrecie :
Yonder she comes : on goes this maske of frownes.
Tell her I am angrie. Men, men, trie your wiues;
Loue that abides sharpe tempests sweetely thriues.

Fu. My Lorde is angry.

Grif. Angry ? the heauē forfēd : with whō ?
for what ?

Is it with mee ?

Fur. Not me.

Gri. May I presume
To touch the vaine of that sad discontent,
Which fwels vpon my deare Lords angrie browe?

Marq. Away, away !

Grif. Oh chide me not away : 910
Your handmaid Griffill, with vnuexed thoughts,
And with an vnrepining soule, will beare
The burden of all forrowes, of all woe,
Before the smallest griefe should wound you so.

Marq. I am not beholding to your loue for this.
Woman, I loue thee not : thine eyes to mine
Are eyes of Basiliskes, they murder me.

Grif. Suffer me to part hence, Ile tear them out,
Because they worke such treason to my loue.

Marq. Talke not of loue : I hate thee more the 920
poyson

That sticke vpon the aires infected winges,
Exhale vp by the hot breath of the Sunne ;
Tis / for thy sake that speckled infamie
Sits like a screech-owle on my honoured breast,¹
To make my subiects stare and mocke at mee.
They sweare theyle neuer bend their awfull knees
To the base issue of thy begger wombe ;
Tis for thy sake they curse me, raile at me :
Thinkst thou, then, I can loue thee? (oh my soule)
Why didst thou builde this mountaine of my shame? 930
Why lye my ioyes buried in Griffills name?

Gri. My gracious Lorde.

Marq. Call not me gracious Lorde :
See, woman, heere hangs vp thine ancestrie,
The monuments of thy nobilitie ;
This is thy ruffet gentrie, coate and crest :
Thy earthen honors I will neuer hide,
Because this bridle shall pull in thy pride.

Gri. Poore Griffill is not proud of these attires ;
They are to me but as your liuerie,
And from your humble seruant, when you please, 940
You may take all this outside, which indeede
Is none of Griffills : her best wealth is neede.
He cast this gaynesse off, and be content
To weare this ruffet brauerie of my owne,

¹ Collier suggests 'crest.'

For thats more warme then this : I shall looke olde
No sooner in courfe freeze, then cloth of golde.

Marq. [*Aside*]. Spite of my foule, sheele triumph
ouer me. [He drops his gloue.]

Fur. Your gloue, my Lord.

Mar. Cast downe my gloue againe ;
Stoope you for it, for I will haue you stoope, 950
And kneele euen to the meanest groome I keepe.

Grif. Tis but my duetie ; if youle haue me
stoope,

Euen to your meanest groome my Lord, Ile stoope.

Marq. Furio, how flouently thou goest attir'd !

Fu. Why so, my lorde ?

Marq. Look heere, thy shooes are both vntide :
Griffill, kneele you and tye them.

Fur. Pardon / me.

Marq. Quickly, I charge you.

Grif. Friend, you doe me wrong
To let me holde my lord in wrath so long. 960
Stand still, Ile kneele and tye them : what I doe,
Furio, tis done to him, and not to you. [Tye them.

Fur. Tis so. [patience,

Marq. [*Aside*]. Oh, strange, oh admirable¹
I feare when Griffills bones sleepe in her graue,
The world a second Griffill nere will haue :
[*To her*.] Now get you in.

Gri. I goe my gracious Lord. Exit.

¹ Misprinted 'admirall.'

Marq. Didst thou not here her sigh ? did not one
frown

Contract her beautilous forehead ?

Fur. I saw none.

Marq. Did not one drop fall downe from sorrowes 970
eies,

To blame my heart for these her iniuries ?

Fur. Faith, not a drop : I feare she'll frowne
on mee,

For doing mee seruice.

Marq. Furio, that Ile trie,
My voice may yet oretake her : Griffill, Griffill !

Enter *Griffill*.

Fur. She comes at first call.

Gri. Did my Lorde call ?

Marq. Woman, I cald thee not ;
I said this slaue was like to Griffill, Griffill,
And must you therefore come to torture mee?
Nay, stay : here's a companion fit for you. 980
Thou vexest me, so doth this villaine to ;
But ere the Sun to his highest throne ascend,
My indignation in his death shall end.

Grif. Oh pardon him, my Lord ; for mercies
wings
Beares round about the world the fame of Kings.
Temper your wrath, I beg it on my knee ;
Forgiue / his fault, though youle not pardon mee.

Marq. Thanke her.

Fur. Thankes Madame.

Marq. I haue not true power
To wound thee with deniall ; oh, my Griffill,
How dearly should I loue thee ; 990
Yea, die to doe thee good, but that my subiects
Vpbraid me with thy birth, and call it base,
And grieue to see thy Father and thy Brother
Heau'd vp to dignities.

Grif. Oh cast them downe,
And fend poore Griffill poorely home againe :
High Cedars fall, when lowe shrubs safe remaine.
Exit.

Enter at the same doore *Mario* and *Lepido*.

Mari. Fetch me a cup of wine.

Fur. Shees a faint, sure.

Marq. Oh, Furio, now Ile boast that I haue 1000
An Angell vpon earth : she shalbe cround [found
The empresse of all women : Lepido !
Mario ! what was she that passed by you ?

Both. Your vertuous wife.

Marq. Call her not vertuous,
For I abhorre her. Did not her swolne eyes
Looke red with hate or scorne ? Did she not curse
My name, or Furioes name ?

Mari. No, my deare Lord.

Marq. For he and I raild at her, spit at her.

D. V.

20

He burst her heart with sorrow ; for I grieve
 To see you grieve that I haue wrong'd my state 1010
 By louing one whose basenes now I hate.

Enter *Griffill* with wine.

Come faster, if you can. Forbeare Mario ;
 Tis but her office: what she does to mee
 She shall performe to any of you three: He drinke.

Lep. / I am glad to see her pride thus trampled
 downe.

Marq. Now serue Mario, then serue Lepido ;
 And as you bowe to me, so bend to them.

Grif. He not deni't to win a diademe.

Mari. Your wisdome I commend, that haue y 1020
 power

To raise or throw downe, as you smile or lower.

Grif. Your patience I commend, that can abide
 To heare a flatterer speake, yet neuer chide.

Marq. Hence, hence, dare you controule the
 Come not within my fight. [whome I grace?

Grif. I will obey,

And, if you please, nere more beholde the day. Exit.

Marq. Furio !

Fu. My Lorde.

Marq. Watch her where she goes,
 And marke how in her lookes this tryall shews.

Fur. I will. Exit.

Marq. Mario, Lepido, I loath this Griffill, 1030

As sicke men loath the bitterest potion
Which the Phisition's hand holdes out to them.
For Gods sake, frowne vpon her when she smiles ;
For Gods sake, smile for ioy to see her frowne ;
For Gods sake, scorne her, call her beggers brat ;
Torment her with your lookes, your words, your
deedes ;
My heart shall leape for ioy that her heart bleedes :
Wilt thou do this, Mario ?

Ma. If you say,
Mario, doe this, I must in it obey.

Marq. I know you must ; so, Lepido, must you. 1040
Tis well ; but counsell me whats best to doe :
How shall I please my subiects ? doe but speake ;
He doe it, though Grissills heart in sunder breake.

Lepi. Your subiects doe repine at nothing more
Than to beholde Janiculo, her Father,
And her base brother lifted vp so high.

Mari. To banish them from Court were pollicie.

Marq. Oh / rare, oh profound wisedome, deare
Mario,
It forthwith shall be done ; they shall not stay,
Though I may win by them a Kingdomes sway. 1050
Exit.

Lep. Mario, laugh at this.

Ma. Why, so I doe.
Hedlong I had rather fall to miserie,
Then see a begger rais'd to dignitie. Exeunt.

[ACT III.]

SCENE I. A Chamber in the Palace of Saluzzo.]

*Enter Babulo, fingering, with a boy after him.**Bab.* Boy, how fits thy rapier? la fol, la fol, &c.*Boy.* It hangs as euen as a chandlers beame.*Bab.* Some of them deferue to hang vpon a 1060
beame for that euennes. Boy, learne to giue euery
man his due : giue the hangman his due, for hee's
a necessary member.*Boy.* Thats true, for he cuts of manie wicked
mēbers.*Bab.* Hees an excellent barber ; he shaues most
cleanly. But, page, how dost thou like the Court ?*Boy.* Prettilie, and so.*Bab.* Faith, so doe I, pretilie and so : I am
wearie of being a Courtiour Boy. 1070*Boy.* That you cannot bee, Master, for you are
but a Courtiers man.*Bab.* Thou faist true ; & thou art the Courtiers
mans boy ; so thou art a courtier in decimo sexto,
in the least volume, or a courtier at the third hand,
or a courtier by reuerfion, or a courtier three
descents remoued, or a courtier in minoritie, or an
vnder Courtier, or a courtier in posse, and I thie
Master in esse.*Boy.* A posse an esse non este argumentum, Master. 1080*Bab.* Thou hast to much wit to be so little ; but
imitation, imitation is his good Lord and Master.

Enter *Janiculo*, *Laureo*, and *Furio*.

Ian. Banisht / from Court : oh what haue we
misdone ?

Lau. What haue wee done, wee must be thus
disgraced ?

Fu. I know not, but you are best packe : tis
my Lord's will, and thats law : I must vncafe you :
your best course is to fall to your owne trades. 1090

Strips them.

Ba. Sirra, what art thou ? a Broker ?

Fu. No : how then ? I am a Gentleman.

Ba. Th'art a Jewe, th'art a Pagan : howe darst
thou leaue them without a cloke for the raine, whē
his daughter, and his sister, and my Mistris, is the
Kings wife ?

Fu. Goe looke, sirra foole : my condition is to
ship you too.

Bab. There's a ship of fooles ready to hoyft 1100
sayl ; they stay but for a good winde and your
company : ha, ha, ha, I wonder, (if all fooles
were banisht) where thou wouldst take shipping.

Ian. Peace, Babulo : we are banisht from the
Court.

Bab. I am glad ; it shall ease me of a charge
heere : as long as we haue good cloathes on our
backes, tis no matter for our honesty ; wee'll liue
any where, and keep Court in any corner.

Enter *Griffill*.

1110

Ian. Oh, my deere Griffill.

Gri. You from me are banisht ;

But ere you leaue the Court, oh leaue, I pray,
Your grieve in Griffills bosome ; let my cheekes
Be watred with woes teares, for heere and heere,
And in the error of these wandring eyes
Began your discontent : had not I been
By nature painted thus, this had not been.

To leaue the Court and care, be patient ;

In your olde cottage you shall finde content.

1120

Mourne not because these filkes are tane away ;

You'le / seeme more rich in a course gowne of gray.

Fu. Will you be packing ? when ?

Ian. Friend, whats thy name ?

Fur. Furio my name is ; what of that ?

Bab. Is thy name Furie ? thou art halfe hang'd,
for thou hast an ill name.

Lau. Thy lookes are like thy name : thy name
& lookes

Approue thy nature to be violent.

Grif. Brother, forbear : hee's seruant to my Lord. 1130

Ba. To him, M[after] : spare him not an inch.

Lau. Princes are neuer pleas'd with subiects
finnes,

But pitie those whom they are sworne to smite,
And grieve as tender mothers, when they beate
With kinde correction their vnquiet babes ;

So should their Officers compassionate
The misery of any wretches state.

Fur. [*Aside.*] I must obey my Master ; though,
indeed,
My heart (that seemes hard) at their wrongs doth
bleed.

[*To them,*] Pray get you gone. I say little, but you 1140
knowe my minde.

Bab. Little said is soone amended : thou say'st
but little, and that little will be mended soone ;
indeed, that's neuer, and so the Prouerbe stands in
his full strength, power, and vertue.

Enter *Marquesse, Mario, Lepido*, and attendants.

Fur. They will not goe my lord.

Marq. Will they not goe ?
Away with them, expell them from our Court :
Base wretches, is it wrong to aske mine owne ?
Thinke you that my affection to my wife 1150
Is greater then my loue to publicke weale ?
Doe not my people murmure euery houre,
That I haue raised you vp to dignities ?
Doe / not lewde Minstrels, in their ribalde rimes,
Scoffe at her birth, and descant on her dower ?

Ian. Alas, my Lord, you knew her state before.

Marq. I did ; and, from the bounty of my heart,
I rob'd my wardrop of all precious robes,
That she might shine in beautie like the Sunne ;

And in exchange I hung this ruffet gowne, 1160
 And this poore pitcher, for a monument
 Amongst my costliest Iemmes : see heere they hang:
 Griffill, look heere ; this gowne is vnlike to this?

Grif. My gracious Lord, I know full well it is.

Ba. Griffill was as pretty a Griffill in the one,
 as in the other.

Marq. You haue forgot these rags, this water-pot.

Grif. With reuerence of your Highnes, I haue not.

Ba. Nor I : many a good messe of water-grewell
 has that yeelded vs. [attyes.

Marq. Yes, you are proude of these your rich 1170

Grif. Neuer did pride keep pace with my desires.

Marq. Well, get you on : part brieflie with your
 father.

Ian. Our parting shall be short : daughter fare-
 well.

Lau. Our parting shall be short : sifter, farewell.

Ba. Our parting shall be short : Griffill, farewell.

Ian. Remember thou didst liue when thou wert
 poor,

And now thou dost but liue : come, sonne no more.

Marq. See them without the Pallace, Furio.

Fu. Good ; yet tis bad [*aside*].

Exeunt with *Furio*. 1180

Ba. Shall Furio see them out of the Pallace?
 doe you turne vs out of doores? you turne vs out
 of doores then ?

Marq. Hence with that foole ! Mario, driue him hence.

Ba. He shall not neede : I am no Oxe nor Asse ; I can goe without driuing : for all his turning, I am glad of one thing.

Lep. Whats that, Babulo ?

Bab. Mary, / that hee shall neuer hit vs i'th' 1190
teeth with turning vs, for tis not a good turne. Follower, I must cashere you : I must giue ouer housekeeping ; tis the fashion : farewell, boy.

Boy. Marie, farewell, and be hang'd.

Ba. I am glad thou tak'st thy death so patiently : farewell, my Lord : adue, my Lady : great was the wisedome of that Taylor that sticht me in Motley, for hee's a foole that leaues basket-making to turne Courtier : I see my destiny dogs me : at first I was a foole, (for I was borne an Innocent) ; 1200
then I was a traeller, and then a Basketmaker, and then a Courtier, and now I must turne basket-maker and foole againe : the one I am sworne to, but the foole I bestowe vpon the world, for, *Stultorum plena sunt omnia*, adue, adue. Exit.

Mar. Farewell, simplicity ; part of my shame, farewell.

Now Lady, what say you of their exile ?

Gri. Whateuer you thinke good Ile not terme vile.

By this rich burthen in my worthles wombe,

Your handmaide is so subiect to your will, 1210
That nothing which you doe to her seemes ill.

Mar. I am glad you are so patient. Get you in.

Exit *Gr[iffill]*.

Thy like will neuer be, neuer hath bin.

Mario, Lepido !

Mar. [and] Lep. My gracious Lord. [states

Mar. The hand of pouerty held downe your
As it did *Griffills* ; and as her I rayf'd
To shine in greatnes sphere, so did mine eye
Throw gilt beames on¹ your births ; therefore, me-
thinkes,

Your soule should simpathize, and you should know 1220

What passions in my *Griffills* bosome flowe :

Faith, tell me your opinions of my wife.

Lep. She is as vertuous, and as patient
As innocence, as patience itselfe.

Ma. She merits much of loue, little of hate :
Onely in birth she is vnfortunate. [me.

Mar. / I, I, the memory of that birth doth kill
She is with childe, you see : her trauaile past,
I am determined she shall leaue the Court,
And liue againe with old *Janiculo*. 1230

Both. Wherein you shew true wisdome.

Marq. Doe I, indeed ? [*aside.*]

Deare friends, it shall be done : Ile haue you two
Rumour that presently to the wide eares

¹ Misprinted 'Through . . . of.'

Of that newes louing beast, the multitude :
 Goe tell them for their sakes this shall be done.

Mari. With wings we flye.

Lep. Swifter then time we run. [Exeunt.

Marq. Begone, then : oh, these times, these
 impious times,

How swift is mischief ? with what nimble feete
 Doth enuy gallop to doe iniury ? 1240
 They both confesse my Griffills innocence,
 They both admire her wondrous patience,
 Yet, in their malice, and to flatter me,
 Head-long they run to this impiety.
 Oh whats this world, but a confused throng
 Of fooles and mad men, crowding in a thrust
 To shoulder out the wise, trip down the iust.
 But I will try by selfe experience,
 And shun the vulgar sentence of the base.
 If I finde Griffill strong in patience, 1250
 These flatterers shall be wounded with disgrace ;
 And whilst verse liues the fame shall neuer dye
 Of Griffills patience, and her constancy. [Exit.

[SCENE II.—The country near Saluzzo.]

Enter *Vrcenze* and *Onophrio* at feuerall doores, and
Farneze in the midft.

Far. Onophrio and Vrcenze, early met : euery
 man take his stand, for there comes a most rich

purchase of mirth ; Emulo, with his hand in a faire
scarfe, and Iulia, with / him : she laughes apace, 1260
and, therefore, I am fure hee lyes apace.

Enter *Emulo* with *Iulia*.

Ono. His arm in a scarfe ? has he been fighting ?

Far. Fighting ? hang him, coward.

Vrc. Perhaps he does it to shew his scarfe.

Far. Peace, heere the asse comes : stand aside
and see him curuet.

[They stand back.]

Iul. Did my new married coufin, Sir Owen,
wound you thus? 1270

Emu. Hee certes, as hee is allyed to the illustrious
Iulia, I liue his deuoted; as Signior Emuloes enemy,
no adulatory language can reedeeme him from ven-
geance : if you please, my most accomplitht Mistris,
I will make a most palpable demonstration of our
battaile.

Iul. As palpably as you can, good seruant.

Ono. Oh she gulleth him simply.

Far. She has reason : is he not a simple gull ?

Vrc. Sound an allarum ere his battle begin. 1280

Far. Peace : fa, fa, fa.

Emu. Sir Owen and my selfe encountring, I
vailde my vpper garment ; and enritching my
head againe with a fine veluet cap, which I then
wore, with a band to it of Orient Pearle and

Golde, and a foolish sprig of some nine or ten pound price, or so, wee grewe to an emparleance.

Far. Oh, ho, ho: this is rare.

Iul. You did wisely to conferre before you combated. 1290

Emu. Verily we did so; but, falling into the hands of bitter words, we retorted a while, and then drew.

Ono. True, his gloues, to saue his hands.

Vrc. No, his hand-kercher, to wipe his face.

Far. He sweat pittifully for feare; if it were true: if,—

Emu. I / was then encountred with a pure Toledo filuered; and eleuating mine arme, in the drawing (by Jesu, sweete Madame), my rich cloake, 1300 loaded with Pearle, which I wore at your sifter Griffills bridall; I made it then, (by God, of meere purpose, to grace the Court, and so foorth): that foolish garment dropped downe: the buttons were illustrious and resplendant diamonds, but its all one.

Far. Nay, they were all scarce one.

Emu. Diuine Lady, as I said, we both lying,—

Fa. Ile be sworne thou dost.

Emu. I must recognize and confesse, very 1310 generuslie and heroycallie at our ward, the Wel'h Knight, making a very desperate thrust at my bosome, before God, fairely mist my imbroydered

Jerkin, that I then wore ; and with my ponyard vapulating and checking his engine, downe it cut mee a payre of very imperiall cloth of golde hose, at leaft thus long thwart the cannon, at leaft.

Iul. And mist your leg ?

Far. I, and his hose too.

Emu. And mist my leg, (moft bright starre) ¹³²⁰ which aduantageous signe I () this legge (hauing a fayre carnation filke stocking on) stumbled ; my spangled garters in that imprision fell about my feete, and he, fetching a moft valarous and ingenious careere, inuaded my Rapier hand, entred this gilded fort, and in that passado vulnerated my hand thus deepe, I protest, and contest heauen.

Iul. No more : its too tragicall.

Emu. I conclude : I thought (by the Syntheresis ¹³³⁰ of my soule) I had not been imperished, till the bloud, shewing his red tincture, at the top of a faire enueloped gloue, funke along my arme, and spoil'd a rich waftcoate wrought in filke and golde, a toy, &c.

Far. Hee'll / strip himselfe out of his shirt anone : for Gods sake, step in.

Emu. My opinion is, I shall neuer recuperate the legittimate office of this member, my arme.

All three. [Coming forward.] Signior Emulo. ¹³⁴⁰

Emu. Sweet and accomplit signiors.

Far. Ha, ha, 'Madame, you had a pitiful hand with this foole ; but see, he is recouered.

Iul. But seruant, where is your other hand ?

Ono. See, sweet mistris, one is my prisoner.

Vrc. The other I haue tane vp with the fine finger.

Iul. Looke in his scarfe, Farneze, for an other : hee has a third hand, and tis pitifully wounded ; hee tells me, pitifully, pitifully. 1350

Far. Wounded ! oh palpable ! come, a demonstration of it.

Ono. Giue him your larded cloake, Signior, to stop his mouth, for he will vndoe you with lyes.

Vrc. Come, Signior, one fine lye now to apparell all these former, in some light farcenet robe of truth : none, none in this mint ?

Iul. Fye, seruant : is your accomplisht Courtship nothing but lyes ?

Ono. Fye, Signior : no musicke in your mouth 1360 but battles, yet a meere milkeop ?

Vrc. Fye, Emulo : nothing but wardrop, yet heare all your trunckes of suites ?

Far. Fye, Signior : a scarfe about your necke, yet will not hang your selfe to heare all this ?

Iul. Seruant, I discharge you my seruice ; Ile entertaine no braggarts.

Ono. Signior, we discharge you the Court : wee'le haue no gullies in our company.

Far. Abram, we casheere you our company ; 1370
wee must haue no minions at Court.

Emu. Oh patience ! bee thou my fortification :
Italy, thou / spurnest me for vttering that nutri-
ment which I suckt from thee.

Far. How Italy ? away, you ideot : Italy
infects you not, but your owne diseased spirits.
Italy ? Out, you froth, you scumme, because your
soule is mud, and that you haue breathed in Italy,
you'll say Italy haue defyled you : away, you
bore, thou wilt wallow in mire in the sweetest 1380
countrie in the world.

Emu. I cannot conceipt this rawnes : Italy,
farewell : Italians, adue.
A vertuous soule abhorres to dwell with you.

Exit.

All. Ha, ha, ha ; [Laugh].

Enter *Marquesse* and *Sir Owen*.

Iul. Peace, seruants : here comes the Duke, my
brother. [Gentlemen ?

Marq. Loe coufen, heere they be : are yee heere,
And Iulia you too ? then, Ile call your eyes
To testifie, that to Sir Meredith, 1390
I doe deliuer heere foure sealed bondes :
Coze, haue a care to them ; it much behoooues you ;
For, Gentlemen, within this parchment lyes
Fiue thousand Duckets, payable to him,

Iust foureteene daies before next Pentecoast :

Coze, it concernes you, therefore, keep them safe.

Sir Ow. Fugh, her warrant her¹ shall log them
vb from Sunne and Moone, and seauen starres, too,
I hobe : but, harg you, cozen Marqueffe.

Marq. Now, whats the matter ? 1400

Sir Ow. A poxe on it, tis scalde matter : well,
well, pray, cozen Marqueffe, vse her Latie Griffill
a good teale better ; for, as God vdge me, you hurd
Sir Owen out a cry by maging her sad, and powd
fo, see you ?

Marq. Hurt you ? what harme or good reape
you thereby ?

[*Sir Ow.*] Harme ! / yes, by Gods lid, a poggie
teale of harme ; for, loog you, cozen, and cozen
Iulia, & Shentlemen awl, (for awl is to know her 1410
wifes cafe) you know her tag to wife the widdow
Gwenethyan.

Marq. True, cozen ; & shee's a vertuous gentle-
woman.

On. One of the patientest Ladies in the world.

Vrc. Shee's wondrous beautifull, & wondrous
kinde.

Far. Shee's the quietest woman that ere I knew ;
for, good heart, shee'll put vp any thing.

Iul. Cozen, I am proude that you are sped so well. 1420

Sir Ow. Are you ? by God, so am not I : Ile

¹ Mr. J. P. Collier throughout, without authority, prints 'hur.'

tel you what, cozen Marqueffe, you awl know her wel : you know her face is liddle faire & smug, but her has a tung goes Jingle iangle, Jingle, iangle, petter and worfe then pelles when her houle is a fire : patient ? ha, ha, Sir Owen shall tag her heeles and run to Wales, and her play the tiuell fo out a cry, terrible, a pogs on her la.

Iul. Why, cozen, what are her quallities, that you fo commend her ?

Sir Ow. Commend her ? no, by God, not I :
 ha, ha ! is know her quallities petter & petter ;
 fore I commend her : but Gwenthian is worfe and
 worfe out a cry ; owe out a cry worfe, out of awl
 cry : shee's fear'd to be made fool, as Griffill is,
 &, as God vdge me, her mag fine pobbie foole
 of Sir Owen : her fhide, & fhide, & prawle, &
 scoulde, by God, and scradge terrible fomtime :
 Owe & faid¹ her wil doe what her can : ha, ha,
 ha, and Sir Owen were hanfome pacheler agen :
 pray, cozen Marqueffe, tag some order in Griffill,
 or tedge Sir Owen to mag Gwenthians quiet, and
 tame her.

Mar. To tame her ? that Ile teach you presently.
 You had no sooner spake the word of Taming,
 But mine eye met a speedy remedie.
 See, cozen, heeres a plot where Ofiers grow ;
 The ground belongs to olde Janiculo,

¹ Misprinted 'hard.'

(My Griffills father) : come, Sir Meredith ;
 Take out your knife, cut three, and so will I. 1450
 So, / keep yours cozen ; let them be safe laide vp :
 These three (thus wound together) Ile preferue.

Sir Ow. What shall her doe now with these ?
 peate and knog her, Gwenthyan ? [Enter *Mario*.

Marq. You shal not take such counsaile from
 my lips.

How, now, Mario ? what newes brings thee hither
 In such quicke haste ?

Mari. Your wife (my gracious Lord),
 Is now deliuered of two beautious twins,
 A sonne and daughter.

Marq. Take that for thy paines :
 Not for the ioy that I conceiue thereby, 1460
 For Griffill is not gracious in the eye
 Of those that loue me ; therefore I must hate
 Those that doe make my life vnfortunate ;
 And that's my children : must I not, Mario ?
 Thou bowest thy knee : well, well, I know thy
 minde.

Vertue in villaines can no succour finde. [aside.]
 A sonne and daughter ? I, by them will prooue
 My Griffills patience better, and her loue :
 Come, Iulia, come Onophrio : coze, farewell.
 Referue those wandes : these three Ile beare away. 1470
 When I require them backe, then will I show
 How easily a man may tame a shrew. Exeunt.

Sir Ow. Ha, ha, ha, tame a shrew : owe, tis out a cry terrible hard, and more worfe then tame a mad pull ; But whad meane her cozen to mag her cut her wands ? Ha, ha, God vdge me, tis fine knag : I see her knauery now : tis to pang Gwenthyans podie, and she mag a noife & prabble : Is not so ? by Gods lid so ; and, Gwenthian, Sir Owen will knog you before her abide such horrible doe. 1480

Enter *Gwenthian* and *Rice*.

Gods lid, here her comes. Terdawgh, Gwenthian ; terdawgh.

Gwe. Terdawgh whee, Sir Owen, terdawgh whee.

Sir Ow. Owe, looge heere : fine wandes, Gwenthyan, is not ?

Gwe. Rees, / tag them, and preag them in peeces.

Ric. What say you, forfooth ?

Gwe. What say you, forfooth ? you faucie knaue, 1490 must her tell her once, and twice, and thrice, and foure times what to doe ? preag these wands.

Sir Ow. Rees is petter preake Rees his pate : heere, Rees, carry her home.

Rice. Would I were at gallowes, so I were not heere.

Gwe. Doe, and her tare ; doe, and her tare : see you, now, what shall her doe with wands ? peate Gwenthyan podie, and mag Gwenthyan put her finger in me hole : ha, ha, by God, by God, 1500

is scradge her eies out that tudge her, that tawg to her, that loog on her ; marg you that, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Yes, her marg her : Rees, pray marg her Ladie.

Ri. Not I, fir ; she'll fet her markes on me, then.

Gwe. Is prade ? is prade ? Goe to, Rees : Ile Rees her, you tawg you.

Sir Ow. Pray, Gwenthian, bee patient, as her cozen Griffill is.

Gwe. Griffill ? owe, owe ? Griffill ? no, no, no, 1510
no : her shall not mag Gwenthian fuch ninny,
pobbie foole as Griffill : I say, preage her wandes.

Sir Ow. Gods plude, is pought her to peate duft out of her cloag and parrels.

Gwe. Peate her cloag and parrels ? fie, fie, fie,
tis lye, Sir Owen, tis lye.

Ri. Your worship may stab her : she giues you the lye.

Sir Ow. Peace Rees, goe to : I pought them indeede to mag her horfe run and goe a mightie 1520
teale of pace : pray let Rees tag her in, good Gwenthian.

Gwe. Rees, beare in her wandes, because Sir Owen beg so gently.

Sir Ow. Goe, Rees, goe ; locke them vp in a pox or sheft, goe.

Ri. You shal not need to bid me goe, for Ile run.

Exit.

Sir Ow. I / pought them for her horfe indeede ;
for heere was her cozen Marqueffe, and prought
her pondes and scriblings heere for her money : 15 3c
Gwenethyan pray keepe her pondes and keep her
wisely : Sirra Gwenethyan, an is tell her praue newes :
Griffill is prought to bed of liddle shentleman and
shentlewoman : (is glad out a crye : speag her
faire,) yes, truely, Griffill is prought a bed.

Gwen. Griffill, no podie but Griffils ! what care I
for Griffill : I say, if Sir Owen loue Gwenethyan, shal
not loue Griffill nor Marqueffe so ; see you now ?

Sir Ow. God vdge me, not loue her cozen ? is
shealous ? owe, is fine trig not loue her cozen ? 15 40
God vdge me, her wil, and hang her selfe ; see you
now ?

Gwe. Hang her selfe : owe, owe, owe : Gwen-
thyans tother husband is scawrne to say hang
her selfe : hang her selfe ? owe, owe, owe, owe.¹

Sir Ow. Gods plude, what cannot get by prawles,
is get by owe, owe, owe : is terrible Ladie : pray
be peace and cry no more owe, owe, owe : Taw-
sone, Gwenethyans : God vdge me, is very furie.

Gwe. O mon Iago, mon due, hang Gwenethyans ? 15 50

Sir Ow. Adologo whee Gwenethyan bethogh, en
Thonigh en moyen due.

Gwe. Ne vetho en Thonigh gna wathe gethla
Tee : hang Gwenethyans ?

¹ Throughout Mr. J. P. Collier prints 'How' ; but 'owe' is = oh.

Sir Ow. Sir Owen shall say no more hang her felfe: be out a cry still, and her shall pye her new card¹ to ride in, & two new fine horses, and more plew coates and padges ta follow her heeles; see you now?

Gwe. But will her say no more, hang her self? 1560

Enter *Rice*.

Sir Ow. Oh no more, as God vdge mee, no more: pray leaue owe, owe, owe.

Ri. Tannekin, the Froe, hath brought your Rebato; it comes to three pound.

Sir Ow. What a pestilence, is this for Gwenthyan?

Gwe. For / her neg; is cald repatoes: Gwenthyan weare it heere: ist not praue?

Sir Ow. Praue? yes, is praue: tis repatoes, I 1570
warrant her: I, patoes money out a crie: yes, tis praue: Rees, the preece? Rees, the preece?

Ri. The Froe, sir, saies three pound.

Sir Ow. Ha, ha, ha, pound? Gwenthyan, pray doe not pye it.

Gwe. By God vdge me, her shall pye it.

Sir Ow. God vdge me, her shall not.

Gwe. Shall not? Rees, tag her away; I fay her shall, and weare it pye and pye.

Sir Ow. Then, mag a pobbie foole of Sir Owen, 1580
indeed. Gods plude, shall? I fay, shal not: fiue²

¹ = car.

² *Sic*—'three' before.

pound for puble, for patoes : here, there ; [*Tears it*] so, tag it now, weare it now, powte her neg :
shall pridle Sir Owen, ha ?

Rice. Oh, rare Sir Owen, oh, pretious Knight,
oh, rare Sir Owen.

Gwe. Out, you raskals, you prade and prade :
Ile prade your neaces.¹ Beats him.

Ri. Oh, rare madame, oh pretious Madame, O
God, O God, O God, O. Exit. 1590

Gwe. Is domineere now : you teare her ruffes
and repatoes, you preake her ponds ? Ile teare as
good pondes, and petter too, and petter too.

Tears the bonds.

Sir Ow. Owe Gwenthyan, Gods plude, is fieve
thoufand duckets : hold, hold, hold, a pogs on her
pride : what has her done ?

Gwe. Goe loog : is now paid for her repatoes :
Ile haue her willes & defires : Ile teadge her pridle
her Lady ; Catho crogge, Ne vetho, en thlonigh 1600
gna wathee gnathla tee. Exit.

Sir Ow. A breath vawer or no Tee : Pridle
her, Sir Owen is pridled, I warrant : Widows
(were petter Gods plude, marry whoore) : were
petter be hang'd and quarter then marry wid-
dowes, as God vdge me : Sir Owen, fall on her
knees, & pray God to tag her to her mercy, or
else put petter minde in her Lady : awl pritish

¹ Query = necks ?

Shentlemans tag heede / how her marry fixen
widowe.

Sir Owen ap Meredith can rightly tell,
A shrewes sharpe tongue is terrible as hell. 1610

Exit.

[ACT IV.

SCENE I. An Apartment in the Palace of
Saluzzo.]

Enter *Marqueffe* and *Furio* with an infant in his
armes.

Marq. Did she not see thee when thou took'st
it vp?

Fu. No; she was fast asleepe. [foole,

Marq. Giue me this blessed burthen: pretty
With what an amiable looke it sleepes, 1620

And in that slumber how it sweetly smiles,
And in that smile how my heart leapes for ioy:

Furio, Ile turne this circle to a cradle,
To rocke my deare babe: A great Romaine Lord
Taught his young Sonne to ride a Hobby-horse;
Then, why should I thinke scorne to dandle mine:
Furio, beholde it well; to whom ist like?

Fu. You: there's your nose and blacke eye-
browes.

Enter *Mario*. 1630

Marq. Thou dost but flatter me; heere comes
I know *Mario* will not flatter me. [Mario;

Mario, thy opinion : view this childe ;
 Doth not his lips, his nose, his fore-head,
 And euery other part, resemble mine ?

Mari. So like, my Lord, that the nice difference,
 Would stay the iudgement of the curioust eye.

Marq. And yet me thinkes, I am not halfe so
 browne.

Mari. Indeed, your cheekes bear a more liuely 1640
 colour.

Marq. Furio, play thou the nurse, handle it
 softly.

Fu. One were better get a doffen, then nurse one.

Mar. Mario, step to Griffill ; shee's asleepe,
 Her white hand is the pillar¹ to those cares
 Which I vnghently lodge within her head :
 Steale thou the other childe, and bring it hither.
 If Griffill be awake, and striue with thee,
 Bring / it perforce, nor let her know what hand 1650
 Hath rob'd her of this other : haste, Mario.

Mari. I flie, my gracious Lord. Exit.

Marq. Run, flatterie.

Because I did blaspheme and cal it browne,
 This Parasite cride, (like an eccho,) browne.

Fur. The childe is faire my lord ; you were nere
 so faire.

Marq. I know tis faire, I know tis wondrous faire.
 Deare prettie infant let me with a kisse

¹ Qy. = pillow ?

Take that dishonor off, which the foule breath
 Of a prophane slaue laide vpon thy cheekes : 1660
 Had I but said, my boy's a Blackamoore,
 He would haue damn'd himselfe, and so haue swore.

Enter *Griffill*, and *Mario* with a childe.

Gri. Giue me mine infant: where's my other
 babe?

You cannot plaie the nurse, your horred eyes
 Will fright my little ones, and make them crie :
 Your tongue's too ruffe to chime a lullabie :
 Tis not the pleasure of my Lord, I know,
 To loade me with such wrong,

Mari. No ; I vnload you. [Scoffingly.] 1670

Marq. Giue her her childe, Mario : and yet staie :
 Furio, holde thou them both : Griffill, forbear ;
 You are but nurse to them ; they are not thine.

Gri. I know, my gracious Lord, they are not
 mine ;

I am but their poore nurse, I must confesse :

Alas let not a nurse be pittilesse.

To see the colde ayre make them looke thus bleake,
 Makes me shed teares, because they cannot speake.

Marq. If they could speake, what thinke you
 they would say ?

Gri. That I in all things will your will obey. 1680

Marq. Obay it then in silence : shall not I
 Bestowe / what is mine owne, as likes me best ?

Deliuier me theſe brats : come, preſſe me downe
 With weightie infamie : heere is a load
 Of ſhame, of ſpeckled ſhame : O God, how heauie
 An armefull of diſhonour is ! heeres two :
 Griffill, for this Ile thanke none els but you.
 Which way ſoere I turne I meete a face
 That makes my cheekes bluſh at mine owne diſ-
 grace.

[*Aſide.*] This way or this way, neuer ſhall mine eye 1690
 Looke thus, or thus ; but (oh me) preſentlie,
 (Take them, for Gods ſake, Furio) preſentlie
 I ſhall ſpend childiſh teares : true teares, indeed,
 That thus I wrong my babes, and make her bleede.
 [*To her.*] Goe, Griffill, get you in.

Gri. I goe my Lorde :
 Farewell, ſweet ſweet deare babes ; ſo you were free,
 Would all the worlds cares might be throwne on me !
 Exit.

Mar. Ha, ha, why, this is pleaſing harmonie.

Fu. My Lord, they'le wrawle : what ſhall I doe 1700
 with them ?

Marq. Tell her thou muſt prouide a nurſe for
 Comes ſhe not backe, Mario ? [them :

Mari. No, my Lord.

Mar. Tuff, tuff, it cannot be but ſhee returne :
 I know her boſome beares no marble heart ;
 I knowe a tender Mother cannot part,
 With ſuch a patient foule, from ſuch ſweet foules.

She stands and watches sure, and sure she weepes
 To see my seeming flintie breast : Mario,
 Withdraw with me : Furio, stay thou heere still : 1710
 If she returne, seeme childish, and denie
 To let her kisse or touch them. Exeunt.

Fu. Faith, not I : I haue not such a heart : and
 she ask to touch them, Ile deny it, because Ile obey
 my Lord ; yet she shall kisse and touch them to,
 because Ile please my Ladie : alas, alas, prettie
 fooles, I loue you well, but I would you had a
 better Nurse.

Enter / *Grissill*, stealingly.

Gri. A better Nurse? seek'ft thou a better Nurse? 1720
 A better Nurse then whome ?

Fu. Then you ; away.

Gri. I am their Mother : I must not away.
 Looke, looke, good Furio looke, they smile on mee :
 I know, poore hearts, they feare to smile on thee.
 I prithee, let me haue them.

Fu. Touch them not.

Gri. I prithee,¹ let me touch them.

Fu. No : hands off.

Gri. I prithee, gentle Furio, let me kisse them. 1730

Fu. Not one kisse for a kings crowne.

Gri. Must I not kisse my babes ? must I not
 touch them ?

¹ Spelled 'prithee' here and elsewhere.

Alas what sin so vile hath Griffill done,
That thus she should be vex'd ? not kisse my
infants ?

Who taught thee to be cruell, gentle churle ?
What must thou doe with them ?

Fu. Get them a nurse.

Gri. A Nurse alacke, what Nurse ? where must
shee dwell ?

Fu. I must not tell you, till I know myselfe.

Gri. For Gods sake, who must Nurse them ? doe 1740
but name her,

And I will sweare those fire eyes doe smile,
And I will sweare, that which none els will sweare,
That thy grim browes doe mercies liuerie weare.

Fu. Choofe you.

Enter *Marqueffe*, standing aside.

Gri. Oh God, oh God, might Griffill haue her
choice,

My babes should not be scard with thy diuils voice.
Thou get a Nurse for them ? they can abide
To taste no milke but mine : come, come, Ile chide,
In faith you cruell man, Ile chide indeede, 1750
If I growe angrie.

Fu. Do, do ; I care not.

Marq. [*Aside.*] To chide & curse thy Lord thou
haft more need.

Gri. Wilt / thou not tell me who shall be their
Nurse ?

Fu. No.

Gri. Wilt thou not let me kisse them ?

Fu. No, I fay.

Gri. I prithee, let my teares, let my bow'd knees,
Bend thy obdurate hart : see, heer's a fountaine
Which heauen into this Alabafter bowels,¹ 1760
Infil'd to nourish them : man, theyle crie,
And blame thee that this ronnes so lauishly.
Here s milke for both my babes : two brefts for two.

Mar. [*Afide.*] Poore babes : I weep to see what
wrong I doe.

Gri. I pray thee let them suck : I am most meete
To play their Nurse ; theyle smile, and say tis sweet
Which streames from hence : if thou dost beare
them hẽce.

My angrie breasts will swell, and as mine eyes
Lets fall salt drops, with these white Nectar teares
They will be mixt ; this sweet will then be brine. 1770
Theyle crie ; Ile chide, and say the sinne is thine.

Fu. Mine arms ake mightily, and my heart akes.

Mar. [*Afide.*] And so doth mine : sweet sounds
this discord makes.

Fu. Heere Madame, take one : I am weary of
both. Touch it and kisse it to, its a sweet childe :
[*Afide.*] I would I were rid of my miserie, for I

¹ = bowls—*i.e.*, breasts as a pair.

shall drowne my heart with my teares that fall
inward.

Gri. Oh this is gentlie done : this is my boy,
My first-borne care ; thy feete, that nere felt ground, 1780
Haue traueled longest in this land of woe,
This worlds wildernes, and haft most neede
Of my most comfort : oh, I thanke thee Furio :
I knew¹ I should transforme thee with my teares,
And melt thy adamantine heart like waxe
What wrong shall these haue to be tane from mee :
Mildely intreate their Nurse to touch them mildely,
For my foule tels me, that my honourd Lord
Does / but to trie poore Griffills constancie.
Hee's full of mercie, iustice, full of loue. 1790

Mar. [*Aside.*] My cheekes do glow with shame
to heere her speake.
Should I not weepe for ioy, my heart would breake ;
And yet a little more Ile stretch my tryall.

Enter Mario, Lepido.

[*Coming forward.*] Mario, Lepido ?

Both. My gracious lord !

Marq. You shall be witnesse of this open wrong.
I gaue strait charge she should not touch these
brats,

Yet has she tempted with lasciuious teares
The heart of Furio : see, she dandles them. 1800

¹ Misprinted 'know.'

Take that childe from her. [*Aside to Furio.*] Stay,
stay ; Ile commend
That pittie in thee which Ile reprehend.

Fu. Doe. [maund ?]

Mar. Dare you thus contradict our strait com-
But heeres a trustie groome : out, hipocrite,
I shall do Justice wrong to let thee breath,
For disobaying me.

Gri. My gracious Lord.

Mar. Tempt me not, Syren : since you are fo-
louing,

Hold you, take both your children : get you gon.
Disrobe her of these rich abiliments, 1810
Take downe her hat, her pitcher, and her gowne,
And as she came to me in beggerie,
So driue her to her fathers.

Ma. My deare Lorde.

Mar. Vex me not, good Mario : if you woe me
(Or if you shed one teare,) to pittie her,
Or if by any drift you succour her,
You loose my fauour euerlastingly.

Both. We must obey, since there's no remedye.

Mar. [*Aside*]. You must be villaines, theres no
remedie.

[*To them,*] Mario, Lepido, you two shall helpe 1820
To beare her children home.

Gri. It / shall not neede ; I can beare more.

Mar [*Aside*]. Thou bearest too much, indeed.

Gri. Come, come, sweet lambes : wee'll laugh
 and liue content,
 Though from the Court we liue in banishment :
 These rich attyres are for your mother fit,
 But not your nurse ; therefore, Ile off with it.
Mar. Away with her, I say.
Gri. Away, away ?
 Nothing but that colde comfort ? wee'll obay :
 Heauen smile vpon my Lord with gracious eye. 1830
Mar. Driue her hence, Lepido.
Lep. Good Madame, hence.
Gri. Thus tyranny oppresseth innocence.
 Thy lookes seeme heauy, but thy heart is light ;
 For villaines laugh when wrong oppresseth right.
 Run to him.
 Must we be driuen hence ? Oh, fee, my Lord,
 Sweet prettie fooles, they both smil'd at that word ;
 They smile, as who should say indeede, indeede,
 Your tongue cryes hence, but your heart's not
 agree'd :
 Can you thus part from them ? in truth, I know, 1840
 Your true loue cannot let these infants goe.
Mar. [*Aside.*] Shee'll triumph ouer me, doe what
 I can. Turnes from her.
Mari. Good madame, hence.
Gri. Oh, fend one gracious smile
 Before we leaue this place : turne not away ;
 Doe but look backe ; let vs but once more see

Those eyes, whose beames shall breath new foules
 It is enough : now weele depart in ioy. [in three.
 Nay, be not you so cruell : should you two
 Be thus driuen hence, trust me, Ide pittie you. 1850

Marq. Disrobe her presently.

Both. It shall be done.

Gri. To worke some good deede thus you
 would not runne. Exeunt.

Marq. Oh, Griffill, in large Characters of golde,
 Thy / vertuous, sacred fame shall be enroulde :
 Tell me thy iudgement Furio, of my wife.

Fu. I thinke my Lord, shee's a true woman, for
 shee loues her children ; a rare wife, for shee loues
 you (I beleue you'll hardly finde her match) ; and
 I thinke shee's more then a woman, because shee 1860
 conquers all wrongs by patience.

Mar. Yet once more will I trye her ; presently
 Ile haue thee goe to old Janiculo's,
 And take her children from her : breed some doubt
 (By speeches) in her, that her eyes shall neuer
 Beholde them more : beare them to Pauia ;
 Commend vs to our brother ; say from vs,
 That we desire him, with all kinde respect
 To nurse the infants, and withall conceale
 Their parentage from any mortall eare. 1870
 I charge thee, on thy life, reueale not this :
 I charge thee, on thy life, be like thy name,
 (When thou comst to her), rough and furious.

Fu. Well, I will. It's far from Saluce to Pauia:
the children will cry ; I haue no teates, you know :
twere good you thought vpon it.

Mar. There's golde.

Fu. That's good.

Mar. Prouide them nurfes.

Fu. That's better : I will, and I can. 1880

Exit *Furio.*

Marq. Away, though I dare trust thy secrecy,
Yet will I follow thee in some disguise,
And try thy faith, and Griffils constancy.
If thou abide vnblemisht, then, I sweare,
I haue found two wonders that are fildome rife,
A trusty seruant, and a patient wife.

Exit.

[SCENE II. Near the Cottage of Ianiculo.]

Enter *Ianiculo* and *Laureo*, with burdens of ofiers. 1890

Lau. Father, how fare you ?

Ian. Very well, my sonne.

This / labour is a comfort to my age.
The Marquesse hath to me been mercifull,
In sending me from Courtly delicates,
To taste the quiet of this country life.

Lau. Call him not mercifull ; his tyranny
Exceedes the most inhumaine.

Ian. Peace, my sonne,
I thought by learning thou hadst been made wise ;

But I perceiue it puffeth vp thy foule :
 Thou takst a pleasure to be counted iust, 1900
 And kicke against the faults of mighty men :
 Oh, tis in vaine, the earth may euen as well
 Challenge the potter to be partiall
 For forming it to fundry offices.
 Alas, the errour of ambitious fooles, [weake !
 How fraile are all their thoughts, how faint, how
 Those that doe striue to iustle with the great,
 Are certaine to be bruz'd, or soone to breake.
 Come, come ; mell with our Ofiers : heere let's rest ;
 This is olde homely home, & that's still best. 1910

Enter *Babulo*, with a bundle of Ofiers in one arme,
 and a childe in another ; *Griffill* after him with
 another childe.

Bab. Hush, hush, hush, hush, and I daunce mine
 own childe, and I dance mine owne childe &c.,
 ha, ha, whoop, olde Master : so ho, ho, looke here :
 and I dance mine own childe, &c. heere's fixeene-
 pence a weeke, and fixeene-pence a weeke, eight
 groates, sope, and candle : I met her in Ofier
 groue, crying hush, hush, hush, hush : I thought 1920
 it had been some begger woman, because of her
 pitcher, for you know they beare such household
 stuffe to put drinke and porrage together : and I
 dance mine, &c.

Lau. Oh father, now forswear all patience :

Griffill comes home to you in poore array ;
Griffill is made a drudge, a cast-away.

Ian. Griffill is welcome home to pouerty.—
How / now, my childe, are these thy pretty babes ?

Bab. And I dance mine owne childe : art thou 1930
there ? art thou there ?

Ian. Why art thou thus come home ? who sent
thee hyther ?

Gri. It is the pleasure of my princely Lord,
Who, taking some offence to me vnknowne,
Hath banisht me from care to quietnes.

Bab. A fig for care, olde Master, but now olde
graundfire, take this little Pope Innocent : wee'll
giue ouer basket making, and turne nurfes : she has
vnclod Laureo : Its no matter, you shall goe make
a fire : Grandfire, you shall dandle them : Griffill 1940
shall goe make Pap, and Ile licke the skillet ; but
first Ile fetch a cradle : its a signe tis not a deare
yeare, when they come by two at once : Heeres a
couple, quoth Jackedawe : Art thou there ? sing
Grandfire. Exit.

Ian. What said the Marqueesse when he banisht
thee ? [cheeke ;

Gri. He gaue me gentle language, kist my
For Gods sake, therefore, speake not ill of him.
Teares trickling from his eyes, and sorrowes hand
Stopping his mouth, thus did he bid adue, 1950
Whilst many a deep-fetcht sigh from his breft flew :

Therefore, for God's sake, speake not ill of him.
 Good Lord, how many a kisse he gaue my babes,
 And with wet eyes bad me be patient ;
 And, by my truth (if I haue any truth)
 I came from Court more quiet and content,
 By many a thousand part, then when I went ;
 Therefore, for God's loue, speake not ill of him.

Lau. O vile deiection of too base a soule,
 Haft thou beheld the Paradice of Court, 1960
 Fed of rich feuerall meates, bath'd in sweet streames,
 Slept on the bed of pleasure, sat inthroned,
 Whilst troopes, as¹ faint-like, haue adored thee,
 And being now throwne downe by violence,
 Dost / thou not enuy those that driue thee thence ?

Gri. Far be it from my heart from enuying my
 Lord

In thought, much lesse either in deed or word.

Lau. Then haft thou no true soule ; for I would
 curse,

From the funnes arising to his westerne fall,
 The Marqueesse, and his flattering minions. 1970

Gri. By day and night kinde heauen protect
 them all :

What wrong haue they done me ? what hate to you ?
 Haue I not fed vpon the Princes cost ?
 Been cloath'd in rich attyres, liu'd on his charge ?
 Looke here : my ruffet gowne is yet vnworne,

¹ Misprinted 'of.'

And many a winter more may serue my turne,
 By the preferuing it so many monthes.
 My pitcher is vnhurt : fee, it is fill'd
 With christall water of the crisped spring.
 If you remember, on my wedding day, 1980
 You sent me with this pitcher to the well,
 And I came empty home, because I met
 The gracious Marquesse and his company.
 Now hath he sent you this cup full of teares,
 You'll say the comfort's colde : well, be it so,
 Yet euery little comfort helps in woe.

Ian. True modle of true vertue, welcome childe :
 Thou and these tender babes to me are welcome :
 Wee'll worke to finde them foode : come, kisse
 them soone,
 And let's forget these wrongs as neuer done. 1990

Enter *Babulo*, with a cradle.

Bab. Come, where be the infidels ? heere's the
 cradle of security, and my pillow of idlenes for
 them, and their Grandfires cloake (not of hypocrisie)
 but honesty to couer them.

Ian. Lay them both softly downe : Griffill, fit
 downe ;
 Laureo, fetch you my lute ; rocke thou the cradle :
 Couer the poore fooles arme : Ile charme their eyes
 To take a sleepe by sweet tunde lullabyes.

The / Song.

2000

*Golden slumbers kisse your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise :
Sleepe, pretty wantons, doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie :
Rocke them, rocke them, lullabie.*

*Care is heauy, therefore sleepe you ;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleepe, pretty wantons, doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie :
Rocke them, rocke them, lullabie.*

2010

Enter *Furio*, and *Marqueffe* aloofe, disguised, with
baskets.

Fu. Leaue finging.

Bab. We may choofe : Grandfire, fol fa once
more. We'll alla mire him, and he we, waile in
woe, and who can hinder vs?

Fu. Sirra Scholler, read there : it's a commiffion
for me to take away thefe children.

Bab. Nay then, y'are welcome : there's foure
groates, and heere's foure more.

2020

Gri. To take away my children, gentle *Furio*,
Why must my babes beare this vngentle doome ?

Fu. Goe looke.

Lau. O misery, O most accursed time,
When to be foes to guilt is helde a crime :
Sifter, this fiend must beare your infants hence.

Ian. Good Griffill, beare all wrongs w patience.

Weepes.

Gri. Good father, let true patience cure all woe.
You bid me be content ; oh be you fo. 2030

Lau. Father, why doe you weepe ?

Ian. What can I doe ?—

Though her he punish, he might pittie you.

Lau. Let's fret, and curse the Marquesse cruelly.

Bab. I, / by my troth, that's a good way : we
may well do it, now we are out of his hearing.

Gri. Must I then be diuorc'd, and loofe this
treasure ?

I must and am content, since tis his pleasure.

I prithee tell me whither they must goe ?

Fu. No.

Gri. Art thou commaunded to conceale the place? 2040

Fu. I.

Gri. Then will I not inquire : thou dost but iest :
I know thou must not rob me ; tis to try
If I loue them : no, no [*looking at the commission*] ;
heere I read

That which strikes blinde mine eyes, makes my
heart bleede .

Farewell, farewell ; deare fouls, adue, adue ;
Your father sendes, and I must part from you.

I must, oh God, I must : must is for Kings,

And loe¹ obedience for loe¹ vnderlings.

¹ = low.

Lau. He shall not hale them thus : keep them 2050
perforce.

This slaue lookes on them with a murdring eye.

Bab. No ; he shal not haue them : knocke out
his braines, and faue the little hop a my thombes.

Fu. Doe if you dare.

Marq. [*Coming forward.*] How now, my hearts ;
what's the matter ?

Fu. What car'ft thou ?

Lau. This is poore Griffill, wife vnto our Duke,
And these her children : thus he sendes her home,
And thus he sende a serpent to deuour
Their pretious liues : he brings commiffion 2060
To hale them hence, but whyther none can tell.

Gri. Forbeare, forbeare.

Mar. Take them from him perforce.
Are these his children ?

Bab. So she saies.

Mar. Two sweet Duckes : and is this his wife ?

Bab. Yes, he has lyne with her.

Mar. A pretty foule : firra, thou wilt be hang'd
for this.

Fu. Hang thy selfe.

Marq. Beate / him ; but first take these two
from his armes.

I am a basket-maker, and I sweare 2070
Ile dye before he beare away the babes.

Bab. Oh, rare, cry prentises and clubs : the

corporation cannot be () firra, fet downe
thy baskets, and to't pell-mell.

Fu. [*Aside.*] Would I were rid of my office.

Gri. What will you doe? driue this rashe fellowe
hence? [wrong.

Marq. The Marquess is a tyrant, and does

Gri. I would not for the world that he should
heare thee.

Mar. [*Afide.*] I would not for ten worlds but
heare my Griffill.

Gri. A tyrant? no, he's mercy euen her selfe: 2080
Iustice in triumph rides in his two eyes.

Take heede how thou prophanest high deities.

Goe Furio, get thee gone : good father, helpe me

To guard my deare Lords seruant from this place.

I know hee'll doe my pretty babes no harme,

For fee, Furio lookes gently : oh, get thee gone.

Pitty fits on thy cheekes ; but God can tell

My heart faies my tongue lyes : farewell, farewell.

Marq. Stay, firra, take thy purse.

Fu. I let none fall.

2090

Bab. Halfe part.

Ian. A purse of golde Furio, is false from thee.

Fu. Its none of mine : firra basket-maker, if my armes were not full, thou should haue thy handes full : farewel Griffill : if thou neuer see thy children more, curfe mee ; if thou doft see them againe, thanke God, adue ! Exit.

Bab. Farewell, and be hang'd. [grieue

Gri. I will thanke God for all : why should I 2100
To loofe my children ? no, no, I ought rather
Reioyce, becaufe they are borne to their Father.

Ian. Daughter, heere's nothing in this purfe but
golde.

Bab. So much the better, Mafter : we'll quickly
turne it / into filuer.

Ian. This purfe that fellow did let fall ; run, run ;
Carry it him againe ; run, Babulo.
Away with it : tis laide to doe vs wrong. [run :

Lau. Try all their golden baites : ftay, neuer
They can doe no more wrong then they haue done. 2110

Ian. What ayles my Griffill ? comfort [thee], my

Bab. Ile fetch Rofa folis. [childe.

Marq. [*Afide.*] Poore foule, her grieve burnes
inward, yet her tung

Is loath to giue it freedome : I doe wrong,
Oh, Griffill, I doe wrong thee, and lament
That for my fake thou feel'ft this languifhment.

I came to try a feruant and a wife,
Both haue I prooued true : that purfe of golde I
brought,

And let it fall of purpofe to relieue her :
Well may I giue her golde that fo much grieue her : 2120
As I came in by ftealth, fo Ile away.

Ioy has a tongue, but knowes not what to fay.

Exit.

Gri. So father, I am well ; I am well, indeed.
I should doe wondrous ill, should I repine
At my babes losse, for they are none of mine.

Ian. I am glad thou tak'st this wound so patiently.

Bab. Whoope, whether is my brother basket-maker gone ? ha, let me see : I smell a rat ; sneakt hence, and neuer take leaue : eyther hee's a craftie ²¹³⁰
knaue, or else hee dogs Furio to byte him ; for, when a quarrell enters into a trade, it serues seauen yeares before it be free.

Ian. Let him be whome he will, he seem'd our friend.

Griffill, lay vp this golde : tis Furio's sure,
Or it may be thy Lord did giue it him
To let it fall for thee ; but keep it safe.
If he disdaine to loue thee as a wife,
His golde shall not buy foode to nourish thee.
Griffill, come in : time swiftly runs away ; ²¹⁴⁰
The greatest sorrow hath an ending day. Exeunt.

[SCENE III. An Apartment in Sir Owen's House.]

Enter *Gwenethyan* and *Rice* ; she meanely, he like a cooke.

Gwen. Rees, lay her table, and set out her fittailles and preades, and wines, and ale, and peare, and salt for her guests.

Rice. Yes forsooth, my Lady : but what shall I do with all yonder beggers ?

Gwe. Send out the peggers into her Lady, goe. 2150

Rice. How? the beggers in : wee shall haue a louzie feast, Madame.

Gwe. You rascal,¹ prate no more, but fetch them in. Exit *Rice.*

Shall pridle Sir Owen a good teale well enough, is warrant her. Sir Owen is gone to bid her cozen Marqueffe and a meiny to dyne at her house, but Gwenthyan shall kiue her dinner, I warrant her, for peggers shall haue all her meate.

Enter *Rees* with a company of beggers : a Table 2160
is fet with meate.

Rice. Come, my hearts, troope, troope, euery man follow his leader : heere's my Lady.

All. God bleffe your Ladiship, God bleffe your Ladiship.

Gwe. I thang you, my good peggers : Rees, pring stooles ; sid awl downe : Rees, pring more meate.

Rice. Heere, Madame : Ile fet it on, tak't off who will. 2170

Beg. Let vs alone for that, my Lady : shall we scramble, or eate mannerly ?

Gwe. Peggers, I hobe, haue no manners ; but first

¹ Misprinted 'rascals.'

heare me, pray you now, and then fall to out a crie.

Beg. Peace, heare my Lady: Jacke Mumble-cruft, steale no penny loaues.

Gwe. Peggers awl, you know Sir Owen?

All. Passing well, passing well: God bleffe his worship.

1st Beg. Madame, / we know him as well as a 2180
begger knowes his dish.

Gwe. Awl these fittels is made for cozen Marqueffe: Sir Owen is gone to fedge him, but Sir Owen has anger her Ladie.

1st Beg. More shame for him: hee's not a Knight, but a knitter of caps for it.

Gwe. Sir Owen has anger her Lady, and therefore her Lady is anger Sir Owen.

1st Beg. Make him a cuckolde Madame; and vpon that I drinke to you: helter skelter, here, 2190
roagues, top and top gallant, pell mell, huftie tuftie, hem: God saue the Duke, and a fig for the hangman.

Gwe. Rees, fedge wine and peares enough; and fall to, peggers, and eate all her sheere and tomi-neere: see you now, pray doe.

[A drunken feast; they quarrel and grow
drunke, and pocket vp the meate: the
dealing of Cannes, like a fet at Mawe.

Exit Rice. 2200

Gwe. Nay, I pray, peggers be quiet: tag your

meates ; you haue trinkes enough, I fee, and get you home nowe, good peggers.

1st Beg. Come, you roagues, lets goe, tag and rag, cut and long taile : I am victualed for a month : God bo'y Madame : pray God, Sir Owen and you may fall out euery day : Is there any harme in this, now ? hey tri-lill, giue the dog a loafe : fill the tother pot, you whoore, & God faue the Duke.

Exeunt. 2210

Gwe. I thang you, good peggers : ha, ha, this is fine spord : by God is haue peggers eate her fittales all day long !

Enter *Sir Owen* and *Rees*.

Sir Ow. Where is the sheere Rees ? Cods plude, where ?

Rice. I beseech you, fir, be patient : I tell you, the beggers haue it.

Sir Ow. Wad a pogs is doe with peggers ? wad is peggers do at Knight's house ? Is peggers Sir 2220 Owen's guefts¹ Rees ?

Rice. No, Sir Owen : they were my Ladies guefts.

Sir Ow. Ha ? you hungry rascalles, where's her Ladie Gwenthian ? Cods plude, peggers eate her sheere, and cozen Marqueffe come ?

Rice. I know not where my Lady is, but there's

¹ Again misprinted 'gueffe.'

a begger woman : aske her, for my Lady dealt her almes amongst them her selfe.

Sir Ow. A pogs on you, pegger whore, where's 2230
ther pread and sheere? Cod vdge me, Ile pegger
you for fittels.

Gwe. Hawld, hawld, hawld; what is mad now?
here is her lady : is her Lady pegger, you rascals?

Rice. No, sweet Madame, you are my Lady :
a man is a man, though he haue but a hose on his
head, and you are my Lady, though you want a
hood.

Sir Ow. How now? how now? ha, ha, her
Lady in tawny coate and tags and rags so? where 2240
is her meate Gwenthyan? where is her sheere?
her cozen Marqueffe is heere, and great teale of
Shentlefolkes, and Laties and lawrdes, pie and
pie.

Gwe. What care her for Laties or cozen, too?
fittels is awl gone.

Sir Ow. Owe, gone? is her Ladie mad?

Gwe. No, our lord is mad : you teare her ruffes
and repatoes, and pridle her : is her pridled now?
is her repatoed now? is her teare in peeces now? 2250
Ile tedge her pridle her Lady againe : her cozen
Marqueffe shall eate no pread and meate heere, and
her Ladie Gwenthians will goe in tags and rags,
and like pegger, to vexe and chafe Sir Owen ; see
you now?

Sir Ow. A pogs fe[iz]e her: Cods plude, what is doe now, Rees?

Rice. Speake her faire, Mafter, for shee lookes wildely.

Sir Ow. Is looke wildely, indeede: Gwenthian, 2260
pray goe in, and put prauerie vpon her packe and
pelly. Cod vdge me, / is pie new repatoes and
ruffes for her Lady: pray doe fo, pray good
Ladies.

Rice. Doe good Madame.

Gwe. Cartho crogge, cartho crogge, Gwenthian
scornes her flatteries: her Lady goe no petter:
Sir Owen hang her felfe.

Sir Ow. O mon Iago, her Pritish plude is not
indure it, by Cod: a pogs on her, put on her fine 2270
coates is pest: put on, go to, put on.

Rice. Put off, Sir Owen, and shee'll put on.

Gwe. A pogs on her, is put on none, but goe
like pegger.

Sir Ow. Rees, go mag more fire, and let her
haue more sheere.

Gwe. Rees mag fire, and Ile scalde her like
pigge; see you now.

Rice. I shall be peppered, how ere the market
goes, 2280

Sir Ow. Mag great teale of fires, or Sir Owen
shall knog your cares.

Gwe. Make little teale of fire, or Gwenthian

shall cut off your eares, and pob you, & pob you Rees ; fee you now ?

Rice. Holde good Madame, I fee you and feele you too : y'are able to fet stones together by th' eares : I beseech you be quiet both : Ile make a fire, Sir Owen, to please you.

Sir Ow. Doe Rees : I'le pridle her Ladies well 2290 enough.

Gwe. Will you, rascals ?

Rice. Nay, but heare you, sweet Madame : Ile make a fire to please Sir Owen ; and when it burnes, Ile quench it to please you. Exit.

Enter *Farneze* apace.

Far. Ha, ha, ha : why, how now, Sir Owen ? your cozen, the Marqueffe and all your guesstes are at hand, and I fee no meate towards.

Sir Ow. Is no meat toward ; but her Lady is 2300 ferre vntoward.

Far. What baggage is this stands laughing thus ?

Sir Ow. A pogs on her, tis our Laty bagadge, tis Gwenthian. /

Far. How my Lady Gwenthian ? ha, ha, ha.

Enter *Marqueffe, Iulia, Onophrio, Vrcenze, Mario.*

Marq. You fee, Sir Owen, we are soone inuited : Where is your wife, the Lady Gwenthian ?

Sir Ow. Is come pie and pie : Cod vdge me,

Gwenthian, pray put on your prauerie and fine 2310
knags, and shame not Sir Owen: yes, truly,
Gwenthian is come out pie and pie: Man gras
worthe whee, cozen Marqueffe; man gras worthe
whee, cozen Iulia: is welcome awl.

Far. Ha, ha, welcome: come, come, Madame,
appeare in your likenes, or rather in the likenes of
another: my Lord, y'are best fend backe to your
owne cookes, if you meane to fet your teeth a
worke to-day.

Mar. Why, Farneze? what's the matter? 2320

Far. Nay, there's no matter in it: the fire's
quencht, the victuals giuen to beggers: Sir Owens
kitchen lookes like the first Chaos, or like a
Brokers stall, full of odde endes; or like the end
of some terrible battle, for vpon euery dreffer lies
legges, and feathers, and heads of poore Capons
and wilde foule, that haue bin drawne and quartred,
and now mourne that their carkasses are carried
away: his are not rewmaticke, for there's no
spitting: heere lye fish in a pittifull pickle, there 2330
standes the coffins of pyes, wherein the dead bodies
of birdes should haue been buried, but their ghostes
haue forsaken their graues & walkt abroad: the
best sport is to see the scullians, some laughing,
some crying, & whilst they wipe their eies, they
blacke their faces: the Cookes curse her Lady,
and some pray for our Lord.

Mar. Sir Owen Meredith, is all this true ?

Sir Ow. True ? et is true, I warrant her : pogs
on her, too true. 2340

Ono. You tolde his Grace you had tam'd your
wife.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is tell her a lye, then : her
wife has pridled / and tam'd her, indeed : cozen
Marqueffe, pecaufe Griffill is made foole and turne
away, Gwenthian mag foole of Sir Owen : is good ?
ha, is good ?

Gwe. Tis lye, cozen Marqueffe, is terrible lye :
Tawfone en Ennoh twewle, tis lye, tis lye, Sir Owen
teare her repatoes and ruffes, and pridle her Latie, 2350
& bid her hang her felfe ; but is pridled, I warrant
her, is not, Sir Owen ?

Sir Ow. Addologg whee bethogh en thlonigh
en Moyen due, Gwenthian.

Gwe. Ne vetho en thlonigh gna watha gethla
Tee.

Vrc. What fayer she, Sir Owen ?

Sir Ow. I pray, & pray her, for Cods loue, be
quiet : fplude, her fay her will not be quiet, do
what Sir Owen can : mon due, Gwenthian, Me 2360
knocke thepen en vmbleth, pobe des, and pobe
nose.

Gwe. Gwenogh olcha vesagh whee, en herawgh ee.

Iu. Stand betweene them, Farneze.

Far. You shall bob no nose heere.

Gwe. En herawgh Ee? Me grauat the Legatee,
athlan oth pendee adroh ornymee on dictar en hecar
Ee.

Owo. Doth she threaten you, fir Owen? binde
her to the peace. 2370

Sir Ow. By Cod, is threaten her indeed : her
saies shee'll scradge out Sir Owens eyes, and her
frowne vpon her : a pogs on her nailes.

Marq. Oh my deare Griffill, how much different
Art thou to this curst spirit heere : I say
My Griffills vertues shine : Sir Meredith,
And cozen Gwenthian, come, Ile haue you friends.
This dinner shall be sau'd, and all shall say,
Tis done becaufe tis Gwenthians fasting day.

Gwe. Gwenthian scornes to be friendes : her 2380
Ladie will be Master Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. By Cod, Ile see her Latie hang'd firft :
cozen Marqueffe & cozens awl, pray tag time,
and stay heere : Rees shall dresse / more fittels, and
shall dine her in spite of her ladie : Cod[s] plude,
Rees, Rees. Exit.

Gwe. Will you? Is try that pie and pie : Stethe
whee lawer, cozen Marqueffe, Stethe whee lawer
Shentlemen, Gwenthian is not pridled so foone.

Exit. 2390

Marq. Ile see the peace kept fure : Doe what he
can,
I doubt his wife will prooue the better man. Exit.

Iul. Signior Mario, you say nothing: how like you this enterlude?

Mari. So well Madame, that I rather wish to play the begge[r's] then a kinges part in it, in Sir Owens apparrell.

Iul. Why this it is to be married: thus you see, those that goe to wooe goe to woe: oh for a Drum to summon all my louers, my fuiters, my seruants 2400 together.

Far. I appeare sweet mistresse, without summons.

Ono. So does Onophrio.

Vrc. So does Vrcenze.

Iul. Signior Emulo, I see, will not bee seene without calling.

Far. No faith Madame; he's blowne vp: no calling can serue him: hee has tane another manner of calling vpon him, and I hope repents the folly of his youth. 2410

Iul. If he follow that vocation well, he'll prooue wealthy in wit.

Vrc. He had need, for his head is very poore.

Far. Well mistres, wee appeare without drumming: what's your parley? (and yet not fo); your eyes are the drums that summon vs.

Vrc. And your beauty the colours we fight vnder.

Ono. And the touch of your soft hand armes vs at al pointes with deuotion to serue you, desire to obey you, and vowes to loue you. 2420

Iul. Nay then, in faith, make me all fouldier : mine eies a drum, my beautie your colours, and my hand your armour : what becomes of the rest ?

Far. It / becomes vs to rest before we come to the rest : yet for a neede we could turne you into an armourie : as, for example, your lips, (let me see) no point of war for your lips? can I put them to no vse but kissing? oh, yes, if you change them to shoote out vnkinde language to vs that stand at your mercie, they are two culuerins to destroy vs. 2430

Iul. That Ile trie : my tongue shall giue fire to my words presently.

All. Oh be more mercifull faire Iulia.

Iul. Not I : would you haue mee pittie you and punish my selfe ? would you wish me to loue when loue is so full of hate? How vnlovely is loue ! how bitter ! how ful of blemishes ! My Lord and brother insults our Griffill, that makes me glad : Gwenthyan curbs Sir Owen, that makes me glad : Sir Owen is maistred by his Mistris, that makes 2440 you mad : poore Griffill is martred by her Lord, that makes you merrie ; for I alwaies wish that a womā may neuer meete better bargaines, when sheele thrust her sweet libertie into the hands of a man : fye vpon you ! you're nothing but woormewood, and oake, and glasse : you haue bitter tongues, hard hearts, and brittle faith

Ono. Condemne vs not, till you trye our loues.

Iul. Sweet seruant, speake not in this language
 of loue, Gwenthyans peeuishnes, and Griffills 2450
 patience, make me heere to defie that Ape Cupid :
 if you loue, stand vpon his lawes : I charge you
 leaue it, I charge you neither to figh for loue, nor
 speake of loue, nor frowne for hate : if you figh
 Ile mocke you, if you speake Ile stop mine eares, if
 you frowne Ile bend my fist.

Far. Then youle turne warriour, in deede.

Iul. Had I not neede, encountring with such
 enemies ? but say, will you obay and followe mee,
 or disobay, and Ile flie you ? 2460

Ono. I / obay, since it is your pleasure.

Vrc. I obay, though I taste no pleasure in it.

Far. I obay to ; but, so God help me, mistris, I
 shall shew you a faire paire of heeles, and crie a new
 Mistris, a new, if any pittiful creature will haue me !

Iul. Better lost than found, if you be so wauering.

Enter *Marquesse, Lepido, Sir Owen, Gwenthyan*
braue, and Furio.

Marq. Furio, hie thee to old Janiculo's.
 Charge him, his daughter Griffill, and his Sonne, 2470
 To come to Court, to doe such office
 Of duetie to our marriage, as shall like
 Our state to lay vpon them.

Iul. Oh my Lord,
 Vex not poore Griffill more : alas, her heart.

Marq. Tut, tut, Ile haue my will, and tame her
 Ile make her be a feruant to my bride : [pride :
 Iulia, Ile bridle her.

Iul. You doe her wrong.

Mar. Sifter, correct that errour : Come, Sir Owen,
 Is not this better musicke then your brawles ?

Sir Ow. Yes, as Cod vdge me, is : how, cozen 2480
 Iulia, is out a crie friends now : Gwenthyan is
 laugh, & be ferie patience now : Sir Owen kisse
 her Ladie a great teale now ; see els ?

Far. I ; but, Sir Owen, the kissing her Lady is
 no mirth to vs, if we kisse the poste.

Sir Owe. Owe, her cozen Marqueffe has terrible
 mightie newes for tell her ; or els is made readie a
 great banquet at home for all : pray come home,
 is awl ready for her ; her Ladie say not boe peepe
 now : but, first, heare her cozen Marqueffe newes. 2490

Marq. Iulia and Gentlemen, these are the newes,
 Brought on the wings of haft and happines,
 By trustie Lepido : our endeared brother
 Is hard at hand, who in his companie
 Brings my faire second choice, a worthy bride,
 Attended / by the States of Pauia :
 Shees daughter to the Duke of Brandenburg.
 Now shall no subiects enuious foule repine,
 And call her base whome now I will make mine ;
 None shall vpbraid me now (as they haue done) 2500
 That I will slay a daughter and a Sonne.

Griffills two babes are dead, and kild by scorne,
 But that faire iffue, that shall now be borne,
 Shall make a fatisfaction of all wrongs.
 Come, gentlemen, we will goe meete this traine :
 Let euerie one put on a smiling browe ;
 Sir Owen, I will haue your company,
 And your's, faire cozen : well remembred, to ;
 Bring your three wands, Sir Owen, to the Court.
 Though Gwenthyan looke with a smother eye, 2510
 Ile teach you how to win the foueraigntie.

Sir Ow. Is glad of that : ha, ha, ha, tag heed of
 wands, Lady.

Gwen. Tag heede of nailes, knight.

Marq. We play the vnthrifths in consuming time:
 Though your curft wife make fome afraid to woe,
 Yet Ile woe once more, and be married to.

Sir Ow. Cod vdge me, Sir Owen would hang
 before her marrie once more, if I were another
 Patcheler : marrie, owe. Exeunt omnes. 2520

[ACT V.

SCENE I. Near Janiculo's Cottage.]

Enter *Laureo*, reading, and *Babulo* with him.

Bab. Come, I haue left my worke to fee what
 matte[r]s you mumble to your felfe : faith, *Laureo*,
 I would you could leaue this lattin, and fal to make
 baskets : you think tis enough if at dinner you

tell vs a tale of Pignies, and then mounch vp our victuals ; but that fits not vs : or the historie of the well Helicon ; & then drinke vp our beare : 2530
we cannot liue vpon it.

Lau. A Scholler doth disdaine to spend his
spirits,

Vpon such bafe imploiments as hand-labours.

Bab. Then / you should disdaine to eate vs out of house & home : you stand all day peeping into an ambrie there, and talke of monfters, and miracles, and countries to no purpose : before I fell to my trade I was a traueller, and found more in one yeare, then you can by your poets and paltries in feauen yeares. 2540

Lau. What wonders haft thou feene, which are not heere ?

Bab. Oh, God ! I pittie thy capacity, good scholler : as a little wind makes a sweet ball smell, fo a crumme of learning makes your trade proude : what wonders ? wonders not of nine daies, but 1599. I haue feen, vnder Iohn Prefter and Tamer Cams people, with heads like Dogs.

Lau. Alas, of fuch there are too manie heere :
All Italie is full of them that fnarle, 2550
And bay, and barke at other mens abuse,
Yet liue themfelues like beaftes in all abuse.

— *Bab.* Its true : I know manie of that complexion ; but I haue feene many without heads,

hauing their eyes, nose, and mouths in their
breasts.

Lau. Whie thats no wonder : euerie streete with

vs

Swarmes full of such.

Bab. I could neuer see them.

Lau. Dost thou not see our wine-bellie drunkards 2560
reele ;

Our fat-fed gluttons wallow in the streetes,
Hauing no eyes but to behold their guts,
No heads but braineles scalpes, no sense to smell,
But where full feastes abound in all excessse ?
These Epimœi be our Epicures.

Bab. I haue seen monsters of that colour to ;
but what say you to them that haue but one leg,
and yet will outrun a horse ?

Lau. Such are our bankrouts, and our fugitiues,
Scarce hauing one good leg, or one good limbe, 2570
Outrun their creditors, and those they wrong.

Bab. Mas, /tis true : there was a cripple in our
village ran beyond Venice, and his Creditors, with
their best legs, could neuer since take him : but let
me descend, & grow lower and lower : what say
you to the little pigmies, no higher then a boyes
gig, and yet they tug & fight with the long-neckt
Cranes ?

Lau. Oh poore and wretched people are the
Pigmies ;

Oh rich oppressors the deuouring Cranes ; 2580
 Within my fathers house Ile shew thee Pigmies.
 Thou seest my sifter Griffill ; shee's a Pigmie.

Bab. Shee's a pretty little woman, indeed, but
 too big for a pigmie.

Lau. I am a Pigmie.

Bab. Fye, fye, worfe and worfe.

Lau. My olde father's one.

Bab. No, no, no ; Giants all.

Lau. The Marqueffe is the rich deuouring Crane,
 That makes vs lesse then Pigmies, worfe then 2590
 wormes.

Enter *Janiculo* with an Angling rod, *Griffill* with a
 reele, and *Furio*.

Bab. Yonder they come, and a Crane with
 them.

Fur. Janiculo, leaue your fish-catching, and you
 your reeling, you ; and you, firra, you must trudge
 to Court presently.

Ian. Must we againe be harried¹ from content,
 To liue in a more grieuous banishment.

Lau. Methinkes, my Lord the Marqueffe should
 bee pleas'd

With mariage of another, and forbear 2600
 With trumpets to proclaime this iniurie,
 And to vexe Griffill with such lawlesse wrong.

¹ Collier misprints 'hurried.'

Gri. Tis no vexation ; for what pleaseth
him

Is the contentment of his handmaides heart.

Fu. Will you goe ?

Ian. Yes, we will goe,

To flye from happines to finde out woe.

Bab. Good / Furio, vanish : we haue no appetite,
tell your Master : Clownes are not for the Court ;
wee'll keepe Court ourselues ; for what doe Courtiers 2610
but wee doe the like ? you eate good cheere, and
wee eate good bread and cheefe ; you drinke wine,
and we strong beare ; at night you are as hungry
slaues as you were at noone, why, so are wee ; you
goe to bed, you can but sleepe, why, and so doe
wee ; in the morning you rise about eleuen of the
clocke, why, there we are your betters, for wee
are going before you ; you weare filkes, and wee
sheepskins : innocence carries it away in the world
to come ; and, therefore, vanish, good Furio ; 2620
torment vs not, good my sweet Furio.

Fu. Asse, Ile haue you snaffled.

Bab. It may be so ; but then, Furio, Ile kicke.

Fu. Will you goe, or shall I force you ?

Gri. You neede not, for Ile run to serue my Lord ;
Or, if I wanted legs, vpon my knees
Ile creepe to Court, so I may see him pleas'd.
Then courage, Father.

Ian. Well said, patience !

Thy vertues arme mine age with confidence.
Come, fon ; bond-men must serue; shall we away? 2630

Lau. I, I, but this shall proue a fatall day.

Gri. Brother, for my sake, doe not wrong your
felfe.

Lau. Shall I in silence bury all our wrongs?

Gri. Yes ; when your words cannot get remedy.

Learne of me, Laureo ; I that share most woe,
Am the least moou'd : father, leane on my arme ;
Brother, leade you the way, whilst wretched I
Vpholde olde age, and cast downe miserie.

Fu. Away.

Bab. Old M[after], you haue fisht faire, & 2640
caught a frog. Exeunt.

[SCENE II. The Palace of Saluzzo.]

Enter *Marquesse, Pauia, Lepido, Onophrio, Vrcenze,*
Farneze, and Mario.

Marq. Lords, as you loue our State, affect our
loues,

Like / of your own content, respect your liues,
Vrge vs no further : Gwalter is resolu'd
To marry the halfe heyre of Brandenburg.
My brother Pauia, with no small expence,
Hath brought the Princeesse out of Germany, 2650
Together with Prince Gwalter, her young brother.
Now they are come, learne of the rising Sunne ;

Scatter the cloudy miftes of discontent,
As he disperceth vapours with his beames.

Pa. Brother, there is no eye but brightly shines:
Gladnes doth lodge in [all] your Nobles lookes,
Nor haue they any cause to cloude their browes.

Enter *Sir Owen*, *Gwenthian*, and *Rees* with wandes.

Far. Oh heere comes Sir Owen and my Lady
patience, roome there. 2660

Sir Ow. Tardaugh, cozen Marqueffe & lawrdes
awl.

Mar. Welcome, good cozen Gwenthian: wil
you please

Goe in, and lend your prefence to my bride ?

Gwe. Cozen tis her intentions so to do ; but I
fweare and I were Griffill, I would pull her eyes
out, & she were as many Shermaines daughter as
there be coves in Cambria ; and that is aboue
twenty score, and a lidle more, you know, Sir
Owen !

Sir Ow. Yes, truely, aboue a dozen more, is 2670
warrant her.

Marq. Griffill is patient: Madame, be you pleas'd.

Gwe. Well, and she be so baselie minded, tis
well ; but I know what I know : Sir Owen heere
thinkes to make Gwenthians so patience : Sir Owen,
tis awl in vaines : well, I goe to her Brides. Exit.

Sir Ow. You prade and you taug, Gwenthians,

but I made you put on parrels for awl your taug
and prade: Rees, where's Rees? Pring the wandes 2680
heere Rees.

Rice. They are heere fir, in the twinckling of
an eye.

Sir Ow. Cozen, when her weddings are done
and at leafures, I will learne your medicines to
tame shrewes.

Mar. You / shall anon, good Cozen Meredith.

Sir Ow. Stand by Rees; walke in the halles
among the Seruingmans: keepe her wandes till
I call, heare you now. Exit. 2690

Enter *Furio.*

Fu. Yes Sir.

Marq. Furio, are Griffill and the other come?

Fu. Yes, they are come.

Mar. Are they imployed according to our
charge?

Fu. They are.

Marq. How does her brother take it?

Fu. Ill.

Mar. How her Father?

2700

Fu. Well.

Mar. How her felfe?

Fu. Better.

Mar. Furio, goe call out Griffill from the Bride.

Fu. I will.

Exit *Furio.*

Far. It's pity that fellow was not made a Soldier : wee¹ should haue but a word and a blow at his hands.

Enter *Janiculo* and *Babulo*, carrying coales ; *Laureo* with wood, *Griffill* with wood. 2710

Bab. Master, goe you but vnder the Cole staff : *Babulo* can beare all, staffe, basket and all.

Ian. It is the Marquesse pleasure I must drudge. Load me, I pray thee, I am borne to beare.

Lau. But Ile no longer beare a logger head : Thus Ile cast downe his fewell in dispight. So, though my heart be sad, my shoulder's light.

Gri. Alas, what doe you brother ? see you not Our dread Lord yonder ? come, performe his will. Oh, in a subiect this is too, too ill. 2720

Marq. What mean'st thou, fellow, to cast downe thy load ?

Lau. I haue cast downe my burthen, not my load : [leade.

The load of your grosse wrongs lyes heere like

Mar. What fellow is this ?

Gri. Your / handmaid Griffills brother.

Mar. Take him away into the Porters lodge.

Lau. Lodge me in dungeons, I will still exclaime On Gwalters curfed acts and hated name.

Exit, with *Mario*.

¹ Misprinted 'hee.'

Marq. Griffill Take you his load and beare 2730
it in.

Bab. Oh tiger-minded, monstrous Marqueffe,
make thy Ladie a collier.

Marq. Whats that that villiane prates so ?

Bab. God bleffe the noble Marqueffe.

Mar. Sirha, take you his coales. Griffill depart :
Returne but beare that first.

Gri. With all my heart.

Exeunt *Gris[fil]*, and *Ba[bulo]* grinning at him.

Mar. Stay you, Janiculo: I haue heard you
sing.

Ian. I could haue sung, when I was free from
care.

Mar. What grief can in your aged bosome lie? 2740

Ian. Griefe, that I am vngracious in your eye.

Far. Then, would he not desire your company.

Enter *Griffill*.

Mar. Janiculo, here is a bridall song :

Play you the Larke, to greete my blessed funne.

Griffill, are you return'd? play you the morning

To leade forth Gratiana, my bright bride.

Goe in, and waite on her, Janiculo,

Sing Hymeneus himmes: Musicke I say.

Exit *Griffill*. 2750

Sir Ow. Tawfone, Tawfone, cozens aul; and
here harmonies and fol faes.

The Song.

*Beautie arise, shew forth thy glorious shining ;
 Thine eyes feed Loue, for them he standeth pyning.
 Honour and youth attend to doe their duetie
 To thee, (their onely soueraigne) Beautie.
 Beautie aryse, whilst we, thy seruants sing,
 Io¹ to Hymen, wedlocke[s] iocund King.*

*Io to Hymen, Io, Io, sing, 2760
 Of wedlock, loue, and youth, is Hymen King.*

*Beauty / arise, beauty arise thy glorious lightes
 display,
 Whilst we sing Io, glad to see this day.
 Io, Io, to Hymen Io, Io, sing,
 Of wedlocke, loue, and yomth, is Hymen King.*

Marq. Art thou as glad in foule as in thy song?

Ian. Who can be glad when he indureth wrong?

Sir Ow. As Cod vdge me, Ian Niclas is honest
 man : hee does not flatter, and sembles, but tell
 his intentions : owe, more melodies, owe heere 2770
 come her new pride.

Musicke sounds : enter *Griffill* alone ; after her
 the *Marquesse Sonne* and daughter ; *Iulia*,
Gwenthian, and other Ladies, and *Mario* and
Furio.

¹ Misprinted 'Jove.'

Mar. Salute my beautilous loue.

All. All ioy betide
To Gratiana, our deare Marqueſſe Bride.

Marq. Bring me a crowne of gold to crowne
my loue ;

A wreath of willow for diſpiſed Griſfill.

Gri. Griſfill is not deſpiſed in your eye, 2780
Sithence you name her name ſo gently.

Sir Ow. Gwenthians there's wiues, there's patient
wiues.

Gwe. Fuh, fuh, is fooles : Tawſone is arrant
pobie fooles. [head ;

Mar. Griſfill, place you this crowne vpon her
Put theſe imbrodered ſlippers on her feete.
Tis well : deliuer me your wedding-ring ;
Circle her finger with it : now ſtand by :
Art thou content with all ?

Grif. Content with all. 2790

Marq. My Bride is Crown'd : now tell me, all
of you,

Which of you euer ſaw my loue before ?

What is her name, her birth-place, or eſtate ?

Lep. Till now, I neuer behelde her beautie.

Ono. Nor I.

Vrc. Truſt me, nor I.

Far. By my troth, nor I.

Mari. We heare that ſhe was borne in Germany,
And halfe heyre to the Duke of Brandenburgh.

Marq. You / all heare this, and all thinke this ? 2800

All. We doe.

Mar. Then, Fu[río], stand thou foorth : Lords,
in his brest

A loyall seruant's true foule doth rest :

Furio shall be apparrelled in a robe.

Fu. I shall not become it.

Marq. Some that are great put robes on
Parasites.

Mario, Lepido, come you two hither :

Are not you richly clad ? haue I done so ?

Both. What meanes your grace by this ?

Mar. Graceles, haue done :

Truth sildome dwels in a still talking tongue. 2810

Furio, bring Laureo from the Porters lodge :

Take in Janiculo, and cloath them both

In rich abiliments : they shall awhile

Be flattered with false fortunes wanton smiles.

Ian. Fortune can do no more then she hath done :

They that are markt to woe, to woe must run.

Exeunt Furio & Janiculo.

Mar. How doe you like my Bride ?

Gri. I thinke her blest

To haue the loue of such a noble Lord.

Marq. You flatter me.

Gri. Indeed, I speake the truth ; 2820

Onely I profrately beseech your grace,

That you consider of her tender yeares,

Which, as a flower in spring, may soone be nippt
With the leaft frost of colde aduerfity.

Marq. Why, are not you then nipt ? you stil
seeme fresh,

As if aduerfities colde Izie hand
Had neuer laide his fingers on your heart.

Gri. It neuer toucht my heart : aduerfity
Dwels still with them that dwels with misery,
But milde content hath eas'd me of that yoake ; 2830
Patience hath borne the bruize, and I the stroke.

Enter *Furio*, *Janiculo*, and *Laureo*, striuing about
attyre

Lau. Giue / him his filkes : they shal not touch
my back.

Marq. What strife is there ? what aileth *Laureo* ?

Lau. I will not weare proud trappings, like a
beast,

Yet hourelie feele the scornfull riders spurre.

Marq. Cloth olde *Janiculo* in rich attire.

Ian. Doe ; load me, for to beare is my desire.

Marq. Doe ye repine ? nay then, Ile vex you 2840
more

Griffill, I will receiue this second wife, [mee.
From none but from thy hands ; come, giue her

Gri. I heere present you with an endlesse blisse :
Rich honour, beautious vertue, vertuous youth :
Long liue my Lord with her contentedly.

Sir Ow. Marg patience there, Gwenthyan: see
you thade?

Marq. Griffill, dost thou deliuer me this maide
As an vntainted flower, which I shall keepe,
Despite of enuies canker, till the rust
Of all-consuming death finish her life¹? 2850

Gri. I doe my deare Lord; and as willingly
As I deliuered vp my maiden youth.

Mar. What faies Janiculo?

Jan. I say but thus:
Great men are Gods, and they haue power ore vs.

Marq. Griffill, hold fast the right hand of my
bride:
Thou wearst a willow wreath, and she a crowne;
True bride, take thou the crowne and she the
wreath.

Mari. My gracious Lord, you doe mistake your
selfe.

Marq. Peace, peace, thou Siccophant: Griffill,
receiue
Large interests for thy loue and sufferance. 2860
Thou gau'ft me this faire maide; I, in exchange,
Returne thee her; and this young Gentleman,
Thy Sonne and daughter kisse with patience,
And breath thy vertuous spirit into their soules.

Gwe. Owe Sir Owen, marg you now; the man
is yeilded to her Latie: lerne now, Sir Owen,

¹ Misprinted 'lilfe.'

learne, learne, Knight, your duetie : fee you
thade ?

Marq. Why stands my wronged Griffill thus
amazed ?

Gri. Joy, / feare, loue, hate, hope, doubts, in- 287
compasse me :

Are these my children I supposed slaine ?

Ian. Are these my nephewes that were muredred ?

Gri. Blessing distill on you like morning dew :
My foule knit to your soules, knowes you are
mine.

Marq. They are, & I am thine : Lords, looke
not strange :

These two are they at whose birthes enuies tongue
Darted enuenom'd stings : these are the fruite
Of this most vertuous tree : that multitude,
That many-headed beastes, nip their sweet hearts
With wrongs, with bitter wrongs : al you haue 288
wrong'd her ;

My selfe haue done most wrong, for I did try
To breake the temper of true constancie.
But these, whom all thought muredred, are aliue :
My Griffill liues, and, in the booke of Fame,
All worldes in golde shall register her name.

Lep. [and] *Mar.* Most dreaded Lord.

Mar. Arise, flatterers ; get you gone :
Your soules are made of blacke confusion.

Exeunt Mario [and] Lepido.

Father Janiculo.

2890

Ian. Oh pardon me,
Though dumbe betwixt my grieve and ioy I be.

Marq. Who stands thus sad? what, brother
Laureo? [I see

Lau. Pardon me, my gracious Lord; for now
That Schollers with weake eyes pore on their bookes.
But want true foules to iudge on Majestie:
None else but Kings can know the hearts of Kings:
Henceforth my pride shall fly with humbler wings.

Marq. Our pardon and our loue circle thee
round.

Lets all to banquet; mirth our cares confound.

Sir Ow. Holde, holde, holde, banquet? if you 2900
banquet so, Sir Owen is like to haue sheere: her
Latie heere is cog a hoope now at this: pray,
Cozen, keepe your promise: Rees, the wandes
Rees: your medicines and fine trigs to tame
shrewes.

Mar. Furio, where be the wands that I bound vp?

Fu. Heere, / my Lord. [you see,

Marq. I wreath'd them then, Sir Owen; and
They still continue so: wreath you these three.

Sir Ow. Owe winde them, yes, is winde them, 2910
and mag good mightie cudgell, to tame and knog
her Latie, and she prawle or crie, or giue preade
and meate to peggers, or teare pondes: by Cod,
is well remembred too: Cozen, you promis'd to

helpe her to her Duckeggs, for all her paper and
pondes is torne ?

Mar. And I wil keep my promise : wreath your
wands.

Sir Ow. Owe Gods lid, mine is stubborne, like
Gwenthians : Gods plude, see it preakes in snip
snap peeces : what now, Cozen ? 2920

Marq. But, Cozen, these you see did gently
bowe :

I tride my Griffills patience, when 'twas greene,
Like a young Ofier, and I moulded it
Like waxe to all impreffions : married men,
That long to tame their wiues, must curbe them in,
Before they need a bridle ; then they'll prooue
All Griffills, full of patience, full of loue :
Yet that olde tryall must be tempered so,
Least, seeking to tame them, they master you.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is true as Pistle and Gospel : 2930
oh ! true out a cry.

Marq. But you, Sir Owen, giuing her the head,
As you gaue liberty to those three wandes,
Shee'll breake as those doe, if you bend her now ;
And then y'are past all helpe, for if you striue,
You'll gaine as gamesters doe, that fildome thriue.

Sir Ow. What shall doe to her Latie then ? is
pest run away, cozen, or knog her braines out ?
for is as faliant as Mars, if I be anger.

Iul. That were a shame : eyther to run away 2940

from a woman, or to strike her : your best Physicke Sir Owen, is to weare a veluet hand, leaden eares, and no tongue : you must not fight, howsoever she quarrels ; you must be deafe when / soeuer she brawles, and dumbe when your selfe should brabble : take this cawdle next your heart euery morning, and, if your wife be not patient, the next remedy that I know is to buy your winding-sheete.

Gwe. Cozen Marqueffe, cozen Iulia, and lawrds and Laties all, it shall not need : as her cozen has 2950 tryed Griffill, so Gwenthian has Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Owe by Cod, is thought, should pull her downe : ah ha.

Gwe. Is not pul'd downe neither ; but Sir Owen shall be her head, and is sorry has anger her head, and mag it ake : but pray, good Knight, be not proude, & triumph too much, & treade her Latie downe : God vdge mee, will tag her will againe, doe what her can.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is loue her out a cry now : 2960 Sir Owen could tame her before, but Prittish ploude scawrnes to fide w Laties ; yes, faith, scornes out a cry : a pogs ont, tis nought : Gwenthian shall no more be call'd Gwenthian, but patient Griffill, ah ha is. [our feast :

Marq. Our ioyes are compleate ; forward to Patience hath won the prize, and now is blest.

Iul. Nay, brother, your pardon awhile : besides

ourfelues, there are a number heere that haue behelde Griffills patience, you[r] owne trials, and 2970 Sir Owens sufferance, Gwenthians frowardnes, these Gentlemen louertine, and my felfe a hater of loue : amongst this company, I trust, there are some mayden bachelers, and virgin maydens : those that liue in that freedome & loue it, those that know the war of mariage and hate it, fet their hands to my bill ; which is, rather to dye a mayde, and leade Apes in hell, then to liue a wife, and be continually in hell.

Gwe. Iulia, by your leaues, a lidle while ; you 2980 taug and you prable about shidings in mariages, and you abuse yong mens and damfels, & fraide them from good sportes, and honorable states : but, heare you now, awl that bee sembled heere : know you that discords mag good muficke, / and when louers fall out, is soone fall in, and tis good, you know : pray you, al be married, for wedlocke increaseth peobles and cities : awl you, then, that haue husbands that you would pridle, fet your hands to Gwenthian's pill, for tis not 2990 fide that poore womens should be kept alwaies vnder.

Mar. Since Iulia of the maides, and Gwenthian Of froward wiues, intreate a kinde applaude ; See, Griffill, among all this multitude, Who will be friend to gentle patience ?

Sir Ow. Ha, ha, ha, Griffill is weary : pray let
 Sir Owen speag : Griffill is patient, and her cozen
 is patient ; therefore is speage for two : Gods
 plude, you see her Latie is spride of buttrie : yet 3000
 Sir Owen tame her, and teare her ruffes, & mag
 her cry, and put on her parrels, and say is sorry,
 Sir Owen : marg that well : if Sir Owen was not
 patient, her Latie had not beene pridled ; if Griffill
 had not beene patient, her cozen Marqueffe had
 not been pridled : well, now, if you loue Sir
 Owens Latie, I hobe you loue Sir Owen too, or
 is grow mighty angry : Sir Owen loue you, as
 God vdge me, out a cry, a terrible teale, doe you
 heare now ? then pray, awl that haue crabbed 3010
 husbands, and cannot mend them, as Griffills had ;
 and awl that haue fixen wiues, and yet is tame
 her well enough, as Sir Owen does, & awl that
 haue scoldes, as Sir Owen does, and awl that loue
 faire Laties, as Sir Owen does, to fed her two
 hands to his pill, and by God shall haue Sir
 Owens heard and foule in his pellie : and so God
 faue you all. Man gras wortha whee, Man gras
 wortha whee. God night, cozens awl. Exeunt.

APPENDIX.

D. V.

30

NOTE.

These little additions to certain of the non-dramatic works of Dekker might very easily have been extended; for after-editions of various of his books were usually altered and adapted less or more. But it is doubtful whether the Author is himself to be held responsible for all additions or even alterations. Had these writings been of our classics, I should have held myself bound to record the slightest various readings, etc. As it is, after full consideration, it was deemed expedient to limit our reproductions mainly to faithful texts of the books as originally given to the world by Dekker. Otherwise his 'English Villanies,' being expansions here and there of his 'Belman' and 'Lanthorne and Candlelight' books, should have yielded a number of insertions working the same veins. Most will agree that perhaps more than enough of this low type has been furnished in the original editions; whilst the chief *bits* so added are utilised elsewhere—*e.g.*, of 'prison' and 'prisoners.' The "Answer to a Rod for Runawayes," by an unknown writer or writers, had not the works already stretched out too much, must especially have been drawn on. As an 'Answer' to Dekker's pungent exposure it is nowhere; but it is full of incidents and facts of contemporary history. An exemplar is preserved in the Bodleian, of which I had a transcript made (as it has proved) uselessly. See our Memorial-Introduction for more on above. A. B. G.

I. LOST BOOK BY DEKKER.

In the great Heber collection there was included a copy of a small volume by our Author entitled "Warres, Warres, Warres." On the Sale it did not pass—as so many did—to any of our great public libraries, nor to any of our known private libraries. So that earnest search and inquiry have failed to trace it. The late MR. J. PAYNE COLLIER describes it in his "Bibliographical Account," *s.v.*, and because of this I had hoped to find it in the renowned Bridgwater Library. But Dr. Kingsley—after a diligent search—had to report that it was not now, and never appears to have been, in it. Neither is it in the still more famous Huth Library. I am thus compelled to content myself with reprinting Mr. Collier's article, and which, in good sooth, does not impress us with an idea of any great loss in the disappearance of the small book, albeit I regret that it has (temporarily only, I trust) gone out of sight:—

"Warres, Warres, Warres. Arma virumque Cano.

Into the field I bring.

Souldiers and Battailes :

Boeth their Fames I sing.

Imprinted at London for J. G. 1628." (12mo, 8 leaves.)

Only a single copy of this tract appears to be known ; but the late Mr. Douce had a fragment of it, consisting of only two pages. Up to the hour of his death he did not know to what publication they belonged, as he had never

had an opportunity of seeing any perfect exemplar, with the name of the author, which happily is the case with that to which we have been indebted.

The dedication is by Tho. Dekker to Hugh Hammersley, Lord Mayor, and to the two Sheriffs of London and Middlesex for the year; in which he states that, as City Poet, he had been employed to write the pageant for Hammersley's Mayoralty, and he seems to have been not a little proud of it. He says, "What I offred up then was a Sacrifice *ex officio*. Custome tooke my Bond for the Performance; and on the day of the Ceremony I hope the debt was fully discharged." If it were ever printed it has not survived; but that for the next year, 1629, on the Mayoralty of the Right Honorable James Campbell, by Dekker, is extant, the only perfect copy being in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. A copy wanting two leaves at the end, the only other known, the late Duke gave to the editor, who had been the means of procuring, at his Grace's no trifling cost, the perfect exemplar for him.

After four lines, "To all noble Souldiers," "Warres, Warres, Warres" begins, and here the old dramatic poet could not refrain from deriving a figure from the stage:—

"Braue Musicke! harke! The ratling Drum beats high,
And with the scolding Fife deaffens the skye."

The word "scolding" applied to the fife is not as descriptive as Shakespeare's epithets "wry-necked" and "ear-piercing," but still the sound has some resemblance to the high accents of female objurgation.

Dekker thus speaks of the trumpet, and the theatre:—

"The Brazen Herald in a shrill tone tells
We shall have Warres (ring out for joy your Bels)
We shall have Warres! when Kingdoms are at odds,
Pitch'd Fields those Theaters are, at which the Gods

Look downe from their high Galleries of Heaven,
 Where Battailes Tragedies are, to which are given
 Plaudits from Cannons ; Buskind Actors tread
 Knee deep in blood, and trample on the dead.
 Death the graue theame of which is writ the story ;
 Keene swords the pens' texting (at large) the glory
 Of Generals, Colonels, Captaines and Commanders,
 With common fighting men (the hardy standers
 Against all hellish horrors) Souldiers all,
 And Fellowes (in that name) to th' Generall."

Dekker speaks of himself as an old man, and at this date he had been for more than thirty years a popular author of plays, poems, and pamphlets :—

" For my heart danceth sprightly, when I see
 (Old as I am) our English gallantry."

The Lord Mayor, Hammersley, was at this date, as Dekker tells us, "sole and worthy Colonel of a braue company of Gentlemen in armes,"—and all the earlier portion of this trifling tract is devoted to a panegyric upon war. The writer proceeds afterwards, as Poet to the City, to praise the Aldermen in succession for their forwardness ; and he adds at the end a very laboured, if not a very happy, comparison between war and the sun. This is followed by what he calls "Warre his Zodiacke," in twelve short pages of rather ingenious verse ; and the conclusion consists of some vigorous and, doubtless, acceptable applause of the twenty "City Lieutenants."

Dekker seems, as we have elsewhere remarked, always to have been a struggler, and to have generally written on a sort of dinner-demanding emergency. Such was, no doubt, the case here ; and as he had a ready pen, the composition of the tract before us could not have occupied as many hours as it takes minutes to read it" (vol. i., pp. 210-12).

II. "NEWES FROM HELL" (1606).

As stated in the Note before above (vol. ii., p. 84) this racy and most characteristic book was republished within a year (1607), under an altogether new title, as follows :—"A Knights Coniuring. Done in Earnest : Discouered in Iest. By Thomas Dekker. London: Printed by T. C. for William Barley, and are to be solde at his Shop in Gracious Streete. 1607" (4°). Singularly enough, there is not the least intimation of the book being substantially a re-issue of "Newes from Hell." Even in the new epistles dedicatory and to the reader, which take the place of those in the "Newes," there is no reason assigned for withdrawal of the former. The opening has a somewhat turgid or over-flowery introduction, and the close introduces a noticeable vision in the other world of certain famous names. As Dr. Rimbault, in his careful reprint of the "Knight's Coniuring" for the Percy Society, has necessarily given these additions, I place here only the following.

(1) EPISTLE-DEDICATORY.

"To the verie worthy gentleman Sir Thomas Glouer Knight.

"SIR,—The loue I owe your name for some fauours by mee receiued from that noble-minded gentleman (your kinseman, who is now imployed vpon an honourable voiage into Turkey) makes my labours presume they shal not be vnwelcome to you. If you please to read me ouer, you shall find much morall matter in words merily set down; and a serious subiect inclosde in applications that (to some, whose salt of iudgement is taken off) may appeare but triuiall and ridiculous. The streame of custome (which flows through al kingdoms, amongst schollers, in this fashion) beares me forward and vp in this boldnes; it being as common to seeke patrons to bookes, as Godfathers to children. Yet the fashion of some patrons (especially those that doate more vpon mony, who is a common harlot, then on the Muses, who are pure maides, but poore ones) is to receiue bookes with cold hands and hot liuers: they give nothing, and yet haue red cheekes for anger, when anything is given to them. I take you, Sir, to be none of that

race ; the world bestowes vpon you a more worthy character. If the art of my pen can (by any better labour) heighten your name and memory, you shal find my loue.

"Most readie to be al yours,
"THO. DEKKER."

(2) EPISTLE "TO THE READER."

"An epistle to the reader, is but the same propertie that a linck is to a man walking home late : he hopes by that, and good words (tho he be examined) to passe without danger ; yet when he comes to the gates, if hee meete with a porter that is an asse, or with a constable that loues to lay about him with his staffe of authoritie more then he needes, then let the party that stumbles into these prouinces or puddels of ignorance bee sure either to be strucke downe with barbarisme (which cutteth worse then a browne-bill) or to be committed and haue the seuerest censure laide vpon him ; let him bee neuer so well and so ciuilly bound vp in faire behauiour : though he bee a man euen printed in the best complements of courtesie ; though he giue neuer so many, and so sweet languages, yea and haue all the light of understanding to lead him home ; yet those spirits of the night will hale him away, and cast him into darknesse. In the selfe-same scuruey manner doe the world handle poore bookes : when a reader is intreated to be courteous, hee growes vnciuil ; if you sue to his worship, and give him the stile of *candido lectori*, then hee's proud, and cries mew. If you write merily, he calls you buffon ; seriously, he swears such stuffe cannot be yours. But the best is that in Spaine you shall hi[r]e a fellowe for a small peece of siluer [to] take the strappado, to endure which torture another man could not be hyrde with a kingdome : so they that haue once or twice lyen vpon the rack of publicke censure, of all other deaths doe least feare that vpon the presse. Of that way I hold myselfe one ; and therefore (reader) doe I once more stand at the marke of criticisme (and of thy bolt) to bee shot at. I haue armour enough about mee that warrants mee not to bee fearefull, and yet so well tempered to my courage that I will not bee too bolde. Enuie (in these ciuill warres) may hit me, but not hurt mee. Calumny may wound my name, but not kill my labours ; proude of which, my care is the lesse, because I can as proudly boast with the poet, that *Non morunt hæc monumenta mori*.

"THO. DEKKER."

For the closing "vision" see our Memorial-Introduction.

A. B. G.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

D. V.

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GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

*. The first syllable rules the succession of words under each letter—e.g., Ab—ac—ad, Ba—be—bi, and so on. Quotations and references from Nott will be found in his edition of the 'Guls Horne-booke.' Dekker's vocabulary, though a full and racy one, has few peculiarities; hence notes and illustrations are less needed, as such would only repeat those already given in others of the Huth Library.—A. B. G.

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- round his hat with the hat-band. But indeed *gold chains* were then variously worn by wealthy citizens : usurers wore them. See Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii. sc. 1. See also his *Puritan*, Act iii. sc. 3; and Tomkis's *Albumazar*, Act i. sc. 3.—Nott.
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- Cloth-rhymes, ii. 214. Nott, s.v.
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- Cormorants, ii. 91

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 Cunning, i. 10
 Cut, i. 142; purse, ii. 329
 Cutter, i. 120. Later used as in Cowley's comedy, *Cutter of Coleman Street*; ii. 264—"This word evidently would intend some fashion-framer in apparel. I once thought it might be a misprint, in the original, for *cutler*—one of whom the gallant bought his rapiers, spurs, and such gear. But, casting my eye accidentally over the works of John Taylor the Water-poet, I found the same word occur in the following passage: "Pride is the maintainer of thousands, which would else perish; as mercers, tailors, embroiderers, silk-men, *cutters*, drawers, semsters, laundresses; of which functions there are millions which would starve, but for madam Pride with her changeable fashions."—"A Discovery by Sea, from London to Salisbury." Nott, s.v.
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 Dames schoole, ii. 256. Nott, s.v. full note
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- Delicasce, i. 8; delicates, i. 154
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- Drawers, ii. 103, 256, iii. 270, iv. 259, 260
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 Dumpe, i. 211, 271, 272
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 Dukes, ii. 117, 118; gallery, ii. 232, tomb of, ii. 233 (Nott, *s.v.*); walk, ii. 234 (Nott, *s.v.*, full note).
 Duckets, ii. 132, v. 168
 Dunsticall, ii. 206, 208
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 Dummerar, iii. 103
 Durtied, iii. 251
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 Dynastes, a nobleman, ii. 183
 Dycastes, ii. 185
 Earthquake, iii. 345
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 Ebritians, ii. 219 = Hebrews. Nott, *s.v.*
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 Elec, salt, iv. 247
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 Elizabeth, Queen, i. 85, 86, 87, 88, 92, 93, 94, 96, ii. 11, 168, 267, iv. 48, 69, 281, v. 39, 40
 Eleuen, halfe hour after, ii. 237.—
 "According to Holingshed, *eleven* in the forenoon was the usual dinner hour in the earlier part of Queen Elizabeth's reign; but in that of King James I. it would seem somewhat later. That *eleven* was the hour at which persons looked for their
dinners, in Dekker's day, is again evident, from the following passage, in his *English Villanies*, &c., 1638: 'To cherish his young and tender muse, he gives him four or six angels; inviting him either to stay breakfast, or, if the sundial of the house points towards *eleven*, then to tarry *dinner*.'" (Nott.)
 Element, i. 85, 127, ii. 221, v. 117
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 Euphuiz'd, ii. 204. Nott, *s.v.*
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- Extinct, ii. 303
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 Fashions, ii. 36, 211. Full note
 in Nott, *s.v.*; *Taming of Shrew*,
 iii. 2; fashionate, ii. 230; mon-
 gers, ii. 237
 Factors, ii. 94, 246 = playwrights.
 Nott, full note, *s.v.*; but his
 suggested alterations of text
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 Fayrie ground, ii. 100, iii. 75;
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 Fares, ii. 122
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 s.v., full note with references
 Familiar, ii. 232
 Face, sower, ii. 238
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 163; in Edward II., iv. 206
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 212; fatted, iii. 216
 Fawlconers, iii. 237, 238; and
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 of, iii. 247, 248
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 Falles, iv. 137
- Fauni, ii. 205—read Faunus
 Faustus, iv. 155
 Fantastic, iv. 175
 Fastidious, v. 135, 141.—In Lan-
 cashire I know a well-educated,
 well-placed lady who intro-
 duces this word in the most
 abundant and absurd way.
 Self-evidently she has got a
 hold of it, or it of her, and out
 it comes, in season and out of
 season.
 Fence = defence, i. 56; fencer's
 challenge, i. 117; *fencing terms*,
 i. 120; fencer, ii. 213 (Nott,
 s.v.); schoole, ii. 92, 265 (Nott,
 s.v.).
 Feadomlesse, ii. 340
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 Finger in the eye, i. 160
 Fire, and flaxe, i. 176
 Fine arts, i. 246
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 Fidlars, ii. 42, 121, 253
 Fire-drake, ii. 44, 99
 Finger, wet, ii. 96, 259—a full
 note in Nott, *s.v.*; holding up,
 iv. 51; fingers, frosty, ii. 222.
 Nott, *s.v.* — "This figurative
 phrase belongs also to Shake-
 speare, and C. Marlowe:
 'And none of you will bid the
 winter come,
 To thrust his icy fingers in my
 maw.'
 King John, Act v. sc. 7.
 'O, I am dull, and the cold hand
 of sleep
 Hath thrust his icy fingers in my
 breast.'
 Lust's Dominion.
 Files, iii. 25
 Fire, hell, iii. 41

- Fleeted, i. 12
 Flower = floor, i. 47, 50
 Flat-cap, i. 116
 Flings, i. 213, 274
 Flakes, ii. 8
 Flemming, ii. 64, 96
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 Flea biting, iv. 209; in eare, iv.
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 100; badge, ii. 6; feast of, ii.
 209; reason for keeping, ii.
 284
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 Forreners, ii. 27
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 Forenoones piece, ii. 90
 Foxefurde, ii. 139; foxe, iv. 230
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 203. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, i. 5;
 foole, v. 132, 161
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 Foysts, ii. 307, 326
 Foletaking, iii. 164
 Fowndred, iii. 278
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 1—108; contents, v. 9—14
 Forfend, v. 149
 Fraie, ii. 145
 Frekin, i. 121
 Freckled, i. 140
 Frowardnes, i. 210
 France, ii. 9, 10, 209 (= Paris),
 240.—“Meaning, in the *lennis-*
court; a part of the *court*, if I
 mistake not, was formerly called
France. I think I have met
 with the expression in some
 of our early writers, though I
 cannot immediately refer to it.
 This furnishes many an allusion
 to be found among the old play-
 wrights.” (Nott.)
 French, ii. 114; men, ii. 146, 152,
 225 (Nott, *s.v.*); king, ii. 239;
 pedlers, iii. 194; fashions, iii.
 309; birch, iv. 185
 Frump, ieering, ii. 71.
 Frolicks, ii. 206, iv. 225
 Freezeland curre, ii. 219—pun =
 Friesland; freeze, iii. 126, v.
 151
 Frets, ii. 254. Nott, *s.v.*—“Those
 divisions on the neck of a
 guitar, or similar instrument,
 which mark the spaces for
 stopping the notes, were called
frets, without which no music
 could be produced. Shakspeare
 has also a pun upon the word,
 in his *Hamlet*, Act iii. sc. 2: ‘You
 would seem to know my stops.
 —Though you can *fret* me, you
 cannot *play* upon me.’”
 Fresh water soldiers, iii. 225, iv. 8
 Froth, v. 168
 Frog, caught a, v. 217
 Furnish, i. 166
 Fuddle-cap, ii. 299
 Furders, iii. 59
 Furca, iii. 246
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 Full-but, iii. 335
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 Gaul, i. 188
 Garnish, ii. 46
 Galliards, ii. 51, iii. 70

- Gallenist, ii. 75
 Gags, ii. 121
 Gantlets, ii. 121
 Gamuth-are, ii. 102, 347. "The verb *are* is here so distinguished as to convey to the eye a continuation of the joke intended in the word *gamut* by recalling the idea of *a-re*, or *a-la-mi-re*, the lowest note but one in each of the three septenaries of Guido's musical scale. Shakespeare, in like manner, thus fancifully plays upon the *gamut* :—
 '*Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,
 A-re, to plead Hortensio's passion;
 B-mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
 C-fant, that loves with all affection;
 D-sol-re, one cliff, two notes have I;
 E-la-mi, show pity, or I die.'
Taming of the Shrew,
 Act iii., sc. 1."
 (Nott.)
- Galleries, penny, ii. 208; commoner, ii. 247; fine, ii. 266. "The *waggeries* and *fun* going on among the *gallery-gods* at the theatre, I presume, are intended; and the *tricks* and *stratagems* among *prise-fighters*, to which our author has before alluded in chap. vi., p. 146: 'You may win or lose, as *fencers* do in a *prise*, and beat one another by confederacy.' Or, the *galleries* may refer to the dancing-schools, then so much in vogue, where many dexterities and feats of agility were practised. A learned friend suggests those books might be alluded to which were called *Galleries of Devices* and *of Inventions*, wherein are given all kinds of *tricks* on cards, and legerdemain." Nott.
- Gaueston, ii. 58
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 Glowting—*qy.* glowring = staring? ii. 149
 Gloues, ii. 20. Nott, *s.v.*, iii. 21
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- Gould = gold, i. 7
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 Hanniball, ii. 203. Cf. Juvenal, Sat. x., and Livy, B. xxi.
 Hankercher, ii. 231. Nott, *s.v.*; iii. 335, v. 165
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 Heating, ii. 204. Nott suggests and prints 'haunting,' but = crowding, the text yields a good sense
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- Hole i' th' counter, iii. 330; starting, iv. 33
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 Ingles, diuels, i. 87; ingles, ii. 134, 264.—“*Ingles, enghle, or engle*, might, as to its general acceptation, be interpreted *minion*. Minshieu and Skinner deduce it from *inguen*, and give it the same disgusting signification as does *Bailey's Dictionary*, where it is derived from *ignis*, and called a North-country word implying *fire*. Ben Jonson, who uses the word frequently, in one instance rather seems to confirm such acceptation: ‘What between his mistress abroad, and his *engle* at home, high fare, soft lodging fine clothes, and his fiddle; he thinks the hours have no wings, or the day no post-horse.’ *Epicene*, Act i. sc. 1. See the Prologue to his *Cynthia's Revels*; and *The Case is Altered*, Act iii. sc. 1. He would also seem to use the word *enghle*, as a verb, in the same metaphorical sense we sometimes use the word *angle*: ‘I’ll presently go, and *enghle* some broker for a poet’s gown, and bespeak a garland.’ *Portaster*, Act ii. sc. 2. Massinger uses the word as *companion*, in his *City-Madam*, Act iv. sc. 1.” Nott.
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 Jacke, English, ii. 37; in a boxe, iii. 283; drawn, iii. 286, 288; strawes, iv. 110; dawes, v. 190
 Jackanapes, ii. 221, v. 145
 Jangling, iii. 114
 Jackman, iii. 103-4
 Jacks of the clock-house, iii. 248-50.—"Most churches and market-houses formerly had automaton to strike the hour, as at the present time St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street has; the cant term for which was *jacks o' th' clock-house*; *jack* being a contemptuous word for a servile menial. Consult Cowley's *Discourse on the Government of Oliver Cromwell*, in his works, in Chertsey Worthies' Library, s.v. See also Malone's notes to Shakspeare's *Richard III.*, Act iv. sc. 2. Edward Sharpman, in his comedy, *The Fleire*, thus mentions such an image:
 'Their tongues are, like a *jack o' th' clock*, still in labour.'" (Nott.)
 Jades, ii. 226. Nott, s.v.
 Jawndis, iii. 259
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 Kitching, iii. 291
 Knackes, i. 208
 Knight passant, ii. 124; knights, ii. 285, iv. 20; of the post, iv. 14
 Knuckle-deep, ii. 242
 Knaues, ii. 253, 276.—“The well-known game of *Beat the knave out of doors* is perhaps here alluded to; wherein each *knave*, as turned up, is *laid upon his back*, and set apart; that it may be ascertained when all the *four* are out. Or, a reference may be intended to some game on the cards now lost to us, in which the *four knaves* were of particular import.” Nott.
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 Law terms, ii. 245
 Laughing during a tragedy, ii. 251
 Lanthornes, ii. 280; *and candle-light*, iii. 170—303; table of matters, iii. 185-6
 Latine, ii. 239.—“This would appear to have a reference to some political circumstances of foreign negotiation at that time, which I must confess myself unacquainted with. Or, it may simply imply “that a *garrison* so *desperately* situated as to surrender at discretion needs no *Latin* (in which language all treaties were then usually made) to specify its terms.” Nott.
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- Money, white, i. 90, ii. 138, 139; monger, ii. 144, iii. 222, iv. 145; his armes, iv. 106, 126; counsellors, iv. 128; praise of, iv. 135; attendants, iv. 139; regiments of, iv. 166 onward
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- Morgage, ii. 64, 112, iv. 233
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- Monsieur-ship, ii. 114
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- Moneth's mind, ii. 205. Nott, s.v., and *Northumberland Household Book*, s.v.; iv. 186
- Modicum, ii. 207
- Moames, ii. 209 = dolts, block-heads. *C. of Errors*, iii. 1
- Mole, on Hatton's cheek, ii. 212
- Mowes, ii. 227. Nott, s.v.
- Mort, ii. 309, 310; walking, iii. 107; autem, iii. 108
- Moote = moult, ii. 352
- Moral, ii. 253.—"It is evident, from this passage, that the *moralities* were exhibited so late as James the First's day, long after regular dramas were presented on the scene; these succeeded, but at what period is uncertain, the ancient *miracle-plays* or *mysteries*, which were our earliest representations, consisting of tame allegories devoid of plan; whereas the *moralities* showed some rudiments of a plot, and indicated dawnings of the dramatic art." See Malone's *Historical Account of the English Stage*.—Nott.
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- Mullineux, ii. 212. Nott, s.v.
- Mutton, stewed, ii. 242. Nott, s.v.
- Mufler, ii. 322
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- Mumblecrust, Jacke, v. 200
- Naked, i. 207; bed, ii. 46; sleeping and waking, ii. 220. Nott, s.v.
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- Nashe, Thomas, ii. 103
- Nails, ii. 107; on naile, iii. 374
- Naulum, ii. 118
- Nautes, or the seaman, ii. 188
- Naturals, ii. 216
- Natural faults, iv. 31, 103
- Nations, desolated, iv. 278-9
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 New-painted gates, ii. 224. Nott, s.v.
 Neaces = necks, v. 176
 Niggard, i. 177, iii. 335; niggardize, i. 42
 Nimbly, i. 144
 Night-walkers, ii. 45, 261; prize, iii. 67; walk of Belman, iii. 205-17; piece, iii. 300
 Ninny-hammer, ii. 205, 229
 Nightingale, ii. 210. Nott, s.v.
 Nips, iii. 51
 Nilling, iii. 109
 Nine penie, iv. 160; daies, v. 131
 Nonce, i. 249, ii. 33
 Nosthills, ii. 12, ii. 77
 Nocturnall, ii. 39, 41
 Nowle, ii. 228. — "Manifestly a comparison to the woollen caps worn by *Dutchmen*, who were ludicrously called *butter-boxes*, from their traffic in salted butter. These caps had rude *threads* or *thrums*, resembling hair. Shakspeare mentions a hat made of such coarse material, belonging to the fat woman of Brentford: 'And there's her *thrums*'d hat, and her muffler too.'—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv., sc. 2. The term *butter-box*, for *Dutchman*, occurs in Middleton and Decker's *Roaring Girl*, where Jack Dapper says to Tear-Cat, who answers in broken Dutch: 'Thou look'st like a strange creature, a fat *butter-box*, yet speak'st English. What art thou?'—Nott.
 Nose, i. 108, 138, 144, ii. 208, iv. 255
 Nobles, i. 173; men, ii. 294
 Noyses, iii. 81, v. 113
 Nouice, iii. 232
 Nonopolitan, iii. 274
 Norfolk tumbler, iv. 173
 Noon rising, ii. 214. Curious note in Nott showing Dekker here translated Dedekind
 Now, ii. 246. Nott suggests 'row,' but needlessly
 Nottingham, earl of, v. 111
 No, yea, v. 115
 Nusling, i. 160, ii. 306
 Nut browne, iii. 78
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 Oathes, ii. 35
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 Obloquies, iv. 40
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 Occurents, iv. 37
 Occuler, iv. 50
 Oes, iii. 91, 164, iv. 190
 Officiously, ii. 18, 258
 Offices, two, ii. 239. Nott, s.v.—
 "This alludes to the prohibition by law to hold two benefices or *two lay offices* together, without a dispensation; and such dispensation was not so easily obtained formerly as now. Our gallant therefore is directed to affect having the means of procuring persons this dispensation from his intimacy with the great.—See Burn's 'Ecclesiastical Law.' Livings obtained by such simoniacal arrangements as allowing the patron an annual stipend out of them, were called *gilded vicarages*.—See Marston's 'Scourge of Villany,' Sat. 3, Bk. i., and Sat. 5, Bk. ii. The pretended purchase of a horse at some extraordinary price was another

mode of obtaining ecclesiastical pluralities. An anecdote to this purport is related of Sir Anthony St. Leger in Hollingshed's 'Chronicle of Ireland,' and the following epigram is fully in point :—

'Pure Lalus got a benefice of late,
Without offence of people,
church, or state.

Yea; but ask Echo, how he did
come by it?—

Come buy it—No; with oaths he
will deny it;

He nothing gave direct, or in-
directly.—

Fie, Lalus! now you tell us a
direct lie.—

Did not your patron for an
hundred pound

Sell you a horse was neither
young nor sound;

No turk, no courser, barbary,
nor jennet?

Simony! no, but I *see money* in
it.—

Well, if it were but so, the case
is clear;

The benefice was cheap, the
horse was dear.

Sir John Harington's 'Epi-
grams,' Ep. 39, Bk. iv."

One = on, l. 7, 23 *et freq.*; on =
onc, i. 29

Onely, iii. 280

Onyon, ii. 293

Oppressions, ii. 216. Cf. *Hamlet*,
iii. 1

Or, ii. 262 (misprinted 'but' in
original)

Orient, iii. 116

Orrent = torrent, iii. 58

Ordinarie, fashions of, iii. 220-22,
iii. 237, 244, 245

Orphants, iii. 246, 367

Oratrix, i. 169

Orange, iii. 373

Ostend, ii. 150

Other-some, i. 14

Outbarnes, iii. 262; vices in, iii.
263

Outrop, ii. 108, iv. 55, 56 = roup

Ouer maistred, ii. 149

Outlawnes, iii. 372

Out-of-time-notes, iii. 375

Out swagger, iv. 12

Ouerwake, iv. 252

Out-Athlased, v. 139.

Owe = ob, v. 174

Owle, iii. 65, 66

Oxford gloue, iv. 13

O-yes, ii. 204, iii. 82, iv. 202

Oyster-wife, ii. 219. Nott, s.v.

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Passe, i. 67, 157

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latine, ii. 216; landes, iii. 266.

Pander, ii. 292, iv. 122; pander-

ing, i. 90; pandaresse, iv. 58

Pantoffles, i. 101, iv. 198

Parlous, i. 132

Pan, god, i. 142

Parlie, i. 146, ii. 23, iv. 295

Pawne, i. 162

Passion, of my heart, i. 176

Pasport, i. 190, ii. 259 = money

in the pocket

Pack, i. 194, v. 156; packing, i.

208, 271, iii. 100, v. 158

Panior, i. 241

Pagient, i. 243

Pauls churchyard, ii. 5. See

'Powles'

Paris Garden, ii. 125, 148, 212,

326. See 'Parish'

Parmizant, ii. 19; Italian, ii. 206

—query a confusion with the

'cheese,' so called?

Paunches, ii. 42

Patches, ii. 60

Parlors, ii. 69, iv. 226, 243

Paracelsian, ii. 75

Pauin, ii. 102

Panes, ii. 114

Pay, dead, ii. 119

Packet-carrier, ii. 122

Palpable, ii. 129

Pawn groper, ii. 140; pawne, ii.

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Papist, in armes, ii. 172

Pasquill madcappe, ii. 212. See

my Memorial-Introduction to

Works of Nicholas Breton, in

'Chertsey Worthies' Library.'

Padd, ii. 300, iv. 216

- Paradice, better, ii. 252. Nott, *s.v.*, a good note
 Pamphlets, ii. 243. Nott, *s.v.*, gives quotations from Hall and Marston = verse; pamphleteing, iii. 178; pamphleter, iii. 240; dedication of, iii. 240
 Paper-kites, ii. 272
 Patch, black, ii. 299
 Parill, ii. 331
 Painfullest, ii. 357
 Past-board texted, iii. 7
 Pash'd, iii. 18
 Palizadoes, iii. 19
 Passe-par-tout pater familias, ii. 260. Nott, *s.v.*, full note
 Parish garden = Paris, iii. 89, iv. 98, 109 (Nott, *s.v.*) See 'Paris'
 Patricio, iii. 104
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 Pamerscall, iii. 216
 Partridge, iii. 239; in St. Paula, iv. 49
 Palmestry, iii. 263
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 Patient Grissill, v. 109—232; dr. pers. v. 112; true patience, v. 148
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 Parting, v. 160
 Parasite, v. 178, 224
 Parapets, iii. 19
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 Peny-father, i. 92, iii. 127, iv. 151; penny, ii. 247. Nott, *s.v.*
 Pepperd, i. 115, 141; pepper, i. 134
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 Petit jurors, ii. 14
 Pert, ii. 32
 Penny pots, ii. 42
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 Per boyld, ii. 53
 Percullises, ii. 67, iv. 285; percullized, iv. 160
 Pithagorean, ii. 103
 Pecunia, lady, ii. 137
 Peirs ploughman, ii. 211. Nott, *s.v.* = plain homely man
 Perinado, ii. 264; iii. 51.—"This word were perhaps more properly written *pironado*; if, as I conjecture, it be derived from *pironare*, 'to lay hold of an eating fork, to enfork.' See Florio's Italian Dictionary. *Pironado* would then seem to mean *one who seeks to stick his fork in other people's meat, a dinner-hunter.*" Nott.
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 Pockily, iii. 265
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 Poppet, ii. 353
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- Pottle pots, ii. 261.—“It appears to have been a common custom at taverns, in our author's time (says Mr. Malone), to *send* presents of *wine* from one room to another, either as a memorial of friendship, or by way of introduction to acquaintance. So Bardolph, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii., sc. 2, tells Falstaff: ‘Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you; and hath *sent* your worship a *morning's draught of sack*.’ And Mr. Steevens informs us, that the waiters kept *sugar ready put up in papers*, of the value of a halfpenny each, to sweeten their liquors: some were so delicate, that they would not have it brought them in brown paper. See his note explanatory of this to Shakspeare's *Henry IV.*, Part I., Act ii., sc. 4. Most wines were in those days drunk sweetened with sugar; to have taken them otherwise would have been a vulgarity. See a note in Malone's *Shakspeare*, vol. v., p. 126.” (Nott, s.v.); iv. 25
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- Polt foot, iii. 220
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- Pride, ii. 36, 59; iii. 218
- Prune, ii. 38, iv. 266 = proin, dress
- Prentices, ii. 42
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- Proface, ii. 207 = profess, iii. 86
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- Prigger of prawnes, iii. 98-9
- Promoter, infernall, iii. 265
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 Rumford, market, iii. 251
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 'He believes it is the reason
 You ne'er presume to sit *above the salt*.'
Unnatural Combat, Act iii., sc. 1.
 Ben Jonson also refers to it, in his *Cynthia's Revels*, Act ii., sc. 2, where Mercury describes Anaides as a coxcomb, who 'never drinks *below the salt*.' Indeed, many writers of the same era notice it. The custom exists even now at some public tables."—Nott.
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 Warburton, in his notes on
 Shakspeare, observes, that a
 court solicitation was called
 simply a *suit*, and a process a
 suit at law.
 ‘Sometimes she gallops o’er a
 courtier’s nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling
 out a *suit*.’
 Romeo and Juliet, Act i.,
 sc. 4.”
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 135, 136.—“Different kinds of
 tobacco, made up for use. The
 pudding is before mentioned
 in the *Proamium*. The *cane*
 would seem to have been a
 very *expensive form* of this
 article, from the following pas-
 page in the *Merry Devil of*
 Edmonton :
 ‘The nostrils of his chimnies are
 still stuff’d
 With smoke, more *chargeable*
 than *cane-tobacco*.’
 I should doubt if it were not
 something similar to that form
 of tobacco we now call *pig-tail*.’
 Nott. (For full note see pp.
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- Table talke, ii. 116; short, ii. 140; men, ii. 203. Nott, s.v.
- Tailors, ii. 209, 261, iii. 342.—
"By hearing at churches what marriages were published, or otherwise learning, being a leisure day, what weddings were about to take place, consequently what new suits they might be likely to have bespoke of them. In that rare little book, *Wit's Interpreter*, 1662, 2nd Edit., I find the same expression, which, I own, I cannot explain, in a witticism entitled *A Lover's Will*: "I bequeath my kisses to some tailor, that hunts out weddings every Sunday; item, my sighs to a noise of fiddlers ill-pay'd, etc." On this occasion I would not omit mention of a custom which, I am informed, prevails even now at Tenby, in Pembrokeshire; not that I think it throws any light on the subject of this note; but the reader may judge for himself. When a wedding there takes place, the young friends of the bridegroom go in a posse to the bride's house; the chief of these is the bridegroom's more particular friend, and is called the *tailor*; he leads her to the altar (*ducens uxorem*), as in the pagan rite; the bridegroom follows, conducting the bride-maid; after the ceremony is performed, the *tailor* consigns the bride's hand to the bridegroom, and takes that of the bride-maid, whom he then leads back, following the wedded couple home."—Nott.
- Tarleton, ii. 205. Nott, s.v., full note
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 "To obtain any thing with a *wet finger*, seems to have been a figurative phrase for obtaining it with *ease*; deduced, perhaps, from the facility with which water follows the finger when previously wetted."
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- Wedges, iii. 224
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 Nott, s.v.—"Thus Ben Jonson,
 in a similar strain:—
*'Bobadil. Sir, believe me,
 upon my relation; for what I tell
 you the world shall not reprove.
 I have been in the Indies (where
 this herb grows), where neither
 myself, nor a dozen gentlemen
 more of my knowledge, have
 received the taste of any other
 nutriment in the world, for the
 space of one and twenty weeks,
 but the fume of this simple only.
 Therefore, it cannot be but 'tis
 most divine.'*—*Every Man in his
 Humour*, Act iii., sc. 5."
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